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I.

THE SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

By F. W. H. Myers.

Chapter I.—General Characteristics of Subliminal Messages.

Igneus est ollis vigor et cælestis origo
Seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant
Terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.

In the present and some succeeding papers I desire to combine and to develop various lines of argument which have already been laid before the readers of these *Proceedings*.

Since my paper on "The Dæmon of Socrates," published two years ago, was written, our evidence has grown rapidly in various directions. Recent experiments and observations have thrown fresh, but scattered and perplexing lights upon the workings of that part of ourselves which lies below the threshold of ordinary consciousness. And it seems to me that some effort at arrangement and generalisation is now much needed, were it only for the sake of aiding to direct experimentation, which is at present, I think, apt to be concentrated on too small a portion of the widely-opening field.

A few words may remind the reader of the stage which discussion in these *Proceedings* has already reached. In four papers, 1884-9, I have discussed automatic writing, and cognate automatisms, and in the last of these, Vol. V., p. 522, I sum up the results arrived at, and indicate that "automatic writing is but one among a whole series of kindred automatisms," which are "message-bearing or nunciative, inasmuch as they present themselves to us as messages communicated from one stratum to another stratum of the same personality." I then endeavour to show that such messages may consist equally well of active, motor automatisms, such as planchette-writing and trance-utterance, and of passive, sensory automatisms, such as hallucinations, visual or auditory. I suggest that monitory voices, such as those of Socrates and Joan of Arc, may form an important class of such messages from the subjacent Self. And I promise further discussion on automatic picture-drawing, on trance-utterance, and on cases indicating the action in these messages of minds external to the automatist's own.

Now it so happens that almost every Part of the *Proceedings* which has since appeared contains matter bearing on one or other of these points. The *crystal-vision* dealt with in Part XIV. (Vol. V., p. 486) introduces us to a passive mode of getting at pictures from a subliminal source much more direct and effective than is the drawing

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of such pictures by the automatically-moving hand. The *trance-utterances* of Mrs. Piper (discussed in Vol. VI., p. 436, and to be further noticed) form by far the best specimens of that form of automatism which I can anywhere find. And the influence exercised upon these messages by minds exterior to the automatist's own has been very fully discussed by Professors James and Lodge, Dr. Leaf, and Dr. Hodgson. I have, moreover, printed some important cases of this class in a supplement to my "Defence of Phantasms of the Dead." (Vol. VI., p. 314.)

It seems, then, that, for the most satisfactory of reasons—namely, the inflow of fresh evidence from various quarters—the continuance of my papers on "Automatic Writing" on the precise plan laid down is no longer appropriate.

My task has become at once in some ways simpler and in some ways more difficult. It is *simpler*, in so far as much which was altogether denied and scouted when I began the argument has now found general acceptance. The wide extension of hypnotic experiments in France and elsewhere has incidentally brought into common knowledge certain facts not lying on the direct road of therapeutic inquiry, but essential to the present argument. Thus it is now at any rate admitted by all serious students that such a phenomenon as automatic writing does actually exist; that writing professedly obtained without the writer's being aware of what he writes is not necessarily the product of morbid fancy or of semi-conscious fraud. And more than this; it is now recognised (thanks largely to the work of Gurney in England and of Pierre Janet in France) that two or more distinct trains of memory, feeling, will, may co-exist in the same personage, and may become accessible to us by artifices of various kinds. Thus much I can now assume as matter of common knowledge; and, so far forth, my task is simpler than it was a few years ago.

But, on the other hand, the very fact that there are now so many more observations to be co-ordinated increases the *complexity* of the inquiry. For the hypothesis which I have already elsewhere briefly proposed, and which I shall now have to amplify, aims at nothing less than the provisional co-ordination of all these subliminal phenomena. I hold that both that group of facts which the scientific world has now learnt to accept (as the hypnotic trance, automatic writing, alternations of personality, and the like), and that group of facts, for which in these *Proceedings* we are still endeavouring to win general scientific acceptance (as telepathy and clairvoyance), ought to be considered in close alliance and correlation, and must be explained, if explicable at all, by some hypothesis which does not need constant stretching to meet the exigencies of each fresh case.

I demur on this ground to the explanations thus far proposed by

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French *savants*, whether of the Paris or of the Nancy school, which seem to me in different ways insufficient. The Nancy school, as is well known, use the word *suggestion* as though this were in itself an explanation of the way in which the phenomena are produced, instead of a mere definition of the artifice which the operator uses in order to produce them. Insisting—and I believe with perfect truth—that hypnotism is in no way a morbid phenomenon, but is producible in sane and healthy men, they nevertheless seem hardly to think it needful or possible to inquire how it comes to pass that a sane man's psychical balance is capable of being thus suddenly disturbed. With the exception of Professor Delbœuf (not precisely a member of the Nancy school), to whose ideas we shall hereafter recur, I know of no writer who, starting from the dictum that hypnotism is not morbid, has even shown that he feels the need of explaining how a group of phenomena so extraordinary can spring by natural outgrowth from the physiological and the psychical life of man.

The Parisian school have in some sense evaded this difficulty; but at the cost of a cramping assumption which is now hardly accepted anywhere beyond the radius of Salpêtrière influence. They boldly affirm that hypnotism is itself a disease,—or at least that its phenomena are morbid incidents which may be developed in the course of hysteria and other nervous degenerations. Having so said, they are in a sense absolved from further explanation. They are bound, indeed, to show that these phenomena form some regular pathological series,—resemble in some way the course of a real malady. Their attempts to do this—to produce a classical type of hypnotism, with definite stages brought on by different stimuli—have not produced conviction in the scientific world outside. And their primary assumption, "Only the morbid can be hypnotised," is perpetually coming into more and more unpleasant conflict with notorious fact. It now needs to be defended by the bold and simple argument that the Nancy subjects, for instance, *must* be hysterical because, as Dr. Babinski says, "They present in the hypnotic trance contractures, paralysis, anæsthesia, all the symptoms of hysteria. Now, suggestion alone would be unable to provoke the appearance of these physical symptoms. Suggestion has acted as a revealer of hysteria." [1]

This argument hardly proves Dr. Babinski's case, since it assumes the very point in dispute, *i.e.*, that certain phenomena, known to occur in hysteria, cannot be producible by other causes as well. But, nevertheless, it suggests a question which the Nancy school have made, as I have said, but little attempt to answer. How is it that this easy "suggestion,"—which in itself, one would think, can have little more

[1] Dr. Babinski, in *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, July, 1891, p. 24.

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efficacy than the mere utterance of a charm—can often at once produce effects which years of medical and surgical treatment would fail to secure? Nay, and not only therapeutic effects, of a kind which ordinary medicine can at any rate aim at, but profound modifications of nervous condition—changes whose mechanism we are entirely unable to understand?

So long as we try to explain all the phenomena of hypnotism, double consciousness, &c., as mere morbid disaggregations of the empirical personality—repartitions among several selves of powers habitually appertaining to one alone—so long, I think, shall we be condemning ourselves to a failure which will become more evident with each new batch of experiments, each fresh manifestation of the profundity and strangeness of the subliminal forces at work. We shall find ourselves, so to say, explaining the action of a group of geysers on the assumption that they are springs fed by the ordinary rainfall.

I will ask the reader, then, to bear in mind that in what follows I am not attacking any recognised, coherent body of scientific doctrine. Rather, I am making a first immature attempt to bring some kind of order out of a chaotic collection of strange and apparently disparate observations. My hypothesis—developed here from briefer indications in earlier papers—cannot possibly, considering the novelty of the inquiry, be true in all details. But it may be of use at least in pointing out the nature and the complexity of the problems which any valid hypothesis must recognise and solve.

I suggest, then, that the stream of consciousness in which we habitually live is not the only consciousness which exists in connection with our organism. Our habitual or empirical consciousness may consist of a mere selection from a multitude of thoughts and sensations, of which some at least are equally conscious with those that we empirically know. I accord no primacy to my ordinary waking self, except that among my potential selves this one has shown itself the fittest to meet the needs of common life. I hold that it has established no further claim, and that it is perfectly possible that other thoughts, feelings, and memories, either isolated or in continuous connection, may now be actively conscious, as we say, "within me,"—in some kind of co-ordination with my organism, and forming some part of my total individuality. I conceive it possible that at some future time, and under changed conditions, I may recollect all; I may assume these various personalities under one single consciousness, in which ultimate and complete consciousness the empirical consciousness which at this moment directs my hand may be only one element out of many.

Before we draw out the implications of such a statement, let us

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pause to consider the obvious reasons which a man may give for considering his empirical consciousness as identical with his total self.

The first remark of the ordinary reader will probably be that if there were in fact any other consciousness within him, he would certainly be aware of it.

This, however, is simply to beg the question. We must reply that the dicta of consciousness have already been shown to need correction in so many ways which the ordinary observer could never have anticipated,—the world of realities (so far as we can get at any intelligible notion of it) is so utterly unlike what our empirical consciousness suggests to us,—that we have no right to trust our consciousness, so to say, a step further than we can feel it;—to hold that anything whatever—even a separate consciousness in our own organism—can be proved *not* to exist, by the mere fact that we (as we know ourselves) are not aware of it.

But dropping this first untenable demurrer, a man may still give two reasons, which look valid enough, for supposing that there can be comparatively little psychical action going on within him of which he cannot give an account. He may say, in the first place: "The deeds which I have done in life—the movements which my body has made—have been executed in obedience to the will of my conscious self. There has been no room for the operation of any imaginary will in the background." And, in the second place, he may add: "Besides this active life there has, of course, been a passive life as well. Besides the sensations and movements originating in my own frame, there have been sensations and movements impressed upon me from without. But all this, though I could not *control* it, I can nevertheless *remember*. I can feel sure that nothing of importance has happened to me which I cannot recall by voluntary act of recollection. Here again, therefore, there is no room for the operation of an imaginary memory beneath the threshold. In short, to put the matter in a nutshell, I receive my letters at my front door, and I give my orders in my library. Why should I suppose that my house is governed by an imaginary conspiracy in the kitchen?"

Now I need not examine how far contentions like these would be valid if we kept to the realm of pure philosophical speculation. For we happen to be able to prove, by actual and easy experiment, that they are entirely inconclusive.

In the first place, it is now well known that very often if a man in the hypnotic trance be ordered to perform a certain act after he has been awakened—to execute, as it is called, a post-hypnotic suggestion—he will execute that suggestion, in complete unconsciousness of having received a command, and in the full belief that he is acting from his own choice, and with complete freedom of will.

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I have already repeatedly dwelt elsewhere on the deep significance of this easily verified fact. It is enough to show that a man's belief that his acts have been willed by his ordinary conscious self is no proof whatever that they have primarily been so willed. They may have been primarily willed by some subjacent stratum of his being—as in the case of the post-hypnotic suggestion—and may yet appear to his supraliminal self as absolutely of its own choosing.

Again. The chain of memory of which our superficial self is master, and which in common parlance is spoken of as extending over the whole past life, is seen on closer inspection to be imperfect and interrupted in a high degree. For all men it omits the periods of infancy and of sleep; for many men there are further gaps representing delirium, hypnotic trance, and various disturbances of consciousness.

And here again hypnotic experiment has made all the world familiar with a fact which, until recent times, could only have been inferred from a few scattered instances. This fact is that not only may these gaps in our superficial memory possess a chain of memory of their own, but that such secondary chain of memory is actually in some sense more continuous than the primary.

We all know that the hypnotised subject as a rule remembers waking life, but that the awakened subject as a rule has wholly forgotten the events of his hypnotic trance. The full significance of this fact—which has hardly yet, I think, been realised in any quarter—will appear more clearly as we proceed. For the present it is enough to point out that this fact alone destroys any possible claim of our primary memory to be our *sole* memory, and thus shows us that we cannot rest upon our empirically conscious *memory* any more than upon our empirically conscious *will* as indicating that the empirical self to which these belong is in any way a complete expression of our being.

What, then, is the practical conclusion to be drawn as regards the mode of conducting our present inquiry? It is simply this: that we must regard this ordinary stream of waking consciousness—in which I write these words and my readers read them—with just the same impartial, objective scrutiny which we apply to the consciousness, say, of a person in spontaneous somnambulism or in hypnotic trance.

If we wished to form a judgment as to his activity of psychical condition in such a trance, we should examine his sensory and motor capacity, his intelligence, his memory; and should note in what points there was either diminution or increase of his known powers in waking life. And this would be an easy task; since we should be aiming only at describing state B—the somnambulic state before us—in terms of state A, the ordinary waking condition.

But this—although it is pretty nearly all that has been hitherto attempted in this direction—stands to a complete experimental

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psychology in something the same relation that the digging a pit in my garden stands to a knowledge of the earth's crust. I can easily discover that after digging (say) through a stratum of gravel I come to clay, and I can describe the clay as damper and less healthy than the gravel. As a householder I may accept this stratum of gravel above the clay as an ultimate and satisfactory fact. As a geologist I am bound to ask what it all means. Why is the gravel on the top? Why is there clay below it? What is there below the clay? Do the strata always occur in the same order, or must the gravel at any rate always be on the top? I can no longer say, "My house is built on gravel," as though that were all I need know. It is built upon an unknown number of strata, of which, for an unknown reason, the gravel is uppermost at this particular point.

Now I maintain that the prevalent French mode of treating these subjacent psychological states—although they have proved in more than one case capable of beneficially supplanting the superficial state—as though they were, nevertheless, mere morbid variations or splittings-up of the superficial state, resembles the reasoning of a man who should say that the clay, or chalk, or granite which he found beneath the gravel was a kind of degenerate gravel—an agglomeration of particular elements in the gravel, but nothing really new.

I think that the time has come for a rather deeper investigation. I think that we have now observed enough out-croppings of subjacent strata to enable us at least to seek—I do not say as yet to find—some sort of provisional law of stratification which does *not* assume as a primary truth that because gravel is the stratum on which we have chosen to build our houses, gravel is therefore the normal type which ought always to be uppermost, and of which all other minerals are a degenerate modification.

Not so; phenomena of so far-reaching a significance as these demand a wider purview than the mere pathologist's in those who would explain them. They open questions as to man's psychical being which have always been deemed to lie *inter apices philosophiæ*. We shall not get at their true meaning if we discuss them only in the atmosphere of a hospital-ward full of hystero-epileptics. There will be need, of course, to verify any hypothesis as strictly as we can; but we must not fall back upon hypotheses manifestly too narrow because we despair of being able as yet to submit wider conceptions to exact proof.

The hypothesis which I offer may be attacked, I fear, with some apparent reason, from two opposite quarters—both as antiquated and as revolutionary. Its central conception is ancient enough. The idea of a soul which precedes and outlasts the body, and which retains memories, or receives intimations, belonging to a world in which the body does not dwell—this assuredly, whether as religion or as philo-

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sophy, as revelation or as speculation, has been one of the dominant tenets of the traditional Wisdom of the Past.

But on the other hand, that so-called wisdom has never either appealed to, or been recognised by, the rival wisdom of modern physiology. There is something unpleasing to many minds in the mere attempt to deduce from these quasi-hysterical phenomena an argument for man's higher destinies. To the savant such a juxtaposition suggests charlatanism; to the philosopher it savours of degradation.

That task must, nevertheless, be attempted. Yet it will be well to avoid the use of terms which, like the words *soul* and *spirit*, carry with them associations which cannot fairly be imported into the argument.

Some word, however, we must have for that underlying psychical unity which I postulate as existing beneath all our phenomenal manifestations. Let the word *individuality* serve this purpose; and let us apply the word *personality*, as its etymology suggests, to something more external and transitory—to each of those apparent characters, or chains of memory and desire, which may at any time mask at once and manifest a psychical existence deeper and more perdurable than their own.

For such is my hypothesis. I suggest that each of us is in reality an abiding psychical entity far more extensive than he knows—an individuality which can never express itself completely through any corporeal manifestation. The Self manifests through the organism; but there is always some part of the Self unmanifested; and always, as it seems, some power of organic expression in abeyance or in reserve. Neither can the player express all his thought upon the instrument, nor is the instrument so arranged that all its keys can be sounded at once. One melody after another may be played upon it; nay,—as with the messages of duplex or of multiplex telegraphy,—simultaneously or with imperceptible intermissions, several melodies can be played together; but there are still unexhausted reserves of instrumental capacity, as well as unexpressed treasures of informing thought.

All this psychical action, I hold, is conscious; all is included in an actual or potential memory below the threshold of our habitual consciousness. For all which lies below that threshold *subliminal* seems the fittest word. "Unconscious," or even "subconscious," would be directly misleading; and to speak (as is sometimes convenient) of the *secondary* self may give the impression either that there cannot be more selves than two, or that the *supraliminal* self, the self above the threshold,—the *empirical* self, the self of common experience—is in some way superior to other possible selves.[1]

[1] I here use the word "self" as a brief descriptive term for any chain of memory sufficiently continuous, and embracing sufficient particulars, to acquire what is

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I hold (to continue) that this subliminal consciousness and subliminal memory may embrace a far wider range both of physiological and of psychical activity than is open to our supraliminal consciousness, to our supraliminal memory. The spectrum of consciousness, if I may so call it, is in the subliminal self indefinitely extended at both ends.

At the inferior, or physiological end, in the first place, it includes much that is too archaic, too rudimentary, to be retained in the supraliminal memory of an organism so advanced as man's. For the supraliminal memory of any organism is inevitably limited by the need of concentration upon recollections useful in the struggle for existence. The recollection of processes now performed automatically, and needing no supervision, drops out from the supraliminal memory, but may be in my view retained in the subliminal. To this point we shall again recur. In the second place, and at the superior or psychical end, the subliminal memory includes an unknown category of impressions which the supraliminal consciousness is incapable of receiving in any direct fashion, and which it must cognise, if at all, in the shape of messages from the subliminal consciousness.

To this category I refer telepathic and clairvoyant impressions, which I believe to be habitually received, not by aid of those sensory adits or operations which the supraliminal self directly commands, but by aid of adits and operations peculiar to the subliminal self, and falling under some system of laws of which supraliminal experience, if standing alone, could give us no information. And I believe that some of those impressions which, though in no clear way connected with sight, we include under clairvoyance, do in some sense transcend the limitations, of time as well as of space, within which all supraliminal consciousness necessarily falls.

Varying our metaphor, we may say that the range of sensation covered by our supraliminal consciousness or memory resembles the range of temperature covered by our ordinary thermometers. The thermometer's range represents but a small segment of the temperatures whose existence in the Cosmos is implied by the very nature and constitution of the planet on whose surface our short range of temperatures prevails. Even so our supraliminal consciousness, with its short range of sensation and memory, is, I think, demonstrably based upon, demonstrably implies, a consciousness of wider scope. That wider consciousness, again, may conceivably extend from the absolute zero, or point—wherever that may be—where no consciousness has yet begun, up to a point of expansion where it may transcend

popularly called a "character" of its own. There will thus be one distinct supraliminal self at a time; but more than one subliminal self may exist, or may be capable of being called into existence.

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any analogy which we can employ. For just as we know of no superior limit to heat, unless it be that point where, in consequence of the complete dissociation of matter, the energy which we call heat must change its character in some unknown way, so also we know of no superior limit to consciousness, unless it be that point where individual consciousness, individual memories, may be merged in some vaster and unknown form of life.

There may thus be, in my view, an unknown amount of psychical operation proceeding in our individuality, and in connection with our organism, of which operation only a small fraction habitually rises into the cognition of the empirical self. What shall so rise, and what shall not so rise, may well have been originally determined by some process of natural selection.

The matters of which we are superficially conscious have been selected from among the matters of which we might have been conscious, much as the matters to which we *attend* are selected from among the matters to which we might attend. I must needs attend to the voice of one who calls to me; I may leave unattended to the buzzing of a fly in the room after I am conscious of it. Even so, in a more general way, my superficial self must needs be conscious of sounds transmitted to me by air-waves, but may ignore messages which reach me by the less practical method of telepathic impact from other minds.

In each case the object of the selective process may have been the preservation of the race and of the individual. When another object is proposed, the selective process may take another form. And in fact the object of civilised men has now considerably altered its character. It is knowledge, not mere self-preservation, at which we aim. We may, therefore, hope that just as many matters rise into, say, the naturalist's attention which the hunting savage has not perceived, so also many matters may now be made to rise into our superficial consciousness which our purely practical ancestors could in no wise reach.

It will be seen that I do not suppose that there is any definite or impassable barrier between the various strata of the Self. They are strata (so to say) not of immovable rock, but of imperfectly miscible fluids of various densities, and subject to currents and ebullitions which often bring to the surface a stream or a bubble from a stratum far below.

But observe that so soon as this is understood—so soon as I admit and assert that the existence and nature of subliminal capacities in the self is to be inferred only from actual phenomena observed and interpreted by that empirical self by whose aid science does her work—so soon does my theory lose its air of *mysticism*, and ranges itself among hypotheses which may be erroneous, but are not plainly unscientific.

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It is my object to test that theory by all the facts at my command. And perhaps it will tend to clearness if I begin by pointing out what kind of phenomena we may logically expect to find, if the theory be true, and if I then go on to show to what extent I can claim that the phenomena actually observed correspond to my anticipation.

And first, perhaps, it may be well to deal with the question of *morbidity*, of *abnormality*, which is so prominent in many men's minds in connection with any messages from the subliminal consciousness.

Now assuredly I do not hold that the subliminal self is free from disturbance and disease, any more than the supraliminal. "The Subliminal Self" is a name for an aggregate of potential personalities, with imperfectly known capacities of perception and action, but none of them identical with the assumed individuality beneath them, nor entitled to share in any kind of "imperturbability, indiscerptibility, incorruptibility," which the philosopher may ascribe to an incorporeal soul. There must needs, therefore, in my view, be subliminal disturbances, and these must needs make themselves felt in the supraliminal being. How shall we distinguish these subterranean from the superficial storms? How shall we recognise, for instance, a disturbance of the "hypnotic stratum"—as we may style for convenience' sake that group of potential perceptions and reactions which are readily evoked in a suitable subject by the hypnotic trance? It would be absurd to attempt to explain *ignotum per ignotius*,—the ætiology of disease by its relation to hypothetical strata of the subliminal self. But one remark I must make, since, crude as it may be, it offers at least a chance of light upon a subject at present hopelessly confused.

I say, then, that our most plausible conception of a morbid disturbance of the hypnotic self would consist in a derangement of functions or capacities habitually observed in the hypnotic state, and in that state alone. I should say that the reason for referring the source of such derangement to the hypnotic self would be increased if the subject were, when hypnotised, aware of the exciting external cause of such derangements, and capable of modifying them in a way impossible to him in waking life.

Now it is a striking characteristic of the hypnotic self that it can exercise over the nervous, the vaso-motor, the circulatory systems a degree of control unparalleled in waking life. Told to hold out his arm, the hypnotised subject will hold it out for an indefinite time in a state of painless contracture, and with no disturbance of pulse or respiration. Told that the ammonia which is held to his nose is otto of roses, he will inhale it with unwinking, unwatering eyes. Told that he has burnt himself in a given spot, his skin will redden or even form a blister. Told to sleep, he will sleep profoundly until told to awake. I do not here attempt to explain *why* that obedience is rendered. But

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the *power* of obeying such commands—that is the function, the prerogative, the secret of the hypnotic self.

Are we aware in practice of any malady or group of maladies in which these functions, these capacities, are the subject of special disturbance? Are there cases of prolonged and apparently causeless contracture? Are there anæsthesiæ appearing, shifting, and disappearing as rapidly as the suggested anæsthesia of hypnotism? Are there anomalous vaso-motor disturbances, which seem to follow the patient's mere caprice?

The reader will answer with the word *hysteria*. And, meaningless or misleading though that term be, it is in fact our first and obvious reply. Not indeed all, but almost all the phenomena which can be induced by suggestion in the hypnotic state occur spontaneously in hysterical patients.

But this will not complete our answer. From the point of view of our present analogy the *differentia* of hysteria will be simply an irrational self-suggestion in regions beyond the power of the waking will;—a morbid or uncontrolled functioning of powers over the organism which effect profounder modifications than the empirical self can parallel. Thus the production of patches of anæsthesia or analgesia is a characteristically hysterical symptom, and it implies a power of modifying the sensibility to touch or pain which we cannot imitate under ordinary conditions.

But when hysteria is thus regarded, it is seen that several other maladies fall under the same category. "Attaques de sommeil," "association-neuroses," "Zwangs-Vorstellungen," and a host of monomanias show a similarly morbid functioning of precisely that class of powers which hypnotism exhibits to us in harmless or beneficent operation. They are self-suggestions of an irrational and hurtful kind. They are diseases of the hypnotic stratum. Hypnotism is not a morbid state; it is the manifestation of a group of perfectly normal but habitually subjacent powers, whose beneficent operation we see in cures by therapeutic suggestions; whose neutral operation we see in ordinary hypnotic experiment; and whose diseased operation we see in the vast variety of *self-suggestive* maladies.[1]

I would offer this view to the consideration of those who justly realise the close connection between hypnotism and hysterical phenomena, but mistakenly endeavour to force all the hypnotic phenomena into the hysterical category.

[1] The self-suggestive psychoses pass into insanities dependent on organic lesion by gradations on which physicians themselves are hardly agreed, and which lie quite outside my province. I do not, of course, mean to assert that delusions unmodifiable by suggestion, and depending on actual lesions (as the megalomania of general paralysis), belong to the hypnotic more than to any other stratum of personality.

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M. Babinski, for instance, as we have seen, argues as follows on behalf of the Salpêtrière view that all hypnotic subjects are hysterical. The Nancy subjects, he says, although asserted by Nancy doctors to be non-hysterical, yet show in the hypnotic trance phenomena which we observe elsewhere in hysteria alone. For that reason they must in fact be hysterical. This, surely, is to reason in a somewhat obvious circle. And those who, with the great majority of competent judges, are convinced that non-hysterical persons may most assuredly be nevertheless hypnotisable, must seek some other explanation for the similarity of phenomena in the two states. That explanation I have here attempted to give by suggesting that hysteria (and many cognate troubles) should rather be said to fall under hypnotism than hypnotism under hysteria. Those self-suggestive troubles exhibit the disordered working of a stratum of the self which is *per se* as normal and as essential to man's completeness as any other, and which surpasses the superficial stratum in the degree of power which the will informing it can exercise over the organism.

Yet one word more to those who, without stigmatising either hypnotism or subliminal manifestations in general as necessarily *morbid*, are yet disposed to style them *abnormal*, and to regard them as a mere curiosity which can never be closely inwrought with human progress.

"The normal man" is apt, I think, to become as question-begging an individual in physiological as "the natural man" in theological treatises. What is man's nature? and what is man's norm? If we were answering for any lower species we should undoubtedly say that the norm of that species was such adaptation to its environment as best secured its existence and its diffusion over our planet. Answering for mankind, we should demur to this crudely propagandist view. We should hesitate to assume that Brigham Young had fulfilled man's end and aim more successfully than Sir Isaac Newton. Man's end and aim are not so simple as a rabbit's; he must choose between ideals; he must pursue the higher objects even at some sacrifice of the lower. And whether we contemplate his highest aim under the aspect of Virtue or of Knowledge, we must agree that such aim can only be attained by a rise into fullest consciousness—by a completest control and exercise of "those high capacious powers which lie folded up in man."

Hitherto, indeed, almost all experimentation on human subjects has been directed to practical, to therapeutic ends; to the remedy of the wear and tear which interfere with the every-day working of the organism. Approached even on this merely practical side, that organism has shown itself at once far more complex and far more modifiable than the early physicians supposed. But we have found, too, that for such modification we need quite unlooked-for artifices—appliances

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which it has taken centuries to perfect, and of which Hippocrates and Galen did not dream.

Thus much for one side of man's nature. How as to the other?

Psychological experiment is still, as it seems to me, at much the same point as was medical experiment in the days of Hippocrates. We are still in the stage of mere logical and descriptive analysis of the psychical nature with which we have to deal. We have scarcely yet invented any instruments for probing or artifices for modifying it.

Nay, the very idea of trying to modify our psychical selves by deliberate scientific experiment is as foreign and unacceptable to most men as the idea of modifying his death-rate by sanitation is to the African savage. There is in most of our minds a vague assumption that our race stands at its highest point, and that any change must imply degeneration.

No one, of course, can offer scientific defence of such an assumption as this. Yet how great would the difference be if it were altogether ousted from every mind! If it were admitted that we are borne—however slowly—on an ascending curve, and that we can assign no necessary limit to the powers over our own personal mind and matter, and over mind and matter without us, which we may be able to exert when we have gained fuller consciousness of all that lies hid within!

The foregoing remarks, I trust, may have cleared the way for an inquiry on which we ought to enter unfettered by any prejudice against the unknown within us simply as unknown. We have now briefly to consider what kind of phenomena should be observable if our theory is a true one; in what fashion we can suppose that a subliminal realm of psychical action such as I have assumed will be likely to make itself perceptible to the superficial consciousness. Such tentative answer as we can give to this question may at least help to show us for what phenomena we are bound to be on the watch.

If, then, there be in each of us an undefined pre-existing potency of sensation, thought, and will, which can at best manifest itself but irregularly and imperfectly through the bodily organism, we shall expect that each mode of perception of which the superficial self is capable will be from time to time made use of by the underlying intelligence. There will be a transmission of *messages* (so to name any kind of manifestation, be its purport true or false) from the lower to the upper strata, in all modes of which the upper strata are accustomed to take cognisance. And since we must not assume that the subliminal self is necessarily confined to the special modes of sensory communication which the supraliminal self enjoys, we may anticipate that in these upward-passing messages there will be indications of some such wider or less differentiated perceptivity as we may suppose to be operative in the depths of our being.

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Next as to the *contents* of these messages. In the first place, we shall have absolutely no reason to anticipate that all the messages will be wise or important. Although I call them *messages*, for the sake of a general term, and because they all convey some sort of knowledge of what is passing beneath the threshold, yet we must not assume that they are necessarily purposive or voluntary. They may, as in dreams, be the expression of some purposeless and involuntary subliminal activity; or, as in hysteria, of some subliminal activity of a distinctly morbid kind. Or, without actual disease, they may communicate sheer error, sheer folly, sheer wickedness. It is not likely that any stratum of our being, even though it have some directer access to wisdom, is itself entirely wise.

Nevertheless, my initial hypothesis will assuredly not be justified unless we can discover a certain proportion of subliminal messages which do actually communicate truths of which the superficial self was not otherwise aware, or effect ends which the superficial self could not otherwise effect. And such messages—veridical in content, or beneficently self-suggestive in operation—ought, in my view, to be seen flashing out along the whole spectrum of superficial consciousness, and also (as already implied) beyond either end of that habitual spectrum.

Beyond the inferior or physiological end of that spectrum, we ought to find traces of a beneficent power over physiological processes which are not within the control of the supraliminal will. Coincidently with that spectrum we ought to find traces of a completer than the supraliminal memory, of a keener than the supraliminal sense-perfection, of a sounder than the supraliminal judgment. And beyond the superior or psychical end of our metaphorical spectrum we ought to find traces of a knowledge subliminally acquired by methods unknown to the supraliminal self, and from sources to which that self has no access. How far such supernormal powers may extend we cannot, of course, predict. But we shall anticipate that whatever supernormal powers are discovered will be discovered in the subliminal and not in the supraliminal realm;—will reach the superficial self in the form of messages whose source and whose mode of composition will be discerned, not directly, but inferentially;—will be subject, not to the laws of the known molecular world, but to laws of that unknown world in which the specific powers of the subliminal self are assumed to operate. Such, roughly speaking, will be our anticipation as to the *modes*, and as to the *content*, of subliminal manifestations. We shall have somewhat similar grounds for preliminary conjecture on other points, and notably as to the probable relation of subliminal messages to the supraliminal *memory*.

But this point we will for the present defer. Our subject is so complicated that we shall gain rather than lose by an arrangement which

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bids us at times to retrace our steps, and to grow familiar with our labyrinthine way.

Let us, therefore, turn now to the actual messages, and let us arrange them in the first place according to their different *modes* of manifestation, the channels through which they reach the superficial self. We shall find that the observed cases fall broadly into four categories:—

1. First come messages neither definitely sensory nor definitely motor, but consisting of vague or anomalous impressions or impulses.

2. Secondly, we have messages mainly sensory, or passive automatism.

3. Thirdly, we have messages mainly motor, or active automatism.

4. Lastly, we have messages at once motor and sensory, which tend to occupy the whole psychical field, and to pass on into states of trance, or of alternating personality.

1. The first of these classes—theoretically, perhaps, the most interesting of all—must be very briefly touched upon here. The time has not come for its full discussion—can hardly come until we have a greater mass of skilled and careful records of subjective feeling. Nothing is harder to describe than these vague impressions which seem to lie beneath the foundations of ordinary sensation and ordinary motion alike. The student of our published narratives will note in how many different ways this difficulty is felt and met—how inadequate are our "matter-moulded forms of speech" to express some unique experience which is often even more impressive to the percipient from its own strangeness than from the message which it carries.

One point, however, needs clear recognition. These subliminal messages seem very often capable of being developed with equal ease into impressions of sight or into impressions of hearing, or into motor impulses. Let us take the case which is so often the simplest—that of a post-hypnotic suggestion. If a vague suggestion, say of *danger*, is conveyed to several hypnotised patients, to be developed after their awakening, each will realise the hallucinatory danger in a different way; voice of enemies—smell of fire—sight of a wild beast advancing; it is a chance which sense is used to express the dominant idea. The idea suggested will rise into manifestation by whatever channel the "psychostatical" condition of the subject may render easiest at the moment.

Somewhat similar is the case with many veridical hallucinations. They begin with a vague feeling which is neither sight, sound, nor motion; then they develop gradually into a phantom, a voice, an impulse to writing or to utterance. If the same person has several successive experiences, these will often tend to clothe themselves in the same sensory shape.

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The importance of this fact is seen when a claim is put forward that an apparition, if veridical, is necessarily also objective—has some independent reality outside the percipient's brain. Not so, we reply; in many cases that manifestation has developed so gradually, so unmistakably from within, that we cannot logically deem that an objective figure was suddenly intruded into a series of impressions so plainly subjective in its first inception. As well say that while the hypnotised boy was straining his ears to catch the angel's music there suddenly came to him the real note of a heavenly harp.

I am not maintaining that *all* veridical hallucinations are of this primarily subjective type. I have elsewhere argued, indeed, that the terms objective and subjective lose in some of these cases all clear meaning, and that in the case of a collective hallucination, for example, we can often do no more than record the experience of each person concerned, being absolutely unable to say on what laws the collectivity of the hallucinatory experience could possibly depend. But, nevertheless, it is the obscure internal origin, rather than the sudden flashing out, as though upon an external organ of sense, which is the most instructive characteristic of these subliminal messages. The flash, no doubt, may often be all that we can observe; but the question is *what* has heated to flashing-point the inflammable parts within.

2. We thus pass onwards, without sudden transition, from obscure indefinite messages to definite sensory messages,—full-blown hallucinations. And here we cannot say what determines the development or leads to the increase of definition in the message received. It is not necessarily, I think, a great intensity of the message; for the vague messages may be prolonged and disturbing; the visual or auditory hallucinations may be unexciting and transient. But be they of what quality they may, it is important to realise that *all* hallucinations of the senses may be in some sort messages from the subliminal self. They may be so when merely fantastic just as truly as when they are veridical.

Dreams form at once the weakest and the commonest form of sensory hallucination. And dreams, of course, already give manifest signs of having been manufactured below the threshold of our ordinary consciousness. Sometimes, as I have pointed out elsewhere (*Contemporary Review*, February, 1885), a single dream seems to involve more than one level of subliminal consciousness. And already in dreams—even in meaningless and fantastic dreams—we begin to come across signs of intensified power. The occasional prolongation of dream-figures into the first waking moments seems to indicate that an intensity of visualising power has been exercised in the dream which the waking subject could not imitate. And these *hypnopompic* illusions, if I may so term them—illusions which attend the *departure*

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of s eep—are paralleled by the *hypnagogic* illusions which attend the *on-coming* of sleep, and which have been described by Maury and other authors.

It is well known that at or near the moment of falling asleep, scenes or faces will sometimes present themselves with a startling vividness which no voluntary effort can rival. Very likely other bad visualisers, besides myself, have derived from these occasional flashes some notion of the good visualiser's habitual capacity, which otherwise, as being beyond imagination, might have remained for us beyond belief.

The lesson, then, of these *illusions hypnagogiques* is that even in the shallowest and most meaningless messages from the subliminal self there may be indications of previously unknown capacity. Nay, this is the case even when the subliminal messages are directly originated by disease. In *delirium tremens* the type of the hallucinatory figures is determined by the nature of the disease, and by previous associations. But the vividness with which that type is realised is in itself an indication of intensified capacity. The patient, when in ordinary health, could not summon up pictures of rats or snakes with anything like that vividness and reality which so terrify him now. With other deliriums, also, the case is similar. The vivid illusions of the opium-eater and of the haschisch-eater are notorious.

Now in most of these cases it is the morbid element which has usually attracted attention. The vivid visions have been looked upon as symptoms of poisoning, to be removed as soon as possible. But to the psychologist these visions have an interest of a much deeper kind. Just as it is the business of the physician to look out for degenerations —to avert dissolution—so it should be (though it has not often been) the business of the psychologist to look out for extensions of capacity —to recognise evolution. And these morbid visions take on a new importance if they are regarded as indications of a power of visualisation, of combination, of invention, existing in subliminal strata of our being, and accidentally revealed by the volcanic upheaval of fever.

We may extend this argument to cases where there is no fever, but the indication of disordered function lies in the hallucination itself.

The most rudimentary, in one sense, of all forms of visual hallucination is the recurrence of an after-image. The microscopist has been gazing long and steadfastly at some tiny network of cells. Laying aside the microscope, he feels nothing unusual. But perhaps some hours afterwards the network will start up before him in an objectified form, so clearly that he may again study forgotten details. Now this is the result of unduly prolonged attention; it is a morbid stereotyping of impressions which should pass swiftly away. But although it is thus on the whole a retrogressive or dissolutive phenomenon, it has a progressive or evolutive aspect as well. It indicates, that is to say, the possession

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of an intensity of faculty previously unknown. No one could have asserted that so exact an image of the microscopic object was still preserved in the observer's brain; nor could he himself have evoked such an image by conscious effort.

Somewhat similarly we find that sudden vivid revivals of memory or faculty in dying persons are explained by physiologists as indicating that when any nervous centre is discharged with disintegrating violence a number of stored-up memories are thus set free, which would never have been evoked by the gentle discharges of healthy life.

In all these cases, as will be seen, my argument in no way prompts me to minimise the morbid characters. On the contrary, I hold that since we possess certain subliminal faculties, which at present we can only get at by a variety of empirical methods, it was antecedently probable that *disease* would be one of these methods. It is likely, of course, to be a wasteful and incomplete method; bearing something the same relation to experiment that a volcanic eruption bears to the digging of a mine. Yet it may bring to us a certain amount of confused knowledge as to subjacent strata—a knowledge which it is our business to make definite by properly directed excavation.

But here an objection will be raised to my argument,—so serious that, at the cost of some delay, I must endeavour to forestall it. "You have no right," my critic will say, "to extract evidence of some new subliminal capacity from phenomena which, like the hallucinations of *delirium tremens*, are obviously the mere concomitants of nervous dissolution. In such cases we have the uncontrolled irregular working of such of the higher nervous centres as have so far escaped paralysis from the alcoholic poisoning.[1] You must not treat defect of inhibition as if it were a positive power. In all our sense-organs there is a certain margin of capacity beyond what we habitually use. This margin renders possible many helpful adaptations to new difficulties; but also it inevitably admits of wasteful outpourings when control is removed. Take a case of purely mechanical trouble. Say that too much wax accumulates in my ears. My reserve of auditory capacity is now called upon, and I hear fairly well in spite of the obstruction. The surplus wax, however, is removed;—and straightway I hear my friend's voice as a shout, and his cab like rolling thunder. Do you call this an uprush of subliminal capacity? The fact simply is that my ears, which had adjusted themselves to special difficulties, take some little time in readjusting themselves to ordinary circumstances. It is as simple a matter as my feeling your study hot when I come in out of the cold air."

This is all true, I reply; but my first object is precisely to discover

[1] See Dr. Hughlings Jackson in *Journal of Mental Science*, April, 1887.

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what margins of capacity our known sensory centres possess ;—in the hope of discovering whether we have other capacities not dependent upon the senses that we know. And we must not class all these manifestations of latent capacity together ;—they are of many kinds, and teach many different lessons.

The case of intensified *hearing*, for instance, tells me comparatively little. I believe already that some of my ancestors could hear more acutely than I ; and my reserve power in this direction could indicate at most that degrees of capacity once acquired do not always die out with disuse (like sight in cave-fishes), but may remain latent, and ready for some descendant's special need.

But, on the other hand, I see no reason to suppose that my ancestors could *visualise*—could call up imaginary images—any better than I can. If then by drinking brandy I succeed in visualising a hallucinatory rat, I have come upon a degree of faculty which I had no previous reason to suspect myself of possessing. That faculty, let us say, has arisen incidentally during the development of my visual centres. It has been a useless bye-product of human evolution.

But note that the more useless, irrelevant, episodic, incidental such a bye-product is, the more significant is it for our present purpose. Bye-products such as these do not follow on the incoherent action of such organisms as man can himself construct. A loom is a man-made organism; it is a product of artificial selection, of modifications imposed from without, with no spontaneous variations arising within. Throw it partly out of gear and it will perhaps work violently; but there will be no method in its madness ; its incoherence will be absolute ; it will not incidentally turn out patterns more complex than any which it has previously made. You will find out nothing about it which you did not know before; for there is nothing in it which you did not put there yourself. But, on the other hand, when you disarrange the human organism by alcohol you get something more than incoherence ; not only tossing movements and vague cries, but also the projection of phantasmal figures, more vivid than the patient's healthy imagination ever produced.

And note that this very power of externalising visual images has in certain cases (a well-known story of a portrait-painter is copied from book to book) been of actual artistic value to its possessor. It is a bye-product of the same general type as musical and mathematical genius;—those "gifts" whose brilliance and strangeness have prompted Mr. Wallace's suggestion that they may have been introduced into the human mind, or fostered there, by some agency like that of a breeder or gardener, outside of the normal course of evolution. I do not claim that the drunkard's "blue devils" have any supernatural source. But I would suggest that if ever we are to learn whence those "sports"

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on which natural selection so largely depends have originated, and what their possible range may be, we can only find this out by analysing whatsoever within us lies off the main track of self-preserving and race-preserving adaptation. Explain to me, I would ask, not how Mithridates came to have a family at eighty, but how Gauss came to discover the method of least squares at eighteen.

Man's life on earth starts from an x of some sort; and for my present argument it matters not whether you call x a carbon-atom or an immortal soul. Whatever it was, x had certain potentialities, which must have dated in any case from some age anterior to its existence upon our recent planet. Theories of evolution have taught us something of the ways in which x may have been modified during its terrene existence; but we have yet to learn what *that* was on which earth's forces began their play. Are there indeed any residual phenomena, bye-products of evolution, useless vestiges, enigmatic rudiments, which if once we could interpret them could carry us back beyond protozoic life to some more ancient history, some more perdurable law?

It will be seen as I go further that there are certain facts which can, I think, throw light on this problem;—which strongly countenance the hypothesis of a pre-existing, an informing, a surviving soul. In the meantime the necessary logical arrangement of my matter places my argument at a disadvantage. For I have to begin with small and scattered observations, themselves explicable on hypotheses narrower than mine, and needing,—to show their true connections, their continuous trend towards the stranger, the supernormal phenomena,—a wide ingathering and long cumulation which neither my space nor my knowledge enables me here to offer.

But I must content myself with thus appealing to my reader to study the whole series of my facts before he dismisses my interpretation. For the present I must return to my immediate topic, and must continue to trace in order the various classes of visual hallucinations—from the morbid or fantastic up to the *veridical*, and even to the *collective* class.

Next above the visual hallucinations of disease I should place those which many persons can summon up by the empirical process of gazing at a crystal, dark mirror, or other clear surface. These "crystal-visions" appear to run parallel to the whole range of visual hallucinations. Some of them closely resemble dreams; appearing to be mere casual modifications of past experience. Others, again, exhibit a supernormal revivification of past events—a *hypermnesic* character—on which we shall hereafter have to dwell. In other cases the vision seems to have a telepathic origin. In others, again, the crystal shows a message purporting to have come from a deceased person. In others, again, it

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shows scenes apparently depicting the remote past, or the future, and not clearly traceable to any individual intelligence. Nor can we at present discriminate by any difference in the characteristics of the vision itself what its origin or its meaning may be.

I need hardly say that in using the convenient term "crystal-visions" I am not attributing any real importance to the crystal or other speculum used, nor even assuming that it is always needful to use a speculum at all. The important point is that by use of empirical means, which vary with different persons, a good many observers can succeed in inducing visual hallucinations in a harmless and convenient form. The crystal-visions seem akin to the faces and other forms seen in the dark by many persons while fully awake.[1] It is natural at first to suppose that the crystal-seers are slightly self-hypnotised by the steady gaze; and in some instances this is probably the fact. But in some of the best marked cases of crystal-vision which I have seen there is no indication whatever of modification of the normal waking state.[2] Crystal-vision in my view is not a branch of hypnotism, but rather an additional method—due, like hypnotism, to accidental discovery—of bringing into the cognisance of the supraliminal self some part of the processes which are ceaselessly going on below.

Further experiments on crystal-vision are much needed. But the cases already published will serve to show that these visions may rise from very different depths in the psychical being—may come only "from dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell," or may be fashioned by somewhat within us which is cognisant of forgotten memories, and of far-distant things. In one point nearly all observers concur. These visions imply a visualising power greater than the seer can exercise by voluntary effort. The distinctness and artistic quality of these crystal-pictures can be estimated more truly than that of hypnotic, or even of post-hypnotic hallucinations, on account of the subject's more thoroughly normal state. And the illumination of the pictures, the movement of the figures, often causes the seer great surprise. The effect is said to be not like that of "conjuring up a scene," but rather of looking tranquilly into a *camera obscura*, where light and movement are given correctly, and with no effort of one's own.

The study both of hypnotically-suggested hallucinations and of crystal-visions forms an important prerequisite for the right comprehension of that remarkable class which remains to be mentioned,—the casual or isolated—falsidical or veridical—hallucinations of the sane. Readers of *Phantasms of the Living* will remember how Mr. Gurney has brought out the strong analogies which subsist between all phan-

[1] See *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 473.

[2] See the paper, "Recent Experiments in Crystal-Vision," *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 486.

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tasmal experiences of this kind—between those which we must assume to be merely subjective, and those which we regard as having a telepathic origin, a veridical content. He has shown how beneath all differences both of aspect and of content they are wont to give indication of somewhat the same process of subliminal manufacture.

Before, however, we can decide to class all visual phantasms as messages from the subliminal self, we must take into account the important fact that these phantasms are in many cases *collective*—that they are observed by several persons simultaneously—perhaps even by animals as well. Are we not bound, it has been asked, to regard such collective phantasms at any rate as objective entities, in no way dependent upon the self of the percipient?

In reply I would say (as I have said at greater length elsewhere), that I see no objection to describing these collective hallucinations as objective, so long as it is understood that their objectivity implies only that they have a source outside the percipients' minds, and does not imply that they are necessarily discerned by the percipients in accordance with ordinary optical laws.

Our records of collective phantasms show at any rate that even when more persons than one perceive the phantasm it is not safe to conclude that *all* the persons present will perceive it. Nay, more; those who do perceive it will sometimes perceive it to different extents—one, for example, hearing only; another both hearing and seeing. It is even doubtful whether the perceptions of the different percipients are in all cases fully consistent with each other, or do not rather indicate that some initiating cause acts on each percipient in a manner determined by his own psychostatical condition. *Collectivity*, in short, is in such percipience more truly styled *electivity*. It may be the case that A and B, who are together, both see the same phantom; but this fact gives us no guarantee that if C was there with them he would see the same thing.

It is clear, then, that a phantom thus *electively* perceived—perceived, that is to say, by one person in preference to another, equally well situated—cannot be perceived by the superficial self, according to ordinary optical laws. Yet certainly in some instances the phantasmal image, say, of a dying man, does affect in much the same way more percipients than one,—and percipients of whom some may be strangers to the presumed agent, and so not likely to have received the impression from him by direct telepathic impact. To meet this difficulty it has been suggested that when A is dying, and A's phantom is perceived by B and C, of whom C is a stranger to A, then B perceives it by direct telepathic impact from A, and C by further or secondary telepathic impact from B. Where the difficulty is so great, and our knowledge so small, we must not hastily reject any attempt at explanation.

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But, personally, I am led to think that there is, as I have elsewhere suggested, some "centre of phantasmogenetic activity," bearing some relation to space, and affecting B and C simultaneously and directly.

The phrase here cited, in spite of its unavoidable vagueness, may now be seen to possess an intelligible meaning. I have already urged that the impulse which ultimately generates the phantom is in no case directly received by the superficial self, but always by the subliminal faculties, in some unknown fashion. I have suggested that this impulse is not in itself of any definite sensory or motor quality, but is generally capable of being *translated* to the superficial self in either sensory or motor terms, according to the subject's psychostatical condition,—perhaps according to the predominance of visile, audile, or motile imagery in his habitual psychical operations. To explain these collective or elective cases, with their similarities in the general image but differences in detail, we should have, on this view, further to suppose that the said impulse is sometimes of a kind which affects the subliminal self of all suitably constituted persons within a certain area, and which, although modified in each observer's case by individual conditions, has yet a prepotent tendency to translate itself into one special form of imagery—so that the phantom which each observer perceives is similar, although not identical.

Difficult as such a hypothesis may be, it indicates, I think, a more likely road towards the solution of this crowning puzzle of collective hallucinations than is afforded by those who maintain that a phantasm seen or heard by more than one person must be a real part of the objective world; so that failure to see or hear it would arise from some mere defect of eyes or ears—some such purely physiological limitation as prevents some men from hearing the shrill cry of the bat.

What has here been said of hallucinations of sight will apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to hallucinations of the sense of hearing, and of the sense of touch—to the phantasmal sound of human voices, or pressure of human hands. "The sense of touch," however, is, of course, a mere popular term which covers a variety of classes of sensation as yet imperfectly known. At any rate the sense of contact, the sense of temperature, and (of course) the sense of pain are known to admit of being isolated as separate modes of perceptivity. What messages, we may ask, does the subliminal self send upwards in connection with these senses?

As regards the sense of *temperature* the answer is complex and obscure, involving what seems to be a new group of sensibilities to magnets, metals, &c. An elaborate system of these supposed sensibilities was drawn up long ago by Reichenbach in his book, *Der sensitive Mensch*, and similar systems have since been elaborated by Baréty

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de Rochas, and others. In the absence of further corroboration all these schemes must be considered as at least premature. Nevertheless, there is in France a growing belief that certain metals, even wrapped up or concealed, so as to avoid suggestion or hyperæsthesia of ordinary touch, do produce definite and unexplained sensations, among which are sensations of temperature, apparently not depending on the smoothness, weight, or other known property of the metals used. Thus a burning sensation from gold seems one of the commonest of these phenomena.

The sensations alleged to be felt from *magnets* fall under a kindred category. Professor Pitres in a recent work asserts that these results have now been obtained with an electro-magnet, the percipient not knowing whether the current was turned on or off;—a precaution on which we have repeatedly insisted in these *Proceedings*.[1] It is to be hoped that observers in other countries may soon be fortunate enough to find subjects equally sensitive.

While we must accept the accounts of these experiments with due reserve as to possible effects of suggestion and self-suggestion, it does yet, I think, become yearly more probable that this influence of metals (ill-named by Pitres and others *haphalgesia*, since it is by no means always painful) and this kindred influence of magnets do actually exist. And if such influence exists, it would appear to exist for the most part subliminally; for it becomes perceptible by the superficial consciousness only or mainly in conjunction with other phenomena which have a manifestly subliminal initiation.

It seems, then, quite possible that we may here have a real approach to certain obscure physical laws by means of the help afforded by indications arising from a stratum within us in which the range of perception is, as I have already suggested, enlarged in divers unpredictable ways.

And next as to sensibility to pain. In what relation does the subliminal self stand to this prominent characteristic of our superficial being?—a characteristic originally acquired, we may suppose, for protective purposes, but now in many of its forms useless, and, when useless, noxious, and even dangerous to life. We know, of course, that sensibility to pain is one of the functions most easily modified by hypnotic or post-hypnotic suggestion. Painless operations "in the sleep" formed the most impressive theme of the early mesmerists. Operations performed in the waking state, but rendered painless by previous suggestion during trance, are now equally familiar. The painless *accouchements* of which the hypnotic journals now report a pretty constant series furnish some striking examples of the removal of pain while other sensibilities and energies persist undisturbed. Self-suggestion, too,

[1] He does not, however, explicitly state that all danger of suggestion from the slight click which accompanies magnetisation was avoided.

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will with many persons relieve pain in a marked degree, as in the so-called "Faith-Cure." Analgesia, moreover, seems generally to be present in spontaneous ecstacy. And it is found in combination with hallucinations;—as when a sudden removal of pain follows upon a sense of phantasmal touch on the part affected.

Thus far we have been speaking of analgesia, as opposed to anæsthesia; of the removal of the sensibility to pain but not of the sensibility to contact. I need not say that anæsthesia also is common in trance and in hysteria.

A curious point here arises. We may lay it down as pretty certain that in all cases of hysterical anæsthesia the feeling of the anæsthetic limbs is not absolutely lost, but subsists as part of a subjacent chain of memory. Professor Janet's book, *L'Automatisme Psychologique*, contains abundant illustration of this fact, which is quite in accordance with what we should expect. But is the pain which is evaded by the superficial self felt by the subliminal? The answer to this question is not equally clear. On the one hand, in some trifling experimental instances, the pricks, &c., inflicted on the anæsthetic hand have been observed and complained of by a subjacent consciousness. Whether they are really *felt*, however, is very doubtful. For in the more serious cases—amputations, *accouchements*, &c., there is often no sign whatever in the countenance of pain. Occasionally, indeed, there are such signs; but this seems to be an indication that the trance is not deep. Very rarely indeed has any memory of serious pain been afterwards shown by any subjacent personality. In fact, it seems plain from the behaviour of the organism that the disturbance caused by pain has been veritably and profoundly absent. Delbœuf's well-known experiment with the two burns goes to prove the same thing. Making two symmetrical burns on the arms of a consenting subject, he suggested that one of them, which he specified, would give no pain. The result was much less inflammation in that than in the equivalent wound, and a more rapid healing. Similarly when *chorea* is cured by hypnotic suggestion the morbid movements entirely cease—they do not reappear in a trance-condition. On the contrary, they disappear first from the trance-condition, and then from waking life.

It seems probable, therefore, that the pain or disturbance is not merely transferred by suggestion to a deeper stratum, but disappears altogether. And this view is confirmed by the fact that when morbid appetites (for brandy, opium, &c.) are removed by suggestion from the superficial self, we do not find any trace of their persistence in the subliminal self. The healing suggestion may of course be insufficient, and the morbid tastes may reappear; but they reappear in the superficial self, as before.

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The problem thus suggested is one of wide-reaching importance. To what extent, we may ask, is the result of hypnotic suggestion merely *translative?* and to what extent *ablative?* Have we a right to say that when a power or capacity is removed from the supraliminal self it is merely transferred to the subliminal, but that when a disease or an incapacity is removed from the supraliminal self it is abolished altogether?

It seems surprising that a problem of such interest should not, so far as I can discover, have been previously discussed, or even clearly stated. But in fact the very idea that functions removed by suggestion from the supraliminal self may in reality be *transferred* rather than *abolished* (an idea so obvious on the theory of personality here presented) is a comparatively new one, as is shown by the care with which Professor Janet proves this point in relation to suggested systematic anæsthesiæ, in his often-cited work. The elder mesmerists habitually consider any function or phenomena which the "passes" have inhibited as being for the time altogether non-existent. From our present point of view the problem widens greatly; and ultimately involves the question of the relation of our assumed underlying individuality to the various personalities through which it finds partial and temporary expression.

We will return to this inquiry when we discuss the relation to each other of subliminal and supraliminal *memories.* But in the first place we must continue our brief enumeration of the various forms which the subliminal message may assume.

3. Alongside of these passive automatisms—or sensory presentations from a subliminal region—with which we have thus far been dealing, there runs a similar series of active automatisms—or motor impulses similarly initiated below the level of ordinary consciousness. These have been the main subject of my previous papers; and in my last paper, Vol. V., pp. 526-535, several of the more important were described in a connected way. I need not, therefore, return to them here. The reader will remember that they consist largely of affections of the active processes of verbalisation—word-writing and word-utterance—and of gestures, such as table-tilting, which are practically equivalent to speech. They include other gestures also, which sometimes claim, as we shall see, to be imitative of the bearing of deceased persons. And these motor automatisms, moreover, even when isolated and transitory, may be *inhibitory* as well as impulsive. They may consist, not in an impulse to action, but in an obscurely-felt restraining power.[1]

In hysterical subjects, also, these transferences of control over the

[1] See "A Record of Telepathic and other Experiences," Vol. VI., p. 358.

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motor system from one stratum of the personality to another form a familiar and interesting symptom.

4. Thus far the subliminal messages which I have been describing have in a strict sense deserved that name. They have been intimations of one sort or another which the subliminal self has initiated and which the supraliminal self has received. In most cases these messages have been automatisms, active or passive, which have in no wise interfered with the automatist's habitual stream of consciousness. He has observed them or left them unnoted, as he pleased; he has in no way been identified with them. To this general rule *dreams* have formed a partial exception. The dreamer is for the time being identified with his dream; only in rare instances can he watch it in progress, aware that he is dreaming. And, in fact, the dream-messages are usually lost to the waking self, since few dreams survive the departure of the sleep which begat them. We have thus in sleep a first familiar example of that shifting of the strata of personality which we shall meet with under so many aspects. Sleep may pass into so-called deeper states—hypnotic trance, spontaneous somnambulism, &c. And here again some truth may be discerned in the paradoxical statement sometimes put forward from Nancy, viz., that the hypnotic trance is identical with ordinary sleep. Surely not identical; yet it is true that sleep and not hysteria is our truest spontaneous analogy to hypnotic trance. The slightest of all changes of personality—sleep—exists, as it were, to show us the possibility of such changes, and not only their possibility but their advantage. Or, to speak with more accuracy, though with seeming paradox, sleep is in fact our earliest or primary form of consciousness, and waking life is a secondary form of consciousness developed to meet external needs.

For our present purpose, however, it is enough to point out that at this very early stage of subliminal messages we begin to see the possibility that the subliminal self may displace the supraliminal, and may make its deliverances without caring, so to say, whether the supraliminal self attends to them or no. Hysteria and insanity afford our next examples, this time of a morbid displacement of the empirical self, which may be more or less complete according to the degree of intensity which the *idées délirantes*, the sensory hallucinations, or the diseased motor impulses have obtained.

And following our whole series of messages as above described, we find that the emergence of each class of subliminal message is apt to carry with it at least a tendency to the temporary dominance of that subliminal phase of personality from which the message in question springs. Thus even momentary visual hallucinations are sometimes accompanied by trance-like states. The experimentally induced hallucinations of crystal-vision occasionally lead to trance. And, passing over

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other sensory automatisms, we find, when we come to motor automatisms, that the automatist has often a vivid sense of *possession*—of being taken hold of by some alien intelligence, and *made* to write or to utter unpremeditated speech.

The transition from the control of the empirical to the control of the subliminal self is a gradual one, and may be effected in many ways. The change of control may take place in one limb at a time. For instance, a hand may first write automatically, but so that the writing can be checked at will; and may then go on to write *irresistibly*, and may become, first analgesic, and then anæsthetic, as control over it is more and more fully withdrawn from the superficial self. And when this withdrawal has reached a certain stage it is likely that trance will supervene and that the centre, so to say, of the crystallisation of personality will shift for the whole organism. It will be desirable to deal with these displacements of psychical strata at greater length hereafter, with especial reference to the relation of the new *memories* thus created to that empirical memory with which we identify ourselves in ordinary life. For the moment I am merely pointing out that such displacements form a final and an important class among those many forms of subliminal message which we have been engaged in reviewing.

And here I must close this brief introduction; proceeding in a second chapter to the most important part of my task; namely, the analysis of the *content* of those subliminal messages whose mere external *forms* I have thus far been describing. The description and the logical arrangement of the forms of these messages is, I think, an absolute prerequisite for any valid analysis of their confused and complex content. Up to this time I have seen no discussion of that content, whether from the spiritualistic or from the materialistic side, which has not seemed to me to suffer for lack of sufficient area of comparison. Neither from the hysterical ward nor from the Spiritist séance-room alone shall we learn enough of these bewildering phenomena to entitle us to form a final opinion even on what we may have witnessed with our own eyes. There must be a thicker harvest of facts, a freer communication between opposing schools, a wider basis for induction, before we can be sure of explaining rightly even the apparently simplest of subliminal phenomena. It must be enough if some notion has here been given at once of the variety and of the strange interrelations of the phenomena which are waiting to be explained.

We are collecting, so to say, from palimpsest and mummy-case fragments of writing in many languages and in many alphabets. Some of these alphabets are still in use. Others are found in bilingual inscriptions, which give a clue to their significance. Others are as yet absolutely indecipherable. At first sight our ever-growing collection

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appears a meaningless chaos. But we are sure that there must be an order beneath the confusion, since from that order our modern world has grown. And enough is already interpretable to encourage us to further effort; to show us that we are in the presence of things ancient and wonderful, and of thoughts other than those we know.

Chapter II.—The Mechanism of Suggestion.

I endeavoured in the first chapter to indicate a point of view from which a great number of scattered and apparently disparate phenomena might be studied in true and fruitful connection. I tried to show that however different the act of dreaming might be, for instance, from the act of automatic writing, or a hallucination from a trance, yet all these had something of common origin from which their investigation might begin. For my contention is that such phenomena as these are not initiated by that ordinary or empirical chain of conscious states which in common parlance we identify with *ourselves*, but rather by some faculty or intelligence which lies beneath the level of ordinary consciousness, and forms another stratum—or more strata than one—of that total individuality of each of us whereof all that we wittingly are and do is but a limited and incomplete manifestation. This region of hidden activity I have called the *subliminal consciousness*—or even, when contrasting it with supraliminal operation, the subliminal *self*. And I have explained that by these names I wish to protest against the undue extension of such phrases as "unconscious cerebration," and to insist that we have as good ground for attributing consciousness to some at least of these subliminal operations in ourselves as we have for attributing consciousness to the intellectual performances of our neighbours. Only the "solipsist"—that inflexible logician who refuses to ascribe consciousness to any man in the world except himself—only he can consistently deny consciousness to operations *within* himself which, however removed from his ordinary ken, do yet equal or transcend in complexity the operations with which he identifies his intellectual being.

In my first chapter I confined myself to tracing the various channels by which the "messages" of this subliminal self—the indications, that is to say, of processes going on beneath the threshold—are brought upwards into the cognisance of the empirical self; the various artifices by which they are translated into its familiar tongue, and inscribed in its ostensible history.

When the *language*—so to call it—of these subliminal messages is understood, their *content* remains to study. And in fact the content of

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these messages (as here defined) has throughout been the main topic with which these *Proceedings* have been concerned. We have discussed *supernormal* phenomena; we have dwelt on the knowledge which reaches us otherwise than through the recognised organs of sense. And it is, I hold, in the subliminal region that such phenomena are initiated, and that such knowledge is primarily gained.

My present purpose is not, of course, to repeat the evidence already given, but to present it in a somewhat new connection, and to supplement it by new matter at several points. It is possible, I think, to frame a rough provisional scheme or synthesis into which the various phenomena thus far noted may naturally fall, when they are considered simply as messages passing from one stratum to another of the percipient's mind; passing upwards from a subliminal region of wider knowledge and faculty into the supraliminal realm of ordinary empirical life. It will be our business to analyse the contents of these messages, and to consider what kind of knowledge, what kind of faculty may be therein implied.

And here I must recur for convenience' sake to a metaphor already suggested. I shall speak of our habitual range of consciousness as of a visible spectrum, bounded at one end by organic functions which we cannot by any effort assume under conscious control, and at the other end by the highest efforts of reason to which the mind can attain. Below the *physiological* limit of the spectrum lie a vast number of complex processes belonging to the body's nutrition and well-being; processes which our remote ancestors may possibly have been able to modify at will, but which to us seem so entirely withdrawn from our sphere of volition that if we wish to alter them we do so from the outside, so to say, and by drugs and medicaments; and in just the same way, whether the body to be treated is our own or our neighbour's.

Near to or above the *psychological* limit lie those "inspirations of genius" which the reason can neither explain nor renew, and all that unknown realm of telepathy and clairvoyance which it is our special task to explore. There is, indeed, no ground for supposing that this spectrum of our habitual consciousness is in any sense a continuous one. It probably includes only those rays of knowledge to which natural selection has forced us to become, and to continue, sensitive, and it may therefore be studded with dark lines—full of gaps and interruptions where some form of perception which might have conceivably existed for us on the same plane as our recognised senses has either never been developed (as a "magnetic sense"), or has declined (like the sense of smell) from its ancestral potency.

And again, there is not necessarily any deeply-lying distinction between powers which I have classed as infra-physiological and powers which I have classed as supra-psychological,—beyond the respective

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limits of my imaginary spectrum. For aught we know, these powers may go often together, and an intelligence which is still sensitive to perceptions organic and in common life forgotten may be sensitive also to perceptions supernormal and in common life unattained.

And, indeed, the interrelation of these unknown powers can only gradually and empirically become discernible to our experiment and observation. Our supraliminal consciousness is but a floating island upon the "abysmal deep" of the total individuality beneath it; and the waves which wash under one end of our narrow standing-place are continuous with the waves which wash under the other.

Nevertheless, if used with caution, our distinction between the infra-physiological and the supra-psychological prolongations of the spectrum of consciousness may be of service in grouping into two or three main masses the sporadic phenomena with which we have to deal. Any grouping, indeed, which suggests even partial truths will here be of service; so incoherent are the separate observations which are still every month recorded as noteworthy; so unexplained by psychologist or physician are even those observations which have been so often repeated as no longer to be worth recording.

It will be convenient to deal first with the infra-physiological phenomena; and among these it will be convenient to begin with such phenomena as the practice of hypnotism is rendering tolerably familiar.

The time has certainly not arrived when either psychology or physiology can offer a logical or complete conspectus of these new facts. Every year—almost every month—has its fresh surprises, and each group of experiments still depends so inexplicably on the personal qualities both of operator and of subject that it would be absurd to argue as though we had all the phenomena before us. For my present purpose three rough divisions will suffice. I will take first what may be called the great *dissociative* triumph of hypnotism, namely, the inhibition of pain under conditions of nerve and tissue with which under ordinary circumstances pain seems inevitably connected. Secondly, I shall take what I may call the *associative or synthetic* triumphs of hypnotism, namely, the production and control of organic processes which no effort of the ordinary man's can set going, or in any way influence. And thirdly, I will take the *intellectual or moral* achievements of hypnotism; achievements based, no doubt, upon physiological changes resembling the changes involved in the two previous classes of effect, but which, nevertheless, must needs have for us a deeper significance, and suggest problems still more profound.

1. The suppression of pain, by whatever means, is in itself so welcome a result that men have not been apt to look closely into its psychological concomitants. Yet it is obvious that psychologically the whole interest lies in the question whether pain is suppressed

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along with sensation of every kind, or whether other modes of sensation persist, and only pain is inhibited. Our ancestors, one may say, had already a rough practical knowledge of this distinction. They knew that if you felled a man with a club, and stunned him, he would not for some time feel the pain of the blow. And they knew also that if you ran pins into particular points on a witch's body, the witch, although perfectly awake, would feel no smart.

Now, the second of these practical discoveries, although often derided by enlightened persons, and called "the meanest of paganish and popish superstitions," was in reality of much greater importance than the first. By stunning your enemy you only proved that vital functions could continue unimpaired while the brain's action was so far disturbed that all consciousness was for the time abolished. By pricking the witch in her so-called "marks"—we should now call them analgesic zones or patches—you proved that pain was a dissociable accident of organic injury, that other sensations might persist and only the sensation of pain be in some way inhibited.[1] The world grew more humane, and the poor women who had been tortured under the meaningless name of witches were pitied or laughed at under the almost equally meaningless name of hysterics. Physicians, indeed, were still loth to draw any lessons from phenomena so morbid and so "fraudulescent." But whenever Science resolutely attacks any amalgam, however cunningly compounded, of charlatanism and fact, the time must soon come when "the bowling beats the batting," when tests are devised and rules of evidence laid down which the half-educated impostor cannot meet. So it has been with hysteria, which to the psychologist at any rate has now become more instructive than any other group of physical derangements. And the analgesia or insensitiveness to pain which runs wild in hysteria is now being directed into useful channels by that power which we shall have to discuss as "hypnotic suggestion." The inhibition of pain, indeed, is now practised, so to say, no longer as a laboratory experiment, but on a commercial scale; and while the rearguard of the medical confraternity still deny its possibility, the pioneers are showing to the world many of the patients, say, of the Hôpital Civil at Nancy traversing the phases of their various organic maladies with scarcely more than *malaise*, and laying down their nervous sufferings in the out-patients' room as easily as their cloaks and hats.

My object here, however, is not to discuss either the obvious advantages or the possible dangers of this suppression of the ancient

[1] Local analgesia occurs also in some rare cases in diseases affecting certain tracts of the spinal cord. I am assuming in the text, for simplicity's sake, that with some witches, as with some hysterics, these patches were analgesic only, and not anæsthetic.

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curse. Rather I am concerned to show that some *intelligence* is involved in a suppression thus achieved—achieved not as narcotics achieve it, by a wholesale deadening of consciousness of all kinds, but by the selection and inhibition from among all the percipient's possible sensations of precisely those which will be in any way disagreeable to him. It is not the mere anæsthetisation of some particular segment of the body or particular group of nerve-endings—such as cocaine, for instance, might produce—but a removal also of a number of concomitant feelings of nausea, exhaustion, anxiety, not always directly dependent on the principal pain, but needing, one would say, to be first subjectively distinguished as disagreeable before they are picked out for inhibition.

And note that this freedom from pain is achieved without either deadening or dislocating the general nervous system ; with no approach either to coma or to hysteria. Even the so-called hypnotic trance is no longer a necessity in these experiments. With some subjects, and in long operations, it may be needful to induce it; but many minor deliverances from pain are effected either by simple suggestion in the waking state or by post-hypnotic suggestions given in the trance, but destined to fulfil themselves after the awakening. And if trance there be, that trance is often no mere lethargy, but a state fully as alert and vivid as waking life ; as, for instance, in a case recorded by Professor Delbœuf and Dr. Fraipont, where a woman laughed and joked during the crisis of a severe confinement.[1]

In view of cases like this it is plain that hypnotic analgesia is by no means a mere ordinary narcotic—a fresh specimen of the methods already familiar for checking pain by checking all conscious cerebration. It is a new departure ; it is the first successful attempt at dissociating forms of sensation which throughout the known history of the human organism have almost invariably been found to exist together.

Now if this achievement were due to the ingenuity of some physician, we should surely hail him as the master mind of the age. Must we not still admit that there is intelligence, although that intelligence works unseen? Let all due honour, indeed, be given to the hypnotist, who directs that hidden knowledge towards the relief of human pain. But he *directs* the knowledge ; he does not himself create or even possess it. Professor Bernheim's command, "Feel pain no more!" is no more a scientific instruction *how* not to feel pain than the

[1] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, April, 1891. This carefully recorded case presents several significant points ; *e.g.*, the *increased* power of the entranced patient to accelerate the efforts of nature (pp. 291,296) ; the recollection in a subsequent hypnotic state (p. 293) ; the influence of suggestion in producing the secretion of milk at a fixed hour (p. 294). In this same subject a cyst on a tendon at the wrist, which had always reappeared after crushing, was crushed in the hypnotic state with the suggestion that it should not reappear, and appeared no more.

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prophet's "Wash in Jordan and be clean!" was a pharmacopœal prescription for leprosy.

I have dealt thus far with this new faculty of *dissociation* in its simplest and most massive form. But the mere production of general analgesia—the mere severance of sensations of pain from sensations of contact, temperature, &c.,—is by no means the only dissociation which hypnotic suggestion can effect. The "negative hallucinations" or "systematised anæsthesiæ," which are so familiar in hypnotic experiment, are in fact segregations of particular groups of sensory impressions, which are then transferred from the supraliminal to the hypnotic self. You may say to a good hypnotic subject: "After you are awakened you will not see Mr. A., nor hear his voice, nor feel his touch"; and in fact the subject, awakened and apparently normal, will be irresponsive to those special stimuli—will seem and in a sense will *be* absolutely incapable of seeing, hearing, or feeling Mr. A. But nevertheless—and this result, which experiment has in many cases actually detected, is, from our standpoint, probable enough—the sights, sounds, and touches which are unperceived by the subject's supraliminal are habitually perceived by his subliminal consciousness; and in fact, he must somehow or other hear and distinguish Mr. A.'s voice in order to know when *not* to hear him,—feel and distinguish Mr. A.'s touches in order to know what touches are not to be felt. This observation, which Professor Janet, for example, has worked out with great delicacy, strikingly shows the inadequacy of the old views which saw nothing in hypnotism except a narrowing of pre-existing powers, a focussing of the intelligence on such ideas as the hypnotiser might choose to suggest. "The hypnotiser," such men would say, "fixes the subject's attention on *himself*; and the subject is consequently incapable of seeing or hearing Mr. A." Now this explanation applies well enough to cases of *fascination*, where the operator keeps the subject's eyes fixed on his own and the subject's whole mind intent on watching his movements. But in the more delicate experiment above described the case is entirely different. The subject pays no special attention to the hypnotiser, and may be superficially occupied on anything you please. But meantime his subliminal consciousness is attending to its special task; it is singling out and keeping apart the sights, sounds, touches which proceed from Mr A.; it is adding to the perceptivities of ordinary vigilance this special watchfulness of its own.

2. This segregation of a group of sensations which I have just been describing may be classed with equal justice as a dissociative or as an associative act. The group of sensations is severed from the main supraliminal current, and thus far the act is dissociative. But the group itself has somehow to be formed; and when we begin to see complexity in the group, strangeness in the synergy which it involves,

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then we may fitly begin to dwell on the *associative* side of the achievement. I have already pointed out that the inhibition of all the pain consequent on an operation is in reality a complicated associative process, and involves the singling out and fitting together of a great number of sensations which have only the subjective bond of being disagreeable to the subject,—with a view of then inhibiting this whole complex of sensations, and leaving the supraliminal consciousness in perfect ease. The cases on which I am now about to dwell are fundamentally akin to that previous type; but they have this difference, that the groups of sensations which suggestion calls into being are formed to be felt, not to be unfelt—are themselves no longer the absent or deleted background, but the prominent and conspicuous phenomenon.

And here let us pause for a while—in accordance with a plan which I have already suggested—and consider whether we have any sort of guide as to what we may expect in this new direction. This is exactly the moment for such a review. For as we gradually gain power over our organisms we may expect to observe various vital phenomena passing through three stages. First, they will occur spontaneously. Next, they will be empirically produced. And lastly they will be produced scientifically; produced, that is to say, with real knowledge of the conditions on which they depend. And with regard to these phenomena of nervous association, of organic process, presently to be described, we are now just entering the empirical stage; the stage at which we can sometimes set the machinery going, but have no notion how it works. It is therefore important to take stock, so to say, of the whole range of *spontaneous* phenomena corresponding to the phenomena which we are endeavouring to produce. We shall thus learn how far we are likely to be able to go, and we may get hints as to the quickest line of progress.

What we have to consider, then, are the instances of the so-called "action of the mind on the body" which have attracted notice before hypnotic suggestion was known. Now, of course, there is no real line of delimitation between those actions of the mind on the body which have been considered wonderful and those which have been taken as matters of course. That I should be able to hold my pen because I wish to hold it is ultimately just as great a mystery as that I should develop stigmata from meditating on the Crucifixion. But we must let this pass; and even as we have already taken for granted a habitual spectrum of consciousness, so also we must take for granted a habitual range of will, within which our mental impressions are accustomed to produce effects—mainly but not solely motor effects—upon our organism. The cases now to be cited are those where mental impressions have produced effects, either voluntary, but outside of the usual range of volition, or involuntary (so far at least as the

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supraliminal will goes), and extending below the physiological limit of the conscious spectrum,—involving organic processes which we cannot wittingly initiate or control.[1]

Let us take first those small extensions of ordinary power over the organism which some men can achieve by the exercise of waking will. Next, let us take the unspecialised effects of emotion upon the organism. And thirdly, let us take the specialised effects—the cases where unintended external suggestion or involuntary self-suggestion has produced results no longer vague and massive, but corresponding with something like intelligent or purposive exactness to the nature of the shock.

(1) The extensions of man's waking power—his power in "cold blood" as we say—over his organism are not as yet very numerous.

We have some instances of advanced control over the digestive system, "voluntary rumination,"and acceleration of peristaltic movements. We have Colonel Townsend, with his historic power of quickening and slowing the heart's action. We have alleged instances of voluntary contraction and dilatation of the pupil. And we have a few dubious cases like that of the great preacher Irving, who is said to have checked choleraic symptoms by supreme effort of will—to have stayed the advancing army of microbes (*si credere dignum est*) by the intensity of the tonic stimulus given through the brain to his own heart or secretions.

The list of man's conquests over his organism, as old text-books give it, hardly goes further than this. I shall have to show further on how far this list is from exhausting the possibilities of the case.

(2) Let us go on to the unspecialised results of emotion, by which I mean the effects which are determined in one direction or another rather by the antecedent conditions of the organism than by the specific character of the emotion itself. The emotion, of course, will produce different classes of effects according as it is of a tonic or of a depressing character; but the direction which the exaltation or (oftener) the depression takes will follow the lines of least resistance or of readiest overflow. Tonic mental impressions have improved the general health in a great variety of ways, and have caused gout and rheumatism to disappear. Depressing shocks have affected almost

[1] Most of the cases here briefly mentioned will be found in Dr. Hack Tuke's useful work on *The Influence of the Mind upon the Body.* (London: Churchill; 2nd Edit., 1884.) The cases cited in that book are, some of them, admittedly remote and ill-recorded; but few will dispute the general truth of Dr. Hack Tuke's evidence. I may add that my principle of arrangement is quite different from his, and that he is in no way committed to the use here made of his facts. A collection of more recent cases will be found in a tract by Dr. Morton Prince on "Association Neuroses," reprinted from the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease* (Boston, U.S.A.), May, 1891.

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every organ in the body. Nausea, purgation, sweating, shivering, arrest of milk, whitening of hair, are familiar results. We also find cases of deafness, blindness, aphasia, spasmodic asthma, and jaundice thus induced. Chorea, epilepsy, rupture of pulmonary vessels, tetanoid convulsions, hemiplegia, idiocy, may also follow, and syncope or apoplexy may kill on the spot. These varied effects show how vast and vague is the power which the highest cortical centres possess over the organism.

(3) Our third class has to consist of results specialised, not by the previous condition of the organism, but by the nature of the exciting cause itself. These are partly suggestions from without, partly self-suggestions,—not of a purposive, but of a morbid or arbitrary kind. The most important of these, if fully established, would certainly be those definite influences which are perhaps exerted on the embryo through the mother's organism.[1] But there are also sympathetic pains or marks which sometimes follow upon the sight of suffering or accident —as ecchymosis from seeing a friend bled; swelling of the lips from seeing a child press its knife between its lips; or a red mark on the ankle from seeing a gate likely to fall against a child.[2]

Such, too, are the cases of uncontrolled or morbid imitativeness; beginning with imitative yawning, and including imitative spasms and paralyses, on the type of croup, epilepsy, paraplegia, &c.

In these cases there is a strong suggestion from without, morbidly accepted by the organism. In other cases the external stimulus may be very slight, but the patient's self-suggestion gives it some peculiar power. Thus Dr. Morton Prince cites a case where a lady believed—had in fact effectively suggested to herself—that the mere presence of a

[1] Few subjects stand more in need of statistical and experimental investigation than this question as to the degree of definiteness of the influence which the mother's sensations and emotions can exercise upon the unborn child. See Hack Tuke, *op. cit.*, Vol. II., pp. 68, 69, and cases in Liébeault, *Le Sommeil et les états analogues*, and in the *British Medical Journal*, 1886, Vol. I. In the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, August, 1891, p. 52, Dr. Liébeault describes a case where Madame L. received so great a shock from suddenly meeting a woman with port-wine mark over half the face that durin g the whole of a pregnancy which was then beginning (although as yet unknown to herself) she suffered from a distressing hallucination which represented many of the strangers whom she met as disfigured in this special way. She had, however, no brooding or anxiety about her child. When the child was born the hallucination disappeared, but the child had a port-wine mark over half the face. Dr. Liébeault inferred that this woman would prove easily suggestible; and this was the case. He proposes that physicians should suggest to pregnant women marks of a definite but harmless kind, with the view of obtaining direct experimental proof of a pre-natal influence, which, if it exists, might obviously be utilised for the child's good. And indeed some striking analogies between these alleged cases of maternal influence on the unborn child and the now known results of suggestion after birth furnish a strong, though indirect, argument in favour of the view that the embryo may receive definite and localised, as well as massive and pervading impressions from shocks undergone by the mother's organism.

[2] Hack Tuke, *op. cit.*, Vol. II., p. 35.

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rose in the room brought on violent catarrh and weeping. And in fact, whenever she smelt a rose these symptoms did occur. Her physician at last bethought him of a remedy which matched the disease. He suddenly presented to her an artificial rose, which she took to be real. The distressing symptoms followed at once. But when he showed her its innocence of scent or pollen the mental shock restored, if I may so say, the sanity of her subliminal nasal self. The self-suggestion was broken, and she could thenceforth smell roses as safely as her neighbours.

The interest in this case lies in the strength, the definiteness, and the isolation of the "association-neurosis" or morbid self-suggestion. In hysteria, I need not say, fresh association-neuroses may be formed every day, and the whole range of action seems dominated by that random self-suggestiveness which I have already described as a disease of the hypnotic self.

Of course, spontaneous self-suggestions may be beneficial as well as noxious. The patient's notion that particular things will do him good may be as efficacious as his notion that particular things will do him harm. And before hypnotic suggestion was heard of, the adroit physician had taken advantage of this "power of the imagination" to effect many a cure. No drug has produced such striking and various effects as a bread pill. The empty chloroform bottle has produced an insensibility as deep as chloroform itself can engender.

But here we are passing insensibly into the "suggestive medicine" of the modern hypnotic physician. Nor is this matter for surprise. For if hypnotism be, as I maintain, a name for a group of empirical practices by means of which we can manage to get hold of subliminal faculty, we must expect that some of those practices will fit themselves on to simple rules already known. And in fact these spontaneous manifestations of subliminal associative power operating below the physiological limit of our habitual spectrum of consciousness repeat themselves throughout all their range in our hypnotic experiments, with the difference that they are now no longer random but purposive, and can be ingeniously directed into subtler channels than hazard or disease could shape.

This is not the place for any complete enumeration of the modes of intimate control over the organism with which hypnotic suggestion is yearly making us more familiar. I will but cite instances enough to show how varied, complex, and penetrating that authority has already shown itself to be.

Professor Beaunis and Dr. Krafft-Ebing have slowed the pulse by hypnotic suggestion;[1] and these savants, as well as Professor Bernheim,

[1] Beaunis, *Le Somnambulisme Provoqué;* and see, for list of articles on vesication by suggestion, Professor Pitres' *L'Hystérie et l'Hypnotisme*, Vol. II., p. 179.

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M. Focachon and others, have produced redness and blisters by the same means. Drs. Mabille, Ramadier, Bourru, Burot, have produced localised hyperæmia, epistaxis, ecchymosis.[1] Dr. Forel and others have restored arrested secretions at a precisely fixed hour.[2] Dr. Krafft-Ebing has produced a rise of temperature at moments fixed by himself,—a rise, for instance, from 37deg. to 38.5deg. C.[3] Burot has lowered the temperature of a hand as much as 10deg. C. by suggestion.[4] He supposes that the mechanism employed is the constriction of the brachial artery, beneath the biceps. "How can it be," he asks, "that when one merely says to the subject, 'your hand will become cold,' the vaso-motor nervous system answers by constricting the artery to the degree necessary to achieve the result desired? *C'est ce qui dépasse notre imagination.*"

Two or three instances may be given more at length.

The following is an abstract of Dr. Levillain's account of an experiment performed by Professor Charcot before a large class at the Salpêtrière.[5]

Some few hysterical patients, it appears, suffer from a swelling with local cyanosis and low surface temperature, styled by Professor Charcot "blue œdema." Professor Charcot, indeed, claims to have been the first to describe, in June, 1889, this exceedingly rare hysterical abnormality. It then occurred to him to try whether he could produce the condition by hypnotic suggestion. "On April 26th, 1890, a hysterical woman was deeply hypnotised, and it was suggested to her that her right hand and wrist would swell and become cyanosed. After she was woke this suggestion gradually realised itself, and in four days the right hand was in the condition of that of the patients who had had spontaneous attacks. There was a smooth surface, hardly any pitting on pressure, but much dull-blue mottled swelling (which had obliged her to discontinue wearing her rings) and anæsthesia. A bright red patch was produced by touch. . . . M. Charcot re-hypnotised the patient, and assured her that her hand was quite natural again, helping his suggestion with a little massage. After a quarter of an hour the anæsthesia, venous colour, and swelling were gone."

The subliminal consciousness, it will be seen, was able to turn out

[1] See, for a brief account, *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, December, 1887, p. 183.

[2] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, April, 1889, p. 298.

[3] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, March, 1890, p. 278. Compare the inexplicable rises of temperature in Dr. Teale's case, *Lancet*, 1875, Vol. I., pp. 340, 343, 457, Vol. II., p. 107, and 1881, Vol. I., pp. 797, 842. This apparent isolability of temperature-changes, generally so delicately indicative of conditions of the entire organism, is a phenomenon quite as noteworthy as the dissociability of pain from organic injury.

[4] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, January, 1890, p. 197.

[5] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, June, 1890, p. 353, *Progrès Méd.*, October 11th and 18th, 1890, and see *Practitioner*, January, 1891, p. 50. It would be well to be able to state explicitly in experiments of this class that the consent of the subject had been previously obtained.

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to order the most complicated novelty in the way of hysterical freaks of circulation. Let us turn to an equally marked disturbance of the inflammatory type, the production, namely, of suppurating blisters by the word of command. This phenomenon has a peculiar interest, since, from the accident of a strong emotional association with the idea of stigmata on hands and feet, this special organic effect has been anticipated by the introverted broodings of a line of mystics, from S. Francis of Assisi to Louise Lateau. A strange confirmation of ancient legend! A singular testimony to the intensity of the meditations of that great saint who

> Nel crudo sasso intra Tevere ed Arno
> Da Cristo prese l'ultimo sigillo,
> Che le sue membra due anni portarno.

I will give one or two of the most striking and least known examples of this suggested vesication.

The following experiment was performed by Dr. J. Rybalkin, in presence of his colleagues, at the Hôpital Marie, at St. Petersburg.[1] Dr. Rybalkin had previously experimented in the same way with his subject.

The subject was Macar K., a house-painter, aged 16, hysterical and almost wholly anæsthetic. He was hypnotised at 8.30 a.m., and told: "When you awake, you will be cold; you will go and warm yourself at the stove, and you will burn your forearm on the line which I have traced out. This will hurt you; a redness will appear on your arm; it will swell; there will be blisters." On being awakened, the patient obeyed the suggestion. He even uttered a cry of pain at the moment when he touched the door of the stove, —which had not been lighted.

Some minutes later, a redness, without swelling, could be seen at the place indicated, and the patient complained of sharp pain on its being touched. A bandage was put on his arm, and he went to bed, under our eyes.

At the close of our visit, at 11.30, we observed a considerable swelling, accompanied with redness and with a papulous erythema at the place of the burn. A mere touch anywhere within four centimetres of the burn caused severe pain. The surgeon, Dr. Pratine, placed a bandage on the forearm, which extended up to the superior third of the arm.

When the dressing was removed at 10 next morning we saw at the place of the burn two blisters, one of the size of a nut and the other of a pea, and a number of small blisters. Around this tract the skin was red and sensitive. Before the experiment this region had been anæsthetic. At 3 p.m. the blisters met in one large blister, as is seen in the photographic plate herewith. In the evening the blister, which was full of a semi-transparent yellowish fluid, burst, and a scab formed on the raw skin. A week later ordinary sensibility returned to the scar, and after a fortnight there was only a red mark in the place of the burn.

[1] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, June, 1890, p. 361.

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Still more striking is a case of *cruciform* marks,—not hitherto published, though printed in the S. P. R. *Journal* for May, 1887, pp. 100-5, with comments by the late Edmund Gurney, which express for the first time, so far as I am aware, the very kernel of the problem which these strangely *intellectual* modifications of the organism involve.

(M.—376)

From Dr. Biggs, of Lima. We owe the record to the kindness of Mr. R. Roxburgh, of 1, Victoria-buildings, Weston-super-Mare, to whose brother the account was addressed.

October 18th, 1885.

DEAR MR. ROXBURGH,—In reply to your favour of 1st ult., asking me to give you a statement in regard to the cross which you saw on Maria's arm, and which I caused to appear there by acting on her mind while in magnetic sleep, it was done in this way:—I put her into a magnetic or mesmeric sleep by laying my hand on her head for about a minute. I then said: "Maria, do you hear me?" Answer: "Yes." "Are you thoroughly magnetised?" Answer: "Yes." "Now listen attentively; a cross is going to appear on your right arm, and remain there until I tell it to go away. Here is where it is to appear." (I then described a cross with my forefinger on the inner side of her right forearm.) "Have you understood what I have said to you?" Answer: "Yes." I then awakened her by two or three up-passes; for the next two or three days she seemed sulky and out of sorts, would now and then rub her right arm, over the part where the cross was to appear; when asked why she did this, said there was an itching and she could not help scratching the place, although there was nothing to be seen that could cause the irritation. I then magnetised her as before, and asked: "Do you recollect what I told you the other day about the cross that is to appear on your arm?" Answer: "Yes." "Will it appear?" Answer: "Yes." "When?" Answer: "In a few days." "Well, it must come out in three days; do you understand?" Answer: "Yes." By the time appointed a dusky-red cross, four or five inches long and about three inches wide, made its appearance. At first we pretended not to notice this, although we could often see the lower part of it when her sleeve was partly rolled up in some of her duties in and about the house; she was our housemaid. It was only at intervals, when thrown into the magnetic sleep, that we could get a full view of the cross; never a word had been said to her about the cross in her waking moments, for some time, several weeks, until one day I pretended to have caught sight of the strange mark on her arm, and said: "Why, Maria, what is the matter with your arm? have you hurt it? What mark is this? Let me see; pull up your sleeve." She did so with a slightly sulky, ashamed air. "Why, it looks like a cross; where did you get this?" "I don't know, sir!" "How long has this been on your arm?" "More than a month, sir." "Have you felt anything?" "No, sir; only at one time I had a great deal of itching and burning, and a few days afterwards this mark came out on my arm." After this we frequently spoke to Maria about the cross, and when requested to she would roll up her sleeve and show it to visitors, although she always seemed reluctant to do so. Many months afterwards she left our service, and in about two weeks

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she made her appearance at my office in town, asking me to remove the cross from her arm as it attracted the notice of the family with whom she was now living, and she was much annoyed at the many questions asked her. I magnetised her, and then told her that the cross would disappear in a few days, and she would be no more troubled with it. I saw her a few days afterwards at Salto ; the cross had disappeared.

Another case, which I recollect having told you of : this was the first of this kind of experiment that I tried ; it was in Santa Barbara, California. I was staying there in 1879 with a friend, Mr. G., a long-resident chemist in that town. His wife had a kind of half servant and half companion, a girl of about 18, who complained to me one day of a pain through her chest. Without her knowing what I intended to do, I tried magnetism ; she fell into a deep magnetic sleep in a few minutes. With this subject I tried many interesting experiments which I will pass over. One day I magnetised her as usual and told her in a whisper (I had found her to be more susceptible this way than when I spoke aloud in my usual voice) : "You will have a red cross appear on the upper part of your chest, only on every Friday. In the course of some time, the words *Sancta* above the cross, and *Crucis* underneath it will appear also ; at same time a little blood will come from the cross." In my vest pocket I had a cross of rock crystal. I opened the top button of her dress, and placed this cross on the upper part of the manubrium, a point she could not see unless by aid of a looking-glass, saying to her : "*This* is the spot where the cross will appear." This was on a Tuesday. I asked Mrs. G to watch the girl and tell me if anything seemed to ail her. Next day Mrs. G. told me she had seen the girl now and again put her left wrist over the top part of her chest, over the dress ; this was frequently repeated, as if she felt some tickling, or slight irritation about the part, but not otherwise noticed ; she seemed to carry her hand up now and then unconsciously. When Friday came, I said, after breakfast, "Come, let me magnetise you a little ; you have not had a dose for several days." She was always willing to be magnetised, as she always expressed herself as feeling very much rested and comfortable afterwards. In a few minutes she was in a deep sleep. I unbuttoned the top part of her dress, and there, to my complete and utter astonishment, was a pink cross, exactly over the place where I had put the one of crystal. It appeared every Friday, and was invisible on all other days. This was seen by Mr. and Mrs. G., and my old friend and colleague, Dr. B., who had become much interested in my experiments in magnetism, and often suggested the class of experiments he wished to see tried. About six weeks after the cross first appeared I had occasion to take a trip to the Sandwich Islands. Before going, I magnetised the girl, told her that the cross would keep on showing itself every Friday for about four months. I intended my trip to the Islands to last about three months. I did this to save the girl from the infliction of this mark so strangely appearing perhaps for a lifetime, in case anything might happen to me and prevent me from seeing her again. I also asked Dr. B. and Mr. G. to write me by every mail to Honolulu, and tell me if the cross kept on appearing every Friday, and to be very careful to note any change should any take place, such as the surging of blood or any appearance of the words "Sancta Crucis." I was rather curious to know if distance between us, the girl and

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myself, over 2,000 miles, made any difference in the apparition of the cross. While I was at the Sandwich Islands I received two letters from Mr. G. and one from Dr. B., by three different mails, each telling me that the cross kept on making its appearance as usual; blood had been noticed once, and also part of the letter S above the cross, nothing more. I returned in a little less than three months. The cross still made its appearance every Friday, and did so for about a month more, but getting paler and paler until it became invisible, as nearly as possible four months from the time I left for the Sandwich Islands. The above-mentioned young woman was a native Californian, of Spanish parentage, about 18 years of age, of tolerably good health, parents and grandparents alive. She was of fair natural intelligence, but utterly ignorant and uneducated.

The third case was thus: A lady asked me to try the power of magnetism in reducing the size of a large goitre which troubled her. Her neck was 42 centimetres in circumference. Within a few days it began to decrease: it gradually came down to 37½ centimetres, and it gave her no further annoyance. This lady felt the magnetic power in a very limited and singular way; her eyelids would close in a few minutes, and she could not open them until demagnetised, but she retained the use of all her faculties perfectly, so that while I was magnetising her, and occasionally manipulating the goitre, we usually kept up quite a lively conversation on different subjects, she being a highly educated and clever woman. She speaks several languages with great fluency. One day I conceived the idea of making a cross appear on the goitre, on which I was manipulating. I took the little crystal cross out of my vest pocket, and gently placed it on the goitre for a few seconds, desiring as strongly as I could that a corresponding mark should appear there as soon as possible. I am sure she did not perceive my doing this, or she would most certainly have made some inquiries. She was conversing all the time on some indifferent subject. I usually went to see her every day at a certain hour; the magnetising and manipulation usually occupied about 20 minutes. Every day I anxiously looked for an appearance of the cross for a week or so, and then made up my mind that the experiment had failed, until one day, about six weeks afterwards, she received me in rather an excited manner, and taking hold of both my hands, she said, "Did you ever wish that any mark should appear on any part of my body? and what was it?" I said, much astonished myself, "Yes, nearly two months ago I wished that a cross should appear on the goitre." She immediately removed her collar, and said, "There it is." Sure enough there was a pink cross. She then told me that the evening before her dressmaker had come in to try a new dress on, and exclaimed, "What a curious mark is on your neck?" She immediately went to the looking-glass and saw it, and afterwards showed it to her husband. This mark only lasted two or three days, gradually fading away.

In the case of the Californian girl, it might be asked why I conceived the idea of making a cross appear only every Friday. It was because I once saw in San Francisco, in 1873, a girl who every Friday became cataleptic, in a position as if she were nailed to the cross. She had marks of the nails on hands and feet, blood oozing from them. The medical man in attendance said there was the wound in her side also bleeding. This girl was a *protégée*

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of the Catholic Archbishop Alemario of San Francisco. She was very fervent at her prayers, and strict in all her church observances.

The San Francisco papers of the beginning of 1873 had a great deal to say about her. These cases have not been infrequent. I then supposed it to be a case of *auto*-magnetisation, and my experiments since have proved it to have been so, to my own satisfaction at least. I once sent word to the Archbishop that I thought I could explain to him the how and the wherefore of these wonderful occurrences; all could be accounted for through the power of animal magnetism. His answer (by a mutual friend) was "that magnetism was of the devil, and he would have nothing to do with the subject." So the poor girl was first called a saint full of miracles, and afterwards condemned as an impostor and expelled, if not from the Church, at least from the kind protection of the Archbishop. M. H. Biggs, M.D.

After discussing the possible mechanism by which the tingling of a finger, when we think steadily of one finger, may be brought about, Mr. Gurney goes on to say :—

"But difficulties increase as we go on. However the finger was affected by the idea of it, the idea of it was at any rate a distinct thing—an image which could be clearly detached in the mind. This cannot be said of all the parts of the body which have been affected by suggestion; for instance, a small area on the arm or neck is not, like a finger, clearly detachable in thought. I am not aware that redness has ever been produced in such an area by internal causes, except under the influence of hypnotic suggestion; I have myself seen a red patch so produced in a very few minutes on a 'subject' of Dr. Liébeault. And another and still longer step has to be made when we come to actual inflammation and vesication, which involve a metabolism of tissue over and above mere local erethism, and not to be accounted for merely by the dilatation of the small arteries. What can we suppose to be the complete physiological history of such a tissue-change, produced under the influence of an idea, and presumably therefore by efferent nervous impulses? This is a question which probably no physiologist would profess satisfactorily to answer.

"The results above recorded (if not produced by rubbing, and apart from the telepathic feature in the last case) seem to involve an equally long step in another direction. If it was hard to conceive the correspondence of a patch of minutely localised erethism with the idea of the locality, what are we to say when the patch corresponds with the idea to the extent of being cruciform? It cannot be pronounced impossible that the cerebral area involved in the idea of a cross should itself be cruciform; since the same elements are no doubt involved as where a cross is visibly presented, and in the case of a visible cross the configuration with which the fibres start from the stimulated part of the retina may be preserved at their central terminus. But no one has ever supposed that a nervous impulse transmitted from ideational tracts to lower centres, and thence to the periphery, was conveyed by fibres which retained precisely similar spatial relations, so that the course of the discharge, wherever cut across, would present a similar section. Passing inwards from the periphery along the track of nervous disturbance, should we find cruciformity of area all the way? And if not, where does it stop?

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And if it stops anywhere, what is the connection between the cruciform effect at the periphery, and the cause (even if we assume that to be cruciform) in the brain? In this case, moreover, there would be considerable difficulty in applying the hypothesis of a hallucination of pain which sets up the appropriate physical condition. For it seems doubtful whether a cruciform pain can be truly imagined, at any rate as occupying a small area of the body. I do not suggest these difficulties as insuperable objections to the hypothesis of a direct effect; I believe that hypnotic facts carry us considerably beyond any physiological explanations that are yet possible. But phrases about 'the influence of the mind on the body' are so often loosely adduced as though they were themselves the explanation needed, that it is as well to keep the real obscurity of the physiological problems in view."

There is yet one more case to which I must allude before I pass on;—a case in which the *intellectual* character, as I have termed it, of the organic process which responds to suggestion is illustrated in a striking and complex way. Mdlle. Ilma S., a subject observed by Drs. Jendrássik and von Krafft-Ebing[1] (mainly at Gratz), was ultimately cured by hypnotic suggestion (or so Dr. Krafft-Ebing claims in 1888) of a life-long tendency to hysteria and melancholy, such as had driven her grandfather, father, brother, and sister to suicide. She was therefore on the whole a great gainer; but her extreme susceptibility to blistering by suggestion amounted to a real risk in the absence of careful guardianship. Once at least she was much injured and offended by the culpable act of a medical student who laid a pair of scissors upon her chest, telling her that they were red-hot,—and thus created a serious wound, which took two months to heal. Krafft-Ebing made a humane variation on this risky experiment. Like Dr. Biggs in our last case, he ordered the production of *red patches* of definite shapes,—which were to be formed without itching, pain, or inflammation. The history of the process thus set up is a curious one. The organism had to perform, so to say, a novel feat; which took a great deal longer than the rough and ready process of vesication. From February 24th to May 3rd, 1888, a livid red hyperæmic surface corresponding to the letter K, was slowly and painlessly developing itself on a selected and protected area between the shoulder-blades. It seems doubtful whether this performance was not altogether a new one,—whether any precisely similar trophic changes have ever occurred spontaneously. The support thus given to Dr. Biggs' narrative is most striking; and one lesson of the experiments of both physicians undoubtedly is that science need not be the loser by a careful adherence to the rules of ordinary humanity.

But it is the incident next to be cited which speaks the most

[1] "An Experimental Study in Hypnotism," by Dr. R. von Krafft-Ebing, translated by C. G. Chaddock, M.D., New York, 1889.

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strongly for the educated character—so to say—of the intelligence presiding over these organic suggestions.

Mdlle. Ilma S. was permanently anæsthetic on the right side;—and that side was therefore, in my view, likely to be more immediately subject to subliminal control. At any rate it appeared that when any object was pressed on her left side, and suggested as hot, no mark followed at the place of contact; but a corresponding brand appeared, symmetrically and reversed, upon the *right* side. For example, an initial letter, K, was pressed by Dr. Jendrássik on her left shoulder. In a few hours a K-like blister, "with quite sharp outlines," came on the corresponding spot on the right side. But note that the new K (the letters are figured in Krafft-Ebing's work) was by no means an exact reproduction of the original one. It was of about the same size, but of a different type;—in fact a capital K in another person's handwriting. Just as in Dr. Biggs' cases it was the idea of cruciformity which was induced by suggestion, so here it was the idea of K-shape; and insomuch as this suggested mark corresponded to an intellectual idea, that idea underwent some idiosyncratic modification in the subject's subliminal intelligence, and the resultant mark, though identical in significance, was different in contour.[1] And here again we have confirmation of one of the most curious of Dr. Biggs' phenomena,—the tardy appearance of part of an S—an attempt at SANCTA—as the result of suggestion,

[1] Conscious that the reporter of experiments such as these would even a few years ago have been derided as the victim of vulgar imposture, Krafft-Ebing fortifies himself with the often-quoted words of Arago: "He who uses the word *impossible* outside the sphere of pure mathematics, is at least careless. As soon as one is concerned with the living organism, caution becomes a duty." Agreed; but has our eminent specialist himself consistently adhered to this prudent dictum? "We did not," he says (p. 120), "concern ourselves further" (after a brief trial of the alleged influence of medicaments at a distance) "with experiments as to a possible transposition of sense, since until now it has shown itself as error and deception, and is opposed to the elementary laws of physiology. We also put clairvoyance aside, since it contradicts one of the first principles of empirical psychology, and an increase of the patient's mental functions was in no way observed. The single experiment with a *suggestion mentale* for the divining of the experimenter's thought was a fiasco, *i.e.*, had to be given up; for the patient fatigued herself painfully, and was in danger of having a hystero-epileptic attack. The supposition that in all cases where mental suggestion is said to have succeeded, a self-deception through unintentional suggestions on the part of the experimenter played a *rôle*, seems to me authorised."

Is it surprising that rare and delicate phenomena are not discovered when they are looked for—or looked away from—in such a fashion as this? And is it surprising that sweeping "suppositions," supposed to be "authorised" on the strength of a single experiment not instantly successful, should fail to impress those whose aim it is to apply to this special group of experiments precisely the same care and diligence which are even now but barely rescuing Dr. Krafft-Ebing's own experiments from the undiscriminating scorn which so lately ranked stigmata as even a more staring imposture than telepathy? Let each climber take time at least to settle himself comfortably on the top of his own tree, before he proclaims to mankind that in all the forest there is no tree higher.

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unaided by the physical contact of any S-shaped object, but in its due position above the suggested cross.[1]

No further instances are needed to show the strangeness, the profundity of the influence over organic processes to which hypnotic suggestion introduces us. It is an influence at first sight bewildering, almost incredible. One might as well believe—one will probably next be called upon to believe—that warts can be charmed away by saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. The alleged powers seem equally mysterious in their source and in their direction. How can they originally have come into being? And who or what is it that wields them now?

Let us take these two questions separately; and let us begin by considering the possible source or origin of this control over intimate organic processes. When we find any faculty existing in man or other animals we are wont to ask ourselves from what ancestors this faculty has been inherited—in response to what external needs it has been maintained and developed? Can we, then, find anything in our ancestry which suggests to us these internal powers of modifying circulation, quickening cell-proliferation, altering trophic processes in unknown ways?

Any analogies to which we can appeal are certainly vague and remote. Yet we can point to the general fact that in man and the higher animals an increase in the power of modifying the action of the organism as a whole has apparently been purchased by a decrease in the power of modifying its internal parts or constituent elements. The self-shaping powers of the amœba, the self-regenerating powers of the worm or crab, die gradually away into the comparative fixity of the organism of the higher mammalia.

But it is possible that this fixity is more apparent than real. We may regard the human organism as an aggregation of primitive unicellular organisms, which have divided their functions, and complicated their union, in response to the demands of the environment, and along such lines of evolution as were possible to the original germ. It is

[1] As this paper passes through the press, a remarkable case of stigmatisation is reported from America; as yet only in a newspaper (*Courier-Journal*, Louisville, December 7th, 1891), but on the authority of Dr. M. F. Coomes and of several other physicians. According to Dr. Coomes' account, a certain Mrs. Stuckenborg seems to have bled from spontaneously formed stigmata on every Friday since the beginning of June. There are wounds on the hands and feet, a wound on the side (from whence issues a watery exudation tinged with blood), a cross on the forehead, a large cross and a heart on the chest, and the letters I.H.S. on the right shoulder. From three to six every Friday there is profound trance, with superficial anæsthesia, but much convulsive movement and manifestation of inward pain. If we may rely on Dr. Coomes' account, which seems a careful one, simulation is quite out of the question. The patient seems to desire neither money nor notoriety. She is a devout Catholic, but does not talk about religion; and complains much of the pain and exhaustion due to the wounds and the convulsive trance.

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possible, too, that all these processes—beginning with the amœboid movements of the primitive cell—were accompanied by a capacity of retaining the impress of previous excitations—a rudimentary memory which at first constituted all the consciousness which our lowly ancestors possessed. And further—may we not suggest?—as evolution went on and more complex operations were developed, while the primitive processes of cell-change became stereotyped by long heredity, the memory which represented these earlier changes sank to a lower psychical depth;—became subliminal, and could no longer be summoned by voluntary effort into the supraliminal sequence of conscious states. How do we know that any psychical acquisition is ever wholly lost? or even that a memory is the weaker because it has sunk out of voluntary control? It may be possible by appropriate artifices to recall primeval memories, and to set in motion any physiological process which could at any moment of our ancestral history have been purposively, however blindly, performed. Speculations such as these, however, can only be justified by the extreme difficulty of the problem before us; and I am glad to quote a passage which shows that one of the most philosophical of hypnotists has been led to a somewhat similar hypothesis. Professor Delbœuf, as will be seen, is in no way committed to the conception of a subliminal self; and his conjecture may prove the more impressive, inasmuch as it is not forced into the service of any wider theory.

Phenomena, says Professor Delbœuf,[1] such as those which Louise Lateau presented, and experiments like those of M. Focachon (the production of a blister by mental impression) lead us to suppose that the action of the moral on the physical may be almost if not quite equal to that of the physical on the moral. Thence it follows that the idea of physical mischief may produce mischief; and on the other hand, that the idea of absence of mischief may bring about, or at least favour, a cure. It is this deduction which was verified by the experiment of the two burns. [It was suggested that one of two symmetrical burns would not give pain or become inflamed. The wound thus specified gave no pain, was not inflamed, and healed before the other.]

How are we to explain the mechanism of this inverse action of the moral on the physical? If we set aside the theory of a mesmeric fluid, we are forced to admit that the influence of the will is more extended than we used to suppose. It must be able to act not only on the reflexes, but on the vaso-motor system, on the unstriped muscles, on the apparatus of secretion, &c. If a contrary opinion has till now prevailed, this is because observation has been exclusively directed to the normal exercise of the will. In ordinary life, in fact, our attention is mainly concentrated on the external world, the principal source of our pleasures and our pains, and our will is devoted to perfecting our means of attack and defence. The care of the

[1] I quote his latest statement, taken from a tract published in 1890: *De l'Etendue de l' Action Curative de l'Hypnotisme*, p. 6.

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vegetative life has been handed over by the will to nervous mechanisms which have learnt to regulate themselves, and which in general fulfil their task to perfection. Thus the rapid changes of external phenomena mask the regularity of internal phenomena, which accomplish themselves habitually without our knowledge. . . .

But in the hypnotic state the soul is in part drawn aside from the life of relation, while at the same time it preserves its activity and power. It can then, under the impulsion of the hypnotiser, employ those powers to regulate movements which have become irregular, or to repair injuries to the organism. In a word, hypnotism does not depress, but exalts the will, by permitting it to concentrate itself entirely upon the point where disorder is threatened.

Let us assume, then, for argument's sake, that the fact that the cellular structure of some of our lowly ancestors admitted of centrally-initiated modifications which our own structure under ordinary circumstances no longer allows may have been an indispensable prerequisite of this centrally-initiated, definitely-localised, blood-determination, cell-proliferation, &c., which hypnotic suggestion can even now call forth.

3. But is even this hypothesis wide enough to cover the facts? Can all the effects of hypnotic suggestion be explained by even the completest revival of ancestral memories? Or is there not a point beyond which such analogies will not carry us? Let us consider for a moment that third class of hypnotic achievements to which allusion has already been made—the moral or psychological changes which suggestion can effect.

These changes must, of course, rest on a physiological basis; but that basis implies a well-developed, a human brain. The knowledge of cortical centres which must somewhere exist to make such changes possible can scarcely have been inherited from pre-human ancestors. Nothing, perhaps, in the whole inquiry is of deeper interest than the possibilities thus dawning upon us of disentangling from the cerebral labyrinth which represents a man's tastes and character the special brain-processes which stand for some special temptation—say those which represent the reaction of his organism to alcohol. What is the hidden process that to one patient makes brandy as nauseating as it is to a cat—that in another patient makes the morphia-craving as impossible as it is to a rabbit? That strongest of all human passions—that desire which it is death to yield to, and too often suicide to resist—the injection of morphia itself—becomes absolutely indifferent.[1]

[1] See, for instance, a case of Dr. A. Voisin's, *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, January, 1889, p. 197, where morphinomania of several years' standing was cured in a month by seven suggestions. The patient said that subsequent injections "ne lui donnaient pas la sensation agréable de chaleur qu'elle éprouvait auparavant."

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In close connection with these reactions to drugs come certain other moral effects. With one patient the cure of drunkenness was accompanied by the removal of kleptomania.[1] In another desperately bad case of dipsomania Dr. Voisin combined two forms of suggestion. He rendered alcohol repugnant, and at the same time he brought back the religious convictions and the habit of prayer which had long given place in the poor degraded lady to a bitter and blasphemous unbelief.[2]

Other physical temptations, depending on the imagination more closely than does the craving for stimulants, have been controlled by similar suggestions. The faults of childhood may thus be overcome—even faults such as fear, anger, indolence, which one might have supposed to depend upon conditions too diffused and intangible to be readily isolated or removed.[3]

I will not here dwell either on the practical importance, or on the wider philosophical significance of achievements such as these. My present point is merely this: that when we find that results of a class which we are accustomed to use all our educative skill, or all our self-controlling energy, to secure are effected for us by some agency as yet obscure, we are compelled in fairness to class that agency as itself intelligent. The power involved may be a power within our own possession, but it can at least rank no lower than our conscious mind and will.

And here I think that the reader, whatever hesitation he may feel as to the explanation for which I am myself arguing, will at any rate begin to inquire with some urgency what is the usual, the orthodox explanation of the mode of production of effects like these? "What is this power," he will say, "from which no organ and no thought is exempt or free? which can charm away the pangs of childbirth, and shed sleep around the surgeon's knife? What is this which can summon the secretions, and retard the pulses, and arrest the breath? which can check the perilous habit and dispel the dolorous dream? which can turn longing into loathing and abhorrence into desire, and sway with an impalpable dominance the very tides of the human heart?"

Three main lines of explanation have been offered, singly or in conjunction, for hypnotic phenomena. Two of these contain, I believe, some measure of truth; but they are plainly inadequate. The third is

[1] Dr. Bérillon, in *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, September, 1890, p. 75.

[2] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, September, 1887, p. 69.

[3] See for instance Professor Bernheim, in *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, December, 1887, p. 178; and Dr. Bérillon, *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, January, 1889, p. 197. Dr. de Jong, of the Hague, reports (*Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, September, 1891) a cure of theft in a girl of 11, "voleuse d'un raffinement incroyable," and a thorough reform in a boy of 7, "paresseux, menteur, brutal, idiot moral." "Son caractère fut tellement changé qu'il ne fut presque plus reconnaissable." See also Dr. Schrenck-Notzing, *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, July, 1890, p. 15.

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wider in scope, but it is in reality no explanation at all; it is a mere restatement of the problem in a more definite form.

1. The first explanation was that of Mesmer himself, who ascribed the observed effects to an effluence or fluid which passed from operator to subject. The notion of a *fluid* is now out of date;—although there is, as seems to me, important evidence which makes for the existence of an influence not discernible by the ordinary senses. It would, however, be beside the purpose to dwell on this evidence here. For inasmuch as experiment has plainly shown that all kinds of hypnotic results can be obtained under circumstances where the supposed specific influence has no chance to operate, it is plain that we must look further for a solution of our hardest problems.

2. Many attempts have been made to express hypnotic phenomena in terms of cerebral action as at present known to us.[1] Thus, for instance, Heidenhain, whose view was in fashion when Mr. Gurney and I began, in 1883, to write on hypnotism in these *Proceedings*, attributed the hypnotic state to "an inhibition of the action of the ganglion cells of the cerebral cortex, induced by continued weak stimulation of other nerves." To this we replied that "the theory of the short-circuiting of the nervous current—of the response of action to suggestion without any knowledge of the matter being passed through consciousness at all—is only plausible in cases where the subject mimics or obeys his hypnotiser in a quite mechanical way."[2] The great development, since that date, of hypnotic phenomena which manifestly need some thought, some initiative on the subject's part, has made Heidenhain's explanation still more obviously imperfect. Nor is it needful to go here into other speculations as to the modifications of cortical nutrition, &c., which may accompany the hypnotic trance. It is something more and other than the mere production of trance that we have to deal with—something more and other than the mere phenomena of fascination, mimicry, rigidity, which are to be seen on every itinerant mesmeriser's platform. Discussions on cerebral circulation, on inhibition and dynamogenesis, are useful and needful on the outskirts of the problem; they may give precision to our conception of the condition in which the deeper phenomena begin; but they cannot explain the novel powers to which those phenomena introduce us,—the increased, the penetrating control of the brain over the organism.[3]

[1] For a *résumé* in English of some of these theories, see Dr. Moll's *Hypnotism*, p. 263, *sqq.*, or Dr. Lloyd Tuckey's *Psycho-Therapeutics*, 3rd edit., chaps. iv. and ix.

[2] *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1883, p. 701.

[3] It is probable, in my view, that inhibitory phenomena, as the most amenable to purely physiological artifice, will usually be the first to appear in any hypnotic series. This, I think, is actually the case; and I suspect that some simple consideration of this kind may have much to do with whatever truth underlies the Salpêtrière scheme of hypnotic stages evolved successively in a fixed order.

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3. And indeed among those who are most actively engaged in exploring the range of hypnotic effects, little is heard of these various theories as to the physiological processes involved in the induction of trance. Trance itself becomes less and less a central phenomenon; the methods or artifices used to achieve desired results become more and more simple, rapid, perfunctory. Some term is needed of almost indefinite extensibility, to signify a power which seems so indifferent as to its medium of application. "*Suggestion*" is the chosen word; the operator *suggests* the results to the subject, and the results appear because the subject is *suggestible*. And this is a useful verb, a convenient adjective. But what do they explain? If I call any given occurrence a "result of suggestion," what am I really saying except that the thing happened because somebody said that it was going to happen? Our old friend, the "dormitive efficacy" of opium, at least confined itself to one special achievement. The "suggestive efficacy" of the hypnotiser's command is a far grander formula; for it gives us no hint of what it means to do, any more than of how it means to do it.

Surely, then, as I have already said, this doctrine of suggestion can only be regarded as a completer mode of stating the fundamental problem; as a protest against narrower theories founded on inadequate experience; whether such theories would, with the old mesmerists, ascribe all the results to the direct inflow of the "magnetic fluid" upon the receptive organism; or, with Charcot, would regard hypnotism as a nervous malady, akin to hysteria, and running through definite stages of its own; or, with Heidenhain, Preyer, Lehmann, &c., would insist on the supposed cerebral mechanism of the commoner phenomena, without taking into view the mysterious initiative, the complex domination over the organism which hypnotic, somnambulic, even hysterical states unite in manifesting. As against all these the protest of Nancy is needed and effectual; but it is a protest and nothing more.

It is, therefore, as it seems to me, in a field almost clear of hypotheses that I suggest my own;—my view that a stream of consciousness flows on within us, at a level beneath the threshold of ordinary waking life, and that this consciousness embraces unknown powers of which these hypnotic phenomena give us the first sample, the scattered indications;—powers sometimes exercised (as we shall presently see) "spontaneously," or at the bidding of some higher will; but sometimes also obedient to a summons sent downwards from the supraliminal self.

How we are to explain this obedience we shall consider presently. But first it will occur to everyone that there is one way in which such a conception as this can be tested at once. If the most advanced

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effects of suggestion are really due to an agency within the subject, the subject ought to be able, if anyone is able, to start that agency himself. The words of others cannot be of fundamental importance. *Self-suggestion*, in short, must be the central type, and suggestion from without must be no more than an aid to the subject's own belief.

It appears to me that actual observation does largely bear out this view. Whichever theory of therapeutic hypnotism has been prevalent, I believe that the main difficulty has often lain in overcoming the patient's self-suggestion that he was not going to be cured.[1] I observe in the *Zoist* that the patient who begins by deriding the "passes," and who needs hours of Dr. Elliotson's patient work to influence him, will sometimes end by being able to throw himself into "the sleep" without the doctor to help him. I observe that in the Salpêtrière, the special manipulations which were at first deemed needful to transfer the subject from catalepsy to lethargy, from lethargy to somnambulism, are often pretermitted, and the *malade* passes through the three "classical stages" at her own sole impulse. And I observe that with the Nancy school the external suggestion often passes insensibly into self-suggestion, the hypnotiser's influence being less and less obtruded, till Dr. Burot (for instance), teaches self-suggestion to a patient, who sends herself into the trance, determining beforehand the time for which it is to last, and the effect which it is to produce.[2] Another patient is instructed to throw himself into a trance in order to remember and divulge a criminal suggestion made to him in a previous trance.[3] Other physicians begin to note with care the effects of involuntary[4] or voluntary[5] self-suggestion in their own persons. One physician, indeed—whose book, disfigured by a barbarous title, and published in what was at that date a provincial town,[6] has been less known than it deserves—insisted more than twenty years ago upon the needlessness of any external influence to bring most of his subjects into a state of "artificial somnambulism." "I have found," says Dr.

[1] This self-suggestion, often latent, sometimes amounts to an overt fixed idea. See a case in *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, July, 1890, p. 10, where Professor Bernheim's cure of a most painful and dangerous malady was delayed for nearly three years by the patient's obstinate refusal to submit to hypnotisation—a reluctance which the physician at last overcame.

[2] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, June, 1887.

[3] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, November, 1887.

[4] Professor Forel, *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, March, 1889.

[5] Dr. Coste de Lagrave, *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, December, 1889. See also a case (*Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, May, 1889, p. 339), where a sufferer from toothache, angry at the dentist's refusal to hypnotise her for a trifling operation, "sends herself off" triumphantly in the dentist's chair and eludes his twinges in spite of him. *Si natura negat, facit indignatio somnum.*

[6] *Statuvolism, or Artificial Somnambulism.* By W. B. Fahnestock, M.D., Chicago, 1869 and 1871. See pp. 71, 203, &c.

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Fahnestock, "that persons always enter this state better without any contact, looking, passes, or anything of the kind, particularly when they are assured that they have some competent person to take care of, and to converse with them while in it; and, by observing carefully the instructions which I have given, it is possible for any person to throw themselves into this state *at pleasure*, independent of anyone." Dr. Fahnestock was one of the earliest authors to declare the efficacy of post-hypnotic suggestions, and he insisted that these suggestions had precisely the same efficacy when made by the self-entranced subject to himself. "This lady could create or relieve pain in any part of her body, or even forget her own name when she awoke, if she made the resolution to do so while in this state."

Dr. Fahnestock's book and Mr. Hugh Wingfield's paper on "The Connection of Hypnotism with the Subjective Phenomena of Spiritualism," (S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 279,) are written from very different standpoints; but those who will compare the two and note the remarkable concordance between the earlier observer in his remote private practice, and the later one experimenting upon healthy Cambridge undergraduates, will probably incline to think that the future in hypnotism lies with those who can best develop their patients' self-suggestive power.[1]

Assuredly I do not suppose that any *rationale* of hypnotism which can as yet be given can long hold its ground without modification. We watch a developing group of empirical processes, which may yet touch the confines of science at many an unexpected point. But to me the view here suggested has at least the practical merit of enabling us to see hypnotic phenomena no longer as something isolated or exceptional, but as falling naturally under wider laws whose bearings we are elsewhere beginning to discern. As indicating communication between our supraliminal consciousness and a subliminal consciousness dowered with powers as yet unknown, these phenomena form, as I believe, a department of that far wider realm of communications between state and state, consciousness and consciousness, personality and personality, within the same individual, which forms the subject of these present papers,—the main theme to which these discussions of hypnotism are no more than incidental.

Yet before this discussion closes there is one point more which cannot be avoided if I would escape the charge of manifest inconsistency. I have tried to suggest the source of these subliminal powers; but

[1] The so-called "Faith-Cure" is virtually an attempt to persuade patients that they possess the power of self-suggestion. Much success is claimed for it in America; classes are held, and fees are paid; but all the accounts of supposed cures which I have seen have been so loose and vague that I can form no estimate of what has really been done.

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what explanation can I give of this subliminal *obedience?* "Your theory," the critic may say, "is an attempt to prove the Dæmon of Socrates identical with Mr. Merriman. You assume a mystic guide with pre-terrene experience, ultra-mundane sagacity, and you set him to drink paraffin oil by the tumblerful without being sick. It may be grand to know how to make blisters, but the subliminal self should be made of sterner stuff than to try that trick on himself whenever he is told. *'Est deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo'*;—but it seems hard to hold the indwelling divinity so strictly to his word, and not to let him go till he has raised your temperature at least two degrees Centigrade. It is well to be able to take hints, but it is not well to take all hints; and when I tell a man on a platform that there is a fly on the end of his nose, is not that just the occasion when, in Clifford's phrase, the inward Monitor ought to whisper, Bosh?"

Before I attempt to explain these seeming incongruities I must remind the reader that the puzzle is in reality none of my making. No one has any explanation to give of the obedient fulfilment of post-hypnotic suggestions. When a man is told, say, to do several absurd things ten days hence, and does them punctually when the time comes round, we may, indeed, attempt to guess how it is that his hypnotic self remembers the commands, but we have no notion why it obeys them. To call such actions merely *reflex* would be a misuse of terms; to say that the man is *suggestible* is only to restate the fact.

The mystery of this unquestioning, dog-like obedience cannot be fully cleared up until we know much more than we at present know of our own intimate structure. Yet it seems to me that a ray of light is shed upon it by the theories which I am now advancing.

If man's individuality be such as I conceive;—if there be various strata of consciousness, possessed of differing powers, and communicating with each other in obscure and imperfect ways, we are likely to come upon many acts which are not distinctly referable to any one given stage or stratum of the total individuality. Take the two adjacent strata of sleep and ordinary waking life. There are faculties common to both states; and each state has its faculties which the other does not share. It is as impossible for the waking man to excrete the products of brain-waste as it is for the sleeping man to lead a charge of horse. But under certain conditions—and I am not now assuming any state profounder than common sleep—the sleeper will begin to exercise in a random way some of the powers which belong properly to waking life. He will strike out with his limbs, or spring to the floor, under the impulsion of a disturbing dream. Meantime the waking self,—the proper ruler of the faculties of progression and balance,—stands aside, and for the moment these faculties obey the random commands of the sleeping usurper. But if these faculties are too rashly drawn upon the

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sleeper will awake; and the waking self will resume its sway before serious harm is done.

Now I would suggest that somewhat similarly, in these cases of blind obedience to hypnotic suggestion, we see a certain knowledge, consciousness, memory, which are properly subject to the will which commands one stratum of the personality, falling temporarily into a dreamlike compliance with impulses which reach them from a stratum not their own. For the moment the subliminal will stands aside; but just as the waking will resumes its sway when the dreamer becomes too violent, so also does the subliminal will intervene if the obedience to hypnotic suggestion is in danger of being pushed too far. And this will explain a peculiarity in the effect of suggestion which was at first thought to indicate that the obedience was merely simulated, and which since the idea of simulation has been dropped has remained a puzzle to many observers. I mean the fact that it is often easier to induce a subject to commit some great imaginary crime,—say to put arsenic in his aunt's tea,—than to perform some trifling act of manifest *inconvenance*,—such as taking off his boots in public. It is urged that somewhere within him there must be a shrewd suspicion that the supposed arsenic really came out of the sugar-basin. And yet this saving knowledge can hardly be located in his waking stratum, which retains absolutely no memory of the incident. I should suggest that a complete comprehension of the suggested act exists in his subliminal strata, and that when grave need arises the subliminal self will generally avoid compliance;—not by awakening the organism into ordinary life, but by plunging it into a hysterical access, or into a trance so deep that the unwelcome order loses its agitating power. Thus much as to the interrelation of supraliminal and subliminal impulses I think that we begin to discern. But none the less the problem of suggestion must still reach down into insolubility; for it does but present, in a form complex indeed, but definite and as it were experimental, that ancient question as to the influence—resistible or irresistible—of man's physical organism upon his moral choice,—the issues of that world-old conflict in which "the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh."

We shall find, indeed, as we go on, that there are certain cases where a subliminal will, invoked or evoked by hypnotic artifice, has proved itself no mere "slave of the lamp," but has insisted on employing its own faculties in its own way. But these instances must be dealt with in their place,—among those "messages," or examples of subliminal communication, whose place is above what I have termed the psychological limit of the spectrum of ordinary consciousness. To these we must now proceed; and we shall henceforth find ourselves dealing for the most part with phenomena of spontaneous, not of

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experimental origin. Yet the fact that these higher phenomena also,—these phenomena of telepathy, clairvoyance, perhaps premonition,—do sometimes show themselves under hypnotic conditions, is one of the most encouraging which we have to remember. For nothing is more important to us than the power of extending the bounds of experiment,—of ourselves ascending, with steps however slow and toilsome, the Mount at whose foot we have waited so long in helplessness till the voice or thunder came.

There will be no cause, indeed, for surprise if, as time goes on, man's experiments on the world without him should yield in interest and importance to his experiments upon himself. "*Inward* the course of empire takes its way";—and all man's progress has been a slow unfolding of the capacities of the primal germ. Every sense that he has developed, every faculty that he has won, has been but an entry upon the fruition of what was stored already in that treasure-house of prehistoric gold. All that he has learnt without himself has but been a means to the comprehension of that which was within. And these hypnotic experiments, for all their strangeness and grotesqueness, are following in the same sure track; their lesson also is of a concealed dominion; they too teach that by "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," man may become the ruler of his own spirit, and the fashioner of his own fate.

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IV.

THE SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

By Frederic W. H. Myers.

Chapter III.

The Mechanism of Genius.

θάνατός ἐστιν ὁκόσα ἐγερθέντες ὁρέομεν, ὁκόσα δὲ εὕδοντες, ὕπνος.
Heraclitus.

In the present series of papers I am endeavouring to trace the manifestations, and to discriminate the powers, of those subjacent strata of our being which, although they possess, (as I claim,) a conscious intelligence of their own, nevertheless do not habitually rise above the threshold of our ordinary waking consciousness. I believe that an uprush of subliminal faculty may be detected at many points; and moreover that subliminal perception, memory, power over the organism, —hyperæsthesia, hypermnesia, and what we may term hyperboulia,— extend over a range wider than that which is covered by the supraliminal consciousness with which we identify ourselves in ordinary speech.

For the sake of clearness, and of course without pretending to logical accuracy, I have arranged these subliminal phenomena in three groups according to the position which they occupy with reference to a figurative *spectrum of consciousness*,—which is conceived as including, but transcending, the range of perceptivity and of reactive capacity which is covered by our ordinary supraliminal life.

Some of these hidden powers, I have said, lie below the physiological limit—call it the red end—of the ordinary conscious spectrum. They involve, that is to say, an action upon the physical organism profounder than our waking will can exert. Of these powers, especially as revealed by hypnotic suggestion, I have spoken in the last chapter. And the *hyperboulia* thus shown,—it is well to remember,—forms the exact contrast to the *aboulia*, or defect of will-power over the organism, which is characteristic of the supraliminal life of the hysterical subject.

It is however beyond the other—call it the violet—end of our imaginary spectrum that these signs of hidden capacity are mainly to be sought. The bright lines corresponding to telepathy and clairvoyance lie above the psychological limit of the range of ordinary consciousness. They involve, that is to say, not so much an increased power of the mind over the body as an increased power of one mind

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over another mind; or a perceptivity independent of such corporeal conditions as limit the perception which we already know. It is from this ultra-violet tract of our spectrum that the themes of our future discussion will for the most part be drawn.

But there remains, of course, a region of perception not included in either of these two classes,—the region, namely, over which the ordinary red to violet spectrum itself extends. If subliminal action be traceable beyond each end of that spectrum, should it not be traceable also along the range of that spectrum itself? I claim that it is so traceable; and in this chapter I shall try to indicate some ways in which the working of our ordinary, familiar faculties is reinforced by impulses or messages from the consciousness which exists below.

Our difficulty here will be of a kind somewhat different from that which we encounter in the two other classes. In the ultra-violet tract, for instance, our difficulty lies in proving that telepathy is a fact in nature. If such a power exist at all, few will deny that its characteristic bright line lies far above our ordinary psychological limit. But touch, hearing, sight,—these are already appropriated as the functions of the waking self. How are we to prove that any exercise of these powers, though unusual in degree, is different in kind from our familiar operations? If it be different, is it not a merely accidental, or even morbid, extension of ordinary capacity? In answer to this question I shall try to show that in the domain of each sense in turn there are "flashes of inspiration," to use the popular term, which surpass the products of conscious effort not only in sensory intensity but in intelligent co-ordination, and seem to have been elaborated below the threshold by an active and reminiscent mind.

Now these "flashes of inspiration,"—these fugitive bright lines referable to our subliminal strata,—will on this view be likely to be more conspicuous when the glare of the supraliminal spectrum is deadened by sleep or trance. That is to say, we shall expect that traces of hyperæsthesia or hypermnesia will be most observable in the hypnotic trance, next in dreams, and least conspicuous in ordinary waking life. And to this expectation the facts do on the whole correspond. It will be generally admitted, in the first place, that hyperæsthesiæ of all senses are wont to occur in the hypnotic trance. This fact, I say, will not be denied; but in most text-books its meaning has been greatly obscured by a misdescription depending on one-sided theory. Thus the phrase "cramp of attention" is often employed, and the subject is supposed to be alive to every whisper of his hypnotiser's simply from the fact that his whole mind is directed in that channel, and that he observes nothing else. And this is true enough in many of the simpler cases;—as in the platform-experiments, where the suggested *rapport* which keeps the subject's gaze fixed in fascination upon the hypnotiser's eye may well

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be described as cramp of attention. But hardly any phrase can be less fitting to describe the kind of perceptivity on the subject's part against which it is most needful to guard, if, for instance, we are trying an experiment from which all possibilities of external suggestion have to be excluded. It is not the absorbed and staring platform-subject who is most likely to notice the little signs which are not meant for him to see;—rather it is the lethargic slumberer, who does not wake when you shout at him, nor stir when you stick pins into him,—yet who all the while may be treasuring up the most casual words of the hypnotiser, ready to act upon them,—in a spirit of no dishonesty, but of sheer obedience,—when the time comes to exhibit the phenomena which he has thus learnt that his physician expects. This capacity has often been ignored even by experienced hypnotisers[1]; whose error followed almost inevitably from their conception of hypnotism as a mere morbid dissociation of ordinary faculties,—a narrowing of the field of attention. Attention was therefore supposed to be contracted in lethargy into a single point,—the mere readiness to wake up again when a given stimulus was applied. From the point of view here taken, on the other hand, there is no ground for supposing that because the supraliminal self is stilled into abeyance,—because every superficial token of attention or perception has disappeared,—there need be any corresponding stagnation in the deeps below. Any sense whose channel is still left open may continue at work, undemonstratively indeed, but perhaps more effectively than ever.

Any sense, I say, whose channel is open;—for I do not wish here to enter on the question of telepathic or clairvoyant avenues of knowledge. These I for the present waive;—but no one familiar with the phenomena will deny that, if these powers are waived, much hyperæsthesia at least will remain to be taken account of. In point of fact, believers in telepathy have often had to argue against strangely exaggerated estimates of what hyperæsthesia could do. For example, I remember that when the Société de Psychologie Physiologique in Paris were discussing the *action à distance* exerted by Dr. Gibert upon Madame B. at Havre, one distinguished physician, Dr. Ruault, maintained that Madame B., at a distance of nearly half a mile from Dr. Gibert's house, had perceived by auditory hyperæsthesia the change in the condition of Dr. Gibert's arteries, caused by his concentrating himself upon the act of *willing*,—and had obeyed that signal and come to him,—as a war-horse follows the trumpet-call. He who believes in this rather than in telepathy has chosen, I think, his horn of the dilemma amiss; but I quote the incident to show to what extent the school

[1] When the late Edmund Gurney and I first visited the Salpêtrière, in 1885, Dr. A. Voisin was, if I mistake not, the sole physician there who thought it needful to guard against impressions thus received in the lethargic state.

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which is now conservative, as against our telepathic innovations, is willing to push its belief in the hypnotic extension of ordinary sensory powers. And I will not occupy further space by dwelling on the numberless instances in which we shall agree with our sometime opponents in considering that hypnotic hyperæsthesia has in fact been at work. I shall take such hyperæsthesia of sight, hearing, smell, touch, sensitiveness to heat and cold, &c., as an admitted thing; and I shall merely point out that we have here precisely the evidence of which my thesis of this chapter stands in need;—evidence, namely, that within the range of the ordinary spectrum,—among the senses which we familiarly know,—a subliminal perceptivity exists which surpasses the supraliminal;—which kindles the bright lines at least of our habitual spectrum into a more than common glow.

Were my object merely to win assent to a proposition, I could hardly do better than dwell at length on these hypnotic phenomena, and try to show in detail how little the increased powers can be deduced from any mere narrowing of the channel or concentration of the output of known waking capacity. My task, however, in these papers is one of exploration rather than of exposition. I wish rather to discuss in instructive connection all the phenomena which I can link together than to arrange them in a rigid series. And I pass on to the inquiry,—(from my special standpoint a less promising one),—whether any of these uprushes of subliminal capacity, within the limits of our ordinary spectrum, are noticeable apart from dream or trance, and in ordinary waking hours.

It so happens, as we shall presently observe, that one special group of these uprushes of subliminal capacity,—those, namely, which perform the marvels which make an "arithmetical prodigy,"—have attracted enough attention to furnish us with several pertinent examples of our present theory. But for specimens of some other kinds of these uprushes we must depend for the present upon mere chance records;—since no one as yet, so far as I can discover, has thought such experiences worth collecting.

Before we proceed to the highly-specialised senses of hearing and sight, let us see whether we can find traces of subliminal intensification of those perceptions of a less specialised kind which underlie our more elaborate modes of cognising the world around us. The sense of the *efflux of time*, and the sense of *weight*, or of muscular resistance, are amongst the profoundest elements in our organic being. And the sense of time is indicated in several ways as a largely subliminal faculty. There is much evidence to show that it is often more exact in men sleeping than in men awake, and in men hypnotised than in men sleeping. The records of spontaneous somnambulism are full of predictions made by the subject as to his own case, and accomplished,

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presumably by self-suggestion, but without help from clocks, at the precise minute foretold. Or this hidden knowledge may take shape in the imagery of dream, as in a case published by Professor Royce, of Harvard,[1] where his correspondent describes "a dream in which I saw an enormous flaming clock-dial with the hands standing at 2.20. Awaking immediately, I struck a match, and upon looking at my watch found it was a few seconds past 2.20."

I should, however, have been puzzled to produce any clear example of the subliminal time-sense as manifesting itself in a sane and waking person had not a Mr. Higton sent to me some years ago the following record of personal experiences on which he desired my opinion. I made his acquaintance, and found him a sensible, serious witness; but I did not then perceive the full significance of his communication, and I have, unfortunately, lost sight of him.

P. 138.

Mr. W. Higton, 27, St. Leonard-street, Pimlico, S.W., sends me, September, 1889, the following experiences—abbreviated from a long paper which I have returned to him.

1. "It is now some three years since the exact time of day presented itself to my mind independently of any internal knowledge or of any external physical appearances" (as of clock, &c.).

Mr. Higton had no idea of the exact time, when "within a few yards of Tattersall's there instantaneously appeared before me the face of a clock of an immense size. Every figure was perfectly visible; and the huge black hands distinctly indicated 11.25; while at the same moment or, correctly speaking, a fraction of a second later, I felt convinced and absolutely certain that the time indicated on the dial was the right time" (as in fact it was by his watch). "The phenomenon has recurred during the past 3 years at least 5 and, I think, 6 times; the first 3 occurring at intervals of about 3 months, and the last 2 or 3 being divided by a considerably longer interval."

2. On another occasion Mr. Higton was walking through a field as to which a legend ran that a young lady was murdered there, while she held a sprig of thyme, and that anyone passing through the field and not thinking of the murder would smell thyme. Mr. Higton paid no credit to this legend; —often walked through the field, but thought about the murder. "However, I did walk through the field one gloomy November afternoon, absorbed so deeply in some new practical scheme that I did not think about the murder, and most certainly should not have thought about it if the strongest conceivable smell of thyme that ever rose to human nostrils had not risen to mine. The odour of it lasted at least a quarter of a minute, until my concentrated thoughts were disorganised, and made to dwell on the magical subject."

3. "When I was at home assisting my father in his business it used to be my work to weigh the hides which were taken from the beasts we killed, preparatory to sending them to the dealer; and it was my custom before

[1] *Proceedings* of American S.P.R., No. 4, p. 360.

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placing them in the scale to see how near the weight I would guess them to be. By this means I became tolerably expert in estimating their weight, invariably being not more than 3 or 4 pounds out. Now on several occasions before I guessed, or even thought of guessing, a certain weight came into my mind which (as in the case of the time indicated on the dial) I was inwardly assured was correct. I remember one case distinctly, in which the hide weighed 87½lb., which were the exact figures which occurred to me prior to weighing, and independently of any computation whatever. Indeed, on one occasion, the fourth, I think, I ventured to ticket the hide, without weighing it, in accordance with the figures which came into my mind; and on the following Tuesday exactly the number of pounds named on the ticket were paid for at the market to which the hides were delivered. As you will easily believe, I did not tell my father I had not weighed the hide on the ground that I knew the weight without doing so!"[1]

Setting aside for the moment the hallucination of the sense of smell, I would point out that we have here precisely such uprushes of subliminal faculty, concerned with the deep organic sensations of the efflux of time and of muscular resistance, as theory had led us to expect. We need not postulate any direct or supernormal knowledge,—but merely a subliminal calculation, such as we shall see in the case of "arithmetical prodigies," expressing itself supraliminally, sometimes in a phantasmal picture, sometimes as a mere "conviction," without sensory clothing. And I would interpret in much the same way the story of the smell of thyme in the haunted field. We may suppose, I think, that although Mr. Higton was not "consciously" thinking of the local legend, his subliminal self remembered it, and produced the appropriate hallucination of smell in the same way in which it produced the picture of the clock-face, as indicating that it knew the precise hour. Thus we have, I think, a reasonable explanation of what seems at first sight an extravagant ghost story;—an explanation which is the more probable insomuch as it is deduced from our own analysis of Mr. Higton's evidence, and does not seem to have occurred to himself.

In somewhat the same way I should be disposed to explain certain "monitions" of impending illness, or even death, which may occur

[1] Mr. Higton has also had coincidences in the matter of meeting people in the streets; but such coincidences are difficult to make evidential. The following monition, however, deserves record. "Walking towards my lodgings about 3 years ago, the conviction seized me that if I went my usual way I should meet a friend whom I greatly desired just then not to meet. I therefore, without hesitation, took another road, and having arrived at one of the street corners, whom should I see at the end of the street but my friend, walking down the road on which, but for my premonition, I should have met him. Whether he was in the habit of taking that particular road at that time of day, or not, I cannot say; as only on one occasion before had I met him out of doors; and that was almost a mile distant from the street now referred to. Besides, I knew absolutely nothing about either his business or his habits; and, be it remembered, my premonition was not an idea—a conjecture—but an instantaneous intimation to my soul."

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while the supraliminal self is unconscious of any danger. In the following case, for instance, Lady Eardley's subliminal self may have foreseen the impending fainting fit, and generated the hallucinatory voice which averted the perhaps fatal result.

P. 139.

When I was a girl of about sixteen I had a mild attack of measles. I was staying with my godfather and godmother. After two or three days in my room I was told that I might have a warm bath; greatly pleased, and feeling well again, I went to the bathroom, locked the door, undressed, and was just about to get into the bath, when I heard a voice say "Unlock the door." The voice was quite distinct and apart from myself and yet seemed to come somehow from inside myself. I could not say whether it was a man's or a woman's voice. I was startled, and looked round, but of course no one was there. Again I heard the voice, "Unlock the door." I began to get frightened, thinking that I must be ill and delirious—but I did not feel ill. I resolved not to think of the voice, and had stepped into the bath, when I heard it a third time—and I think a fourth time—still saying "Unlock the door." On this I jumped out and I *did* unlock the door; and then stepped into the bath again. As I got in, I fainted away and fell flat down in the water. Fortunately as I fell I was just able to catch at a bell-handle, which was attached to the wall just above the bath. My pull brought the maid, who found me (she said) lying with my head under water. She picked me up and carried me out of the bathroom—knocking my head against the doorpost as she did so, which brought me partly round for a moment. If the door had been locked I should certainly have been drowned, as far as I can tell.

I have never heard a similar voice or had any other hallucination whatever.

At one time, however, I had a curious extension of ordinary powers of hearing. I was in a state of great nervous prostration, from mental distress and other causes, and was lying in bed on the second floor front room in a house in a London street. Under ordinary circumstances I cannot from this room hear any letters fall into the letterbox. [I tried this experiment and could not hear letters fall in.—F.W.H.M.] But during this illness I not only could hear them fall, but I seemed to know from whom each letter came. I felt a sort of shock at the heart as each fell, and would say to my maid (who is dead) "there is a letter from my lawyer," or such other person as the case might be. Of these letters some were more or less expected by me but others not. Yet I knew at once from whom they came. As I grew better and stronger the power of distinguishing the letters left me; but for some time yet I could hear the letters being dropped into the box.

E. F. De Lousada
(Lady Eardley).

And here among the vaguer or less measurable modes of sensation some brief mention may be made of various ill-established or ill-understood sensory powers, which, if they exist, seem to belong mainly to subliminal strata. Such is the metallæsthesia, or sensitiveness to

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special metals, so often described in hysterical cases, especially in France. Such is the dubious "magnetic sense," widely believed in in France, with its possible extensions to crystals, &c., if Reichenbach's isolated experiments are to be trusted. Such is "meteorological sensitiveness," which recognises or anticipates the changes of the barometer. Such, too, is the apparent sensibility of certain persons to the nearness of underground water. Unless the accounts printed in *Proceedings*, Vol. II., and elsewhere are due to accident and exaggeration,—(for there are many which wilful fraud will not explain),—we must apparently suppose that some physical indications of the nearness of water, subliminally apprehended, produce in the "dowser" an automatic impulse which prompts him unconsciously to twist the "divining-rod," in just the same way as it prompts automatic writers to move the pencil. But on all this controversial matter I must not here dwell. Suffice it to say that if any of these forms of sensitivity be established they will be additional instances of capacity mainly if not wholly exercised by the subliminal self, and emerging into supraliminal existence in ways which no conscious calculation can foretell. Such powers, in my metaphor, will be represented by the conversion of dark lines into bright lines within the limits of our habitual spectrum. For they differ in kind both from hyperæsthesia of known senses and from such novelties as telepathy and clairvoyance. Thus hyperæsthesia of the sense of *contact*, for instance, is the mere extra brightening of a line in our spectrum already bright. But metallæsthesia (if not depending on intensified perceptions of temperature, surface, &c.) is the substitution of a bright line for a dark one,—though in the vicinity of the bright tactile lines already familiar. We cannot at any rate assume that its line, like the novel bright line of telepathy, will lie clearly beyond the psychological end of our spectrum. Whereas in telepathy we get at something generically unlike our known senses, in metallæsthesia we get at something cognate to our known senses;—as it were a sense which has dropped out from among its congeners, or has not yet taken its due place among them. Metallæsthesia, like telepathy itself, will thus represent one of the n original capacities of protoplasm, of which capacities a small proportion only may have been developed into definiteness by the training which protoplasm has up to this date undergone.

But let us pass on from these lower forms of sensitiveness to the higher, the more intellectual senses of hearing and sight. And here our first reflection will be that as a form of sense becomes more intellectual, its internal operation,—the form of *imagination*, as we say, connected with it,—gains rapidly in complexity and importance. Internal audition, internal visualisation, are for our present argument even more significant than the perception of sounds and sights outside us. But to begin with external hearing. Hypnotic hyperacuity of hearing is

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already familiar. The same phenomenon has been frequently observed in spontaneous somnambulism, in hysteria, and in various morbid conditions. An experiment of Dessoir's, already noticed in these *Proceedings*, shows, (in close analogy to the phenomena of crystal-vision,) that sounds which fall unnoticed on the waking ear may be all the while intelligently treasured up in some hypnotic or other subliminal stratum. Mr. X., absorbed in his book amongst friends who were talking, was suddenly roused to attention by catching his own name. He asked what his friends had been saying of him. No reply was made, but he was hypnotised. In the hypnotic trance he was able to repeat the whole conversation which his waking self had missed. Still more remarkable is the fact, shown by the late Edmund Gurney and other observers, that the hypnotised subject can pick out the distant whisper of his hypnotiser from amidst a Babel of unnoticed sounds made by persons with whom he is not in *rapport*. It is abundantly clear that the external audition of the hypnotic or other subliminal strata may greatly exceed in delicacy the external audition of common life.

Let us now turn to internal audition;—to the sounds which we imagine within us;—and let us consider by what test the degree of such audition is capable of being estimated. The good *audile* (more strictly *auditile*) subject of Galton will differ from the bad one in two principal ways,—namely, in the *intensity* and in the *complexity* of his intra-cerebral[1] sensations of sound. That is to say, the good auditile will summon up the sound of voices, &c., more easily and more distinctly than other men; and he will also be better able than others to recollect and represent to himself complex sequences or co-existences of sound. We shall find subliminal faculty markedly in excess of supraliminal in each of these directions,—in the intensity of internal audition, which leads to hallucination; and in the complexity of internal audition, which leads to poetic and musical genius.

Let us take first the intensity, or apparent externalisation, of imagined sounds. We do not, of course, here encounter hallucinations for the first time. Not hearing and sight alone, but every sense, may be hypnotically stimulated into a vividness which refuses to believe that the excitement proceeds only from within. We can produce hallucinations of heat, cold, weight, contact, pain, smell, taste. In each case the intensity of the sensation thus emerging from its subliminal factory may be far greater than any intensity of similar sensation which conscious supraliminal effort can initiate or maintain. All this is familiar

[1] On the analogy of "entoptic" and "entotic" these inward auditions might conveniently be described as "entencephalic,"—leaving "intra-cerebral," like "intra-ocular," to express objective or material arrangements or changes within eye or brain.

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to every observer of hypnotism; but few observers have as yet grasped the important lesson which even the commonest platform phenomena should teach;—namely, that the hypnotic self is here performing a sensory function beyond the possible achievement of the ordinary waking self. One of the causes of this ignoring of the true significance of hallucinations has been (as I have elsewhere observed) the fact that when they occur spontaneously it is often in connection with morbid states. Inquiry into human vital phenomena has usually been undertaken with a therapeutic and not with a purely scientific purpose; and consequently the morbid aspect of hallucination, although really accidental, has been insisted upon in preference to its absolute psychological significance. This is eminently the case with regard to the hallucinations of hearing,—imaginary voices, &c.,—with which we are at this moment concerned. Frequently accompanying insanity, they have been discussed as though they were simply an indication of insanity. How narrow and imperfect such a view of them is I have tried to show in a previous paper on "The Dæmon of Socrates" (*Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 522), to which I must here be content to refer the reader. He will there, I hope, find some reason for supposing that that intensification of internal audition which at last suggests externality in the imagined voices may sometimes succeed in manifesting no disease or disintegration, but rather a subliminal faculty to which the supraliminal may be glad to appeal.

It is, however, the other branch of internal audition,—that which involves complexity rather than intensity of imagined sounds,—which offers, so to say, the richest opportunities for subliminal manifestation, —the readiest vent-holes for the uprush of the hidden fire. The sounds that rise within our waking consciousness from a source beyond the will do not confine themselves to the mere shaping of scattered sentences,—the airy syllabling of phrases that tend to nought. There is an inward consonance, an obscure concent, which forms the groundwork of Poetry, the fount of Song,—the cradle from whence those "sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse," issue in preformed divinity into the common day. This is true not only for Song, strictly so termed, but also for Poetry unaccompanied by music;—that is to say, for interrelations of rhythm and articulation taken apart from interrelations of pitch, definite time-intervals, or timbre. For the true poet,—as Goethe has somewhere said,—the melody of his coming poem floats as a self-created and impalpable entity within him, before words have shaped themselves or thought itself is born. *Io mi son un*, said a greater even than Goethe,—

> Io mi son un, che quando
> Amore spira, noto, ed a quel modo
> Che detta dentro, vo significando.

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And here a reflection may be made which, while it clears up (as seems to me) an old confusion, will also well illustrate the latent capacities of the subliminal consciousness;—its power to convey potent and intimate messages through mechanism of the slenderest kind. We know that as we advance from sounds non-human to human sounds, from sounds non-vocal to sounds which the human throat can produce, our conception of any given sound increasingly needs, to make it complete, a motor as well as an auditory representation within us. Our grasp, say, of the word *London* is imperfect if we cannot articulate the word with our mind's voice as well as hear it with our mind's ear.

In all definite inward audition there is, then, probably a motor element as well as a sensory. And I hold that one difference between imagined poetry and imagined music or song lies in the fact that imagined verbal rhythm may be almost wholly motor, while imagined tunes must be largely sensory as well. To those, then, who are perplexed at the fact that many poets have lacked musical ear it may be answered that the mental imagery of such poets may have been mainly motile;—may have consisted in a delicate imagination of such laryngeal movements as are concerned in the utterance of melodious speech. I believe that with careful self-observation many men with "an ear for verse" will recognise that the essential part of poetic excitation has lain in scarcely perceptible changes of tension in the muscles of the throat. The rhythmical modulations, indeed, have their birth beyond the will; but it is about that physical centre of imagined utterance that the emotional stress will gather and the inexplicable promptings throng; through that motor channel the reverberating tremors rise and fall;—and flood the flats of common consciousness as with the earthquake-wave of an unfathomed sea.

And there is yet another and even stranger form of inward audition. There exists among men a mighty complex of conceptions which lie apart from,—some say beyond,—articulate speech and reasoned thought. There is a march and uprising through ideal spaces which some hold as the only true ascent; there is an architecture which some count as alone abiding,—

> seeing it is built
> Of music, therefore never built at all,
> And, therefore, built for ever.

Whether considered in regard to its development in the race, or to its activity in the individual, Music resembles not so much a product of terrene needs and of natural selection as a subliminal capacity attaining to an accidental manifestation independently of the requirements or of the external stimuli of the supraliminal self. We know the difficulty of explaining its rise on any current theory of the evolution of human faculty. We know that it is like something discovered, not like

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something manufactured;—like wine found in a walled-up cellar, rather than like furniture made in the workshop above. And the subjective sensations of the musician himself accord with this view of the essentially subliminal character of the gift with which he deals. In no direction is "genius" or "inspiration" more essential to true success. It is not from careful poring over the mutual relations of musical notes that the masterpieces of melody have been born. They have come as they came to Mozart,—whose often-quoted words I need not cite again,—in an uprush of unsummoned audition, of unpremeditated and self-revealing joy. They have come, as to Browning's Abt Vogler, with a sense of irrecoverable commingling of depths of soul and heights of heaven.[1] Translating the phrases of poetry into such terms as we here employ, we may say that we have reached a point where the subliminal uprush is felt by the supraliminal personality to be deeper, truer, more permanent than the products of voluntary thought. In the genesis of poetry and of music we have gained a first glimpse into the mechanism of genius. But before generalising further, we have yet to consider the subliminal operation of the most intellectual, the most delicately measurable sense of all; the sense whose internal operation may perhaps be the deepest inlet, as its external is the farthest-reaching excursion, into the reality of things.

I need not dwell on the hyperæsthesiæ of external vision so often noted in association with hysteria, with spontaneous somnambulism, with the hypnotic trance. The difficulties to which they introduce us show no sign of early or easy solution. Precisely in the region where the anatomical, the optical, limits appear most definite we have the most unpredictable, the most capricious extensions of faculty. I will give here two cases in which, as I conceive, the subliminal self has observed what the supraliminal has failed to notice, and has generated a hallucination, in order to check the mistaken action to which that inadvertence was leading. In the first case, all that needs correction is a mere act of distraction,—a failure to look carefully at an object fully in sight. In the second case it appears as though the subliminal actually saw better than the supraliminal self.

P. 140.

From Mrs. E. K. Elliott, wife of the Rev. E. K. Elliott.

About 20 years ago I received some letters by post, one of which con-

[1] More definite than most of the descriptions of this type in musical literature are the following words of Schumann's (*Robert Schumann's Early Letters*, p. 268): "The piano is getting too limited for me. It is most extraordinary how I write almost everything in canon, and then only detect the imitation afterwards,—and often find inversions, rhythms in contrary motion, &c." And again, p. 271: "I do not realise all this while I am composing; it only comes to me afterwards; you who are at the top of the tree will understand what I mean."

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tained £15 in bank notes. After reading the letters I went into the kitchen with them in my hands. I was alone at the time, no one being near me, except the cook, and she was in the scullery. Having done with the letters, I made a motion to throw them into the fire, when I distinctly felt my hand arrested in the act. It was as though another hand were gently laid upon my own, pressing it back. Much surprised, I looked at my hand, and then saw that it contained not the letters I had intended to destroy, but the bank notes, and that the letters were in the other hand. I was so surprised that I called out, "Who is here?" I called the cook and told her, and also told my husband on the first opportunity. I never had any similar experience before or since.

Statement by Rev. E. K. Elliott.

I remember my wife describing the above adventure to me at the time, and also that she was nearly fainting from the excitement caused by it.

E. K. Elliott.

The following incident was recorded in the *Boston Budget* by the percipient herself, a lady well known to Mr. Hodgson.

. . . . . .

P. 141.

The *Boston Budget*, *August* 31*st*, 1890.

A strange incident occurred one night last week at one of the Boston Back Bay hotels. It was just before the gas was lighted, and was already growing dusky in the corridors, when a resident guest stepped out of her room to go to the elevator. She touched the electric bell and then went down to the end of another corridor to look out of the window for a moment, while the elevator was coming up. Returning to it, she was about advancing precipitately to the side of it that the door was on, when the sight of a man standing exactly in front of the elevator door caused her to stop short, that she might not be so rude or awkward as to run into him, so to speak, as she was in danger of doing in her rather heedless haste. The hall was dim, but a window opposite the elevator showed the form of the man plainly enough, and the lady waited at a decorous distance. But what was her amazement when the elevator came up, brightly lighted inside, to see, first, that the upper door was wide open, and that thus the entire well of the elevator was exposed. The lady had been a guest for many years in the house, and had never known such a thing as an elevator door left open to happen before. But the second fact was far more startling, *there was no man there!* Now, the appearance of this man, or her impression of his appearance there, undoubtedly saved her from plunging head first down the elevator well.

The rapidity with which she was rushing toward the elevator—with the true national haste that characterises every movement of the American, and makes him crowd to the door of the cars before a train stops, that he may be the first one out—with the true spirit of her country she was rushing towards the elevator with a haste whose momentum would almost certainly have carried her into the fatal well, had not the appearance of the man standing there checked her steps, and caused a sudden accession of demure dignity

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and a little flush of embarrassment at being caught hurrying through the hotel corridor like a rude child let loose from the nursery. Now, here is a fact for Dr. Richard Hodgson and his Psychical Society. It may be added that the lady in question immediately went to the hotel desk to report the terrible carelessness of the boy who had left this door open, but not ambitious to acquire the reputation of a lunatic, or even a seer of visions or dreamer of dreams, she took very good care not to relate the other half of the occurrence, although it was just as palpable a fact as the material fact that the door was open. Was this the apparition of a spiritual presence, which had materialised to save her from a terrible fate? Who shall say?

Boston, *September 5th*, 1890.

My dear Dr. Hodgson,—No, I did not recognise the form at all. I simply didn't notice—didn't think anything about it, as it is rather the rule than the exception to meet people at the elevator in a hotel. Then, too, I am very near-sighted, and I did not have my eye-glasses on, so I shouldn't have recognised even my most intimate friend in the dusky light and at the little distance.

It occurred on Tuesday night, August 26th.

. . . . . .

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) A. B.

The account in the *Budget* was written by the witness herself, a lady well known to me.—R. H.

Assuming this second incident to be correctly reported, the least marvellous way of explaining it will perhaps be to suppose that Miss A. B.'s subliminal self perceived the open doorway at a distance somewhat beyond the eyesight of her supraliminal self, and then generated the hallucinatory figure in order to avert the fall.

Such an explanation of course takes for granted that the subliminal strata possess a power which the supraliminal can rarely rival;—the power, namely, of externalising a hallucination,—of projecting from some hidden workshop a lifelike figure amid the actual surroundings, and into the common day. And indeed this point is probably too familiar to my readers to need further insistence here. The question really before us is not simply whether the subliminal self can generate hallucinatory pictures,—a fact of which the most ordinary post-hypnotic suggestion will furnish ample proof. Rather we wish to understand how much intelligence these pictures imply;—to discover how far experiment can be pushed in the way of evoking or modifying them.

And here I must pause to introduce a passage which I only came upon when this chapter was nearly completed;—but which seems to me to give in germ the very theory for which I am now contending, on the authority of one of the most lucid thinkers of the last generation.

The passage occurs in an article by Sir John Herschel on Sensorial Vision, in his *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, 1816. Sir

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John describes some experiences of his own, "which consist in the involuntary production of visual impressions, into which geometrical regularity of form enters as the leading character, and that, under circumstances which altogether preclude any explanation drawn from a possible regularity of structure in the retina or the optic nerve."[1] Twice these patterns appeared in waking daylight hours,—with no illness or discomfort at the time or afterwards. More frequently they appeared in darkness; but still while Sir John was fully awake. They appeared also twice when he was placed under chloroform; "and I should observe that I never lost my consciousness of being awake, and in full possession of my mind, though quite insensible to what was going on. . . . Now the question at once presents itself—What *are* these Geometrical Spectres? and how, and in what department of the bodily or mental economy do they originate? They are evidently not dreams. The mind is not dormant, but active and conscious of the direction of its thoughts; while these things obtrude themselves on notice, and by calling attention to them, *direct* the train of thought into a channel it would not have taken of itself. . . . If it be true that the conception of a regular geometrical pattern implies the exercise of thought and intelligence, it would almost seem that in such cases as those above adduced we have evidence of a *thought*, an intelligence, working within our own organisation distinct from that of our own personality." And Sir John further suggests that these complex figures, entering the mind in this apparently arbitrary fashion, throw light upon "the suggestive principle" to which "we must look for much that is determinant and decisive of our volition when carried into action." "It strikes me as not by any means devoid of interest to contemplate cases where, in a matter so entirely abstract, so completely devoid of any moral or emotional bearing, as the production of a geometrical figure, we, as it were, seize upon that principle in the very act, and in the performance of its office."

From my point of view, of course, I can but admire the acumen which enabled this great thinker to pierce to the root of the matter, by the aid of so few observations. He does not even seem to have perceived the connection between these "schematic phantasms," to borrow a phrase from Professor Ladd,[2] and the hallucinatory figures of men or animals seen in health or in disease. But even from his scanty data his inference seems to me irresistible;—"we have evidence of a *thought*, an intelligence, working within our own organisation, distinct from that of our own personality." I shall venture to claim him as the

[1] On this point see James' *Psychology*, Vol. II., p. 84, note. Goethe's well-known phantasmal flower was clearly no mere representation of retinal structure. A near analogy to these patterns lies in the so-called "spirit-drawings," or automatic arabesques, which I hope to discuss in a later paper.

[2] See Professor Ladd's paper on this subject in *Mind*, April, 1892.

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first originator of the theory to which the far fuller evidence now accessible had independently led myself.

These visions of Sir John Herschel's seem to have been intermediate, so far as apparent externalisation was concerned, between ordinary mind's eye visions, and those full-fledged hallucinatory quasi-percepts which seem to occupy a definite place in the room, and to hide the chair on which they sit. Perhaps their nearest parallel lies in the *crystal-visions* to which I have repeatedly called attention. This empirical method of inducing hallucinations, by concentration of mind, aided by gazing into some clear depth or dark mirror, has already illustrated with singular vividness many forms of that "subliminal uprush" with which this chapter is concerned. It has been found that, just as automatic writing systematises and renders intelligible the vague impulses of motor automatism, so also does this steady gaze at once educe, clarify, and prolong those incipient intensifications of internal percepts which the subliminal self seems ever ready to develop, but which are usually dissipated before they attain to the consistency either of dream or of waking hallucination. Crystal-vision, however, has hardly yet been received within the purview of science. The first attempt so to introduce it,—the series of experiments printed in *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 486, *sqq.*,—has not as yet led to any wide imitation. And since in this chapter I am carefully excluding all supernormal or strongly-controverted phenomena, I will here mention one only of the forms of subliminal faculty which these experiments illustrated;—a form which can be paralleled from ordinary psycho-physical experiment, and from the experience of conspicuous and well-known persons. I allude to the *hypermnesia* of crystal-vision;—shown in three ways: (1) the power of reproducing facts once known, but forgotten, (2) the power of presenting conclusions without awareness of the intermediate steps, and (3) the power of reproducing facts never consciously known to the supraliminal self, although they may at some time have fallen within the field of external vision. These powers, although bearing somewhat different relations to ordinary memory, are found so much intermingled in practice that I must stretch the term hypermnesia to include them all.

I regard this hypermnesia as eminently a subliminal faculty, of which examples of many kinds will present themselves as we proceed. And I begin here by quoting an ingenious experiment by which Dr. Scripture, of Clark University, has shown that in the most ordinary act of vision we must discriminate between that which is remembered by the superficial consciousness and that which remains,—hidden, but educible,—in some depth below.[1]

[1] Scripture, Ueber den associativen Vorlauf der Vorstellungen, Leipzig, 1891: p. 90, *sqq.*

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Dr. Scripture shows to the percipient a card with a picture in the middle and a small letter of the alphabet printed beneath the picture. The exposure is so short that the percipient observes only the main picture, and has no conscious knowledge whatever of the letter of the alphabet. Yet when afterwards the letter is shown by itself to the percipient, it often recalls,—gradually, but at last distinctly,—the picture of star or elephant or whatever it may have been which was on the centre of the card in whose corner the letter was printed. It often happens that the percipient cannot tell in what way this obscure association of letter and picture has been effected. He merely feels that there *is* a connection, say between the letter M and the elephant. "Er hatte nur ein Gefühl der Richtigkeit." The subliminal self, as I should express it, has sent up its message in a feeble current, not yet articulated into sensory terms.

In this happy contrivance we have both the advantages and the disadvantages of a laboratory experiment as contrasted with a spontaneous incident. We have great definiteness in the upheaval of subliminal memories, but that upheaval is on the very smallest scale. The pictures which escape the notice of the supraliminal self are retained by the subliminal for but a short time, and at a short distance below the threshold. They resemble pebbles which the earthworm sucks into its burrow and re-ejects upon the lawn, rather than an uprushing lava-stream from caves of hidden fire. They represent, one may say, the first stage of a process which, although often inconspicuous, is not likely to be discontinuous,—the sustenance, namely, of the supraliminal life by impulse or guidance from below.

I pass on to an example on a larger scale of subliminal visualisation, subliminal hypermnesia, which Nature herself has again and again supplied;—involving the hidden manipulation of mind's-eye pictures of great complexity.

On this topic again we shall find help in work done by Dr. Scripture; although he has here worked with a different object, and has indicated no connection between his two inquiries.

During the course of the present century,—and alas! the scientific observation of unusual specimens of humanity hardly runs back farther, or so far,—the public of great cities has been from time to time surprised and diverted by some so-called "calculating boy," or "arithmetical prodigy," generally of tender years, and capable of performing "in his head," and almost instantaneously, problems for which ordinary workers would require pencil and paper and a much longer time. In some few cases, indeed, the ordinary student would have no means whatever of solving the problem which the calculating boy unriddled with ease and exactness. These calculating boys have simply been noted as anomalies, and no attempt (so far as I can find) has been made

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to explain their powers, that is to say, to include this special gift under any wider generalisation. Recently, indeed, Dr. Scripture has made a careful attempt to collect the hints or explanations which these prodigies have given of their methods of work; methods which one might naturally expect to be of use in ordinary education.[1] For our present purpose that task, although needful, was only preliminary. We wish to know how much of his achievement the phenomenal calculator can explain, mainly in order that we may realise how much remains inexplicable to himself as to others.

And the records left to us, imperfect as they are, are enough to show that the main and primary achievement has in fact been subliminal, while conscious or supraliminal effort has sometimes been wholly absent, sometimes has supervened only after the gift has been so long exercised that the accesses between different strata have become easy by frequent traversing. The prodigy grown to manhood, who now recognises the arithmetical artifices which he used unconsciously as a boy, resembles the hypnotic subject trained by suggestion to remember in waking hours the events of the trance.

In almost every point, indeed, where comparison is possible we shall find this computative gift resembling other manifestations of subliminal faculty,—such as the power of seeing hallucinatory figures,—rather than the results of steady supraliminal effort,—such as the power of logical analysis. In the first place, this faculty, in spite of its obvious connection with general mathematical grasp and insight, is found almost at random,—among non-mathematical and even quite stupid persons, as well as among mathematicians of mark. In the second place, it shows itself mostly in early childhood, and tends to disappear in later life;—in this resembling visualising power in general, and the power of seeing hallucinatory figures in particular, which powers, as both Mr. Galton's inquiries and our own tend to show, are habitually stronger in childhood and youth than in later years. Again, it is noticeable that when the power disappears early in life it is apt to leave behind it no memory whatever of the processes involved. And even when, by long persistence in a reflective mind, the power has become, so to say, adopted into the supraliminal consciousness, there nevertheless may still be flashes of pure "inspiration," when the answer "comes into the mind" with absolutely no perception of intermediate steps. I subjoin a table, compiled by help of Dr. Scripture's collection, which will broadly illustrate the main points above mentioned. Some more detailed remarks may then follow.[2]

[1] "Arithmetical Prodigies," in *American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. IV., No. 1. (April, 1891.)

[2] No adequate account of Jacques Inaudi,—the present "prodigy,"—has as yet come under my notice.

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TABLE OF PRINCIPAL ARITHMETICAL PRODIGIES.

Name (alphabetically).	Age when gift was observed.	Duration of gift.	Intelligence.
Ampère	4	?	eminent
Bidder	10	through life	good
Buxton	?	?	low
Colburn	6	few years	average
Dase [or Dahse]	boyhood	through life	very low
Fuller	boyhood	?	low
Gauss	3	?	eminent
Mangiamele	10	few years	average ?
Mondeux	10	few years	low
Prolongeau	6	few years	low
Safford	6	few years	good
"Mr. Van R., of Utica"	6	few years	average ?
Whately	3	few years	good

Now among these thirteen names we have two men of transcendent, and three of high ability. What accounts have they given us of their methods ?

Of the gift of Gauss and Ampère we know nothing except a few striking anecdotes. After manifesting itself at an age when there is usually no continuous supraliminal mental effort worth speaking of, it appears to have been soon merged in the general blaze of their genius. With Bidder the gift persisted through life, but grew weaker as he grew older. His paper in Vol. XV. of the *Proceedings of the Institute of Civil Engineers*, while furnishing a number of practical hints to the calculator, indicates also a singular readiness of communication between different mental strata. "Whenever," he says (p. 255), "I feel called upon to make use of the stores of my mind, they seem to rise with the rapidity of lightning." And in Vol. CIII. of the same *Proceedings*, Mr. W. Pole, F.R.S., in describing how Mr. Bidder could determine mentally the logarithm of any number to 7 or 8 places, says (p. 252): "He had an almost miraculous power of seeing, as it were, intuitively what factors would divide any large number, not a prime. Thus, if he were given the number 17,861, he would instantly remark it was 337×53. . . . He could not, he said, explain how he did this; it seemed a natural instinct to him."

Mr. Bidder's case is well known; but it may be of interest to quote some passages from an autobiographical statement kindly furnished to me by Mr. Blyth, of Edinburgh, the well-known civil engineer, whose own gift, like that of the younger Mr. Bidder, though not such as to entitle him to rank as a "prodigy," yet marks him out distinctly from ordinary mankind.

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P. 141.

12, Belgrave-crescent, Edinburgh.

February 28th, 1892.

I shall now endeavour, in response to your request, to give some account of my late brother's and my own faculty of arithmetical calculation mentally, and it may be interesting if I allude to influences even before birth which I have always felt may have had something to do with my brother's great power.

Benjamin Hall Blyth was born on July 6th, 1819. Our mother had a natural arithmetical gift—not to any very marked degree, but decidedly above the average, and especially so among females. Some months before Benjamin's birth the wonderful calculating boy, Bidder (then, I think, about 12 or 14 years of age), was exhibiting in Edinburgh, and made a private exhibition in my father's house. My mother was greatly astonished and interested, put various questions to Bidder, and some weeks later requested my father to invite him to another séance, which was done. Her interest increased on this second occasion, and the wonderful boy continued to occupy her mind frequently.

It is, I believe, admitted by physiologists that anything greatly occupying a mother's mind certainly may, and frequently does, influence the character of her unborn child. At all events, my brother, whether from this or heredity, or both, very early manifested a marvellous power of mental calculation. When almost exactly six years of age Benjamin was walking with his father before breakfast, when he said, "Papa, at what hour was I born?" He was told four a.m.

Ben.: What o'clock is it at present?

Ans.: Seven fifty a.m. [My father always took exercise before breakfast in summer.]

The child walked on a few hundred yards, then turned to his father and stated the number of seconds he had lived. My father noted down the figures, made the calculation when he got home, and told Ben he was 172,800 seconds wrong, to which he got a ready reply: "Oh, papa, you have left out two days for the leap years—1820 and 1824," which was the case.

This latter fact of the extra day in leap year is not known to many children of six, and if anyone will try to teach an ordinary child of these years the multiplication table up to 12 × 12 he will be better able to realise how extraordinary was this calculation for such an infant.

I am conscious of an intuitive recognition of the relation of figures. For instance, in reading statements of figures in newspapers, which are very often egregiously wrong, it seems to come to me intuitively that something is wrong, and when that occurs I am usually right.

I have always felt that there were times when my power was much weaker than others, not only when tired, but, like a musician, when not in the mood. I have not the same confidence now at 66 years of age as when younger. That is to say, I like to check a calculation before stating it, though I can do nearly as difficult ones as at any time of my life, though not so rapidly.

As to there being any degree of connection between this arithmetical power and ambidexterity, there is none, I think, in my case. I do not possess the latter gift consciously, though I may perhaps be able to use the

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left hand better than the average of people, but I should not for a moment claim to be ambidextrous. My daughter, in saying that I was, may have confused me with my eldest son, who certainly is, but I attribute that to his being born left-handed and compelled as a child to use his right, as, for instance, in use of knife or spoon, playing cricket, golf with right-hand clubs, &c. ; he can bowl or bat with either hand, paint with both hands; will draw the fore legs of an animal with one hand, the hind legs with another, just as the bends or curves suit one hand more readily. He is fond of mechanical work, and can use either hand in turning articles on a lathe. Left-handedness runs in our family on both sides, and so I say I may have some little ambidexterity without knowing it.

EDWARD L. I. BLYTH.

Mr. Blyth's interesting record contains other illustrations of several points above mentioned ;—the early and instinctive appearance of the faculty ; its gradual subjection to supraliminal guidance ; yet the persistence of occasional "subliminal uprushes," which give the problem's answer without its intermediate steps.

Passing on to the two other men of high ability known to have possessed this gift, Professor Safford and Archbishop Whately, we are struck with the evanescence of the power after early youth,—or even before the end of childhood. I quote from Dr. Scripture Archbishop Whately's account of his own powers.

"There was certainly something peculiar in my calculating faculty. It began to show itself at between five and six, and lasted about three years. . . . I soon got to do the most difficult sums, always in my head, for I knew nothing of figures beyond numeration. I did these sums much quicker than anyone could upon paper, and I never remember committing the smallest error. *When I went to school, at which time the passion wore off, I was a perfect dunce at ciphering, and have continued so ever since.*"

Still more remarkable, perhaps, was Professor Safford's loss of power. Professor Safford's whole bent was mathematical ; his boyish gift of calculation raised him into notice ; and he is now a Professor of Astronomy. He had therefore every motive and every opportunity to retain the gift, if thought and practice could have retained it. But whereas at ten years old he worked correctly in his head, in one minute a multiplication sum whose answer consisted of 36 figures, he is now, I believe, neither more nor less capable of such calculation than his neighbours.

Similar was the fate of a personage who never rises above initials, and of whose general capacity we know nothing.

"Mr. Van R., of Utica," says Dr. Scripture on the authority of Gall, "at the age of six years distinguished himself by a singular faculty for calculating in his head. At eight he entirely lost this faculty, and after that time he could calculate neither better nor faster than any other person. *He did not retain the slightest idea of the manner in which he performed his calculations in childhood.*"

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Turning now to the stupid or uneducated prodigies, Dase alone seems to have retained his power through life. Colburn and Mondeux, and apparently Prolongeau and Mangiamele, lost their gift after childhood.

A few hints as to processes have been gleaned from this group;—the most interesting point being that Colburn was for some years unable, but afterwards to some extent able, to explain his own processes. "His friends tried to elicit a disclosure of the methods by which he performed his calculations, but for nearly three years he was unable to satisfy their inquiries. He positively declared that he did not know how the answers came into his mind."[1] Later on he did give an account of his artifices, which, however, showed no great ingenuity.

But on the whole the ignorant prodigies seldom appear to have been conscious of any continuous logical process, while in some cases the separation of the supraliminal and subliminal trains of thought must have been very complete. "Buxton would talk freely whilst doing his questions, that being no molestation or hindrance to him."[2] Fixity and clearness of inward visualisation seems to have been the leading necessity in all these achievements; and it apparently mattered little whether the mental blackboard (so to say) on which the steps of the calculation were recorded were or were not visible to the mind's eye of the supraliminal self.

I have been speaking only of visualisation; but it would be interesting if we could discover how much actual mathematical insight or inventiveness can be subconsciously exercised. Here, however, our materials are very imperfect. From Gauss and Ampère we have, so far as I know, no record. At the other end of the scale, we know that Dase (perhaps the most successful of all these prodigies) was singularly devoid of mathematical grasp. "On one occasion Petersen tried in vain for six weeks to get the first elements of mathematics into his head." "He could not be made to have the least idea of a proposition in Euclid. Of any language but his own he could never master a word." Yet Dase received a grant from the Academy of Sciences at Hamburg, on the recommendation of Gauss, for mathematical work; and actually in twelve years made tables of factors and prime numbers for the seventh and nearly the whole of the eighth million,—a task which probably few men could have accomplished, without mechanical aid, in an ordinary lifetime. He may thus be ranked as the only man who has ever done valuable service to mathematics without being able to cross the Ass's Bridge.

On the other hand, in the case of Mangiamele, there may have been

[1] Scripture, *op. cit.*, p. 50.
[2] Scripture, *op. cit.*, p. 54.

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real ingenuity subliminally at work. Our account of this prodigy is authentic, but tantalising from its brevity.

"In the year 1837 Vito Mangiamele, who gave his age as 10 years and 4 months, presented himself before Arago in Paris. He was the son of a shepherd of Sicily, who was not able to give his son any instruction. By chance it was discovered that by methods peculiar to himself he resolved problems that seemed at the first view to require extended mathematical knowledge. In the presence of the Academy Arago proposed the following questions: 'What is the cubic root of 3,796,416?' In the space of about half a minute the child responded 156, which is correct. 'What satisfies the condition that its cube plus five times its square is equal to 42 times itself increased by 40?' Everybody understands that this is a demand for the root of the equation $x^3+5\,x^2-42\,x-40=0$. In less than a minute Vito responded that 5 satisfied the condition; which is correct. The third question related to the solution of the equation $x^5-4\,x-16779=0$. This time the child remained four to five minutes without answering: finally he demanded with some hesitation if 3 would not be the solution desired. The secretary having informed him that he was wrong, Vito, a few moments afterwards, gave the number 7 as the true solution. Having finally been requested to extract the 10th root of 282,475,249 Vito found in a short time that the root is 7.

"At a later date a committee, composed of Arago, Cauchy and others, complains that 'the masters of Mangiamele have always kept secret the methods of calculation which he made use of.'"[1]

There is another point on which something might have been learnt from the study of so marked a group of automatists—utilisers of subliminal capacity—as these "prodigies" form. Their bodily characteristics might have been examined with a view to tracing such physical concomitants as may go with this facility of communication between psychical strata. We have, however, few data available for this purpose. Colburn inherited supernumerary digits, and Mondeux is reported to have been hysterical. On the other hand the "prodigies" of whose lives after childhood anything is known seem to have been free from nervous taint. No one, for instance, could well be more remote from hysteria than the elder Bidder;—or than Mr. Bidder, Q.C., or Mr. Blyth, of Edinburgh, the best living English representatives of what we may call the calculating diathesis.

It is plain, then, that no support is given by what we know of this group to the theory which regards subliminal mentation as necessarily a sign of some morbid dissociation of psychical elements. Is there, on the other hand, anything to confirm the suggestion which I have elsewhere made that,—inasmuch as the addition of subliminal to supraliminal mentation may often be a completion and integration rather than a fractionation or disintegration of the total individuality,—we are likely sometimes to find traces of a more than common activity of the

[1] Scripture, *op. cit.*, p. 17.

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right or less used cerebral hemisphere? Finding no mention of ambidexterity in the meagre notices which have come down to us of the greater "prodigies," I begged Mr. Blyth and Mr. Bidder, Q.C., to tell me whether their left hands possessed more than usual power. Mr. Blyth's reply has been already quoted. I now quote Mr. Bidder's.

"Ravensbury Park, *September* 11th, 1891.

"As to ambidexterity. Of course I am ignorant of the train of thought that led you to ask the question; but oddly enough I am a very good example of it. I am not aware that my father was ambidextrous; nor are any of my children, so far as I know. For myself, in all sports,—bowling, throwing, fishing, tennis, racquets, &c.,—I almost invariably use the left hand. I *cannot* throw to any purpose with the right. In cricket, however, I bat with the right hand. In shaving, I shave one half of the face with the left hand and the other with the right, in each case taking the part which shaves *forwards*, so as to have no *backward* shaving. In writing I write with the right hand, being so taught; but some years ago I discovered that if I let my left hand move unconstrainedly and without conscious thought as to how it should form the letters, I could write with equal fluency, though not so well formed letters. But the direction of the writing is reversed; so that it is requisite either to look through the paper or view it in a looking-glass to read the writing. My left hand and nerve system seems to have learnt by sympathy what the right had acquired by education and practice.

"Further, I found that taking two pencils one in each hand I could write simultaneously with both hands,—the two writings proceeding in opposite directions. I have occasionally found since that other people could to some extent do the same. I repeatedly tried very hard to write one word with one hand and another with the other;—but it won't do; the result is always a nondescript production of parts of both words,—something like the nonsense words in *Alice in Wonderland*. I enclose a specimen which will show the simultaneous writing."

It thus appears that in the only two cases in which I have been able to make inquiry there is somewhat more dextro-cerebral capacity than in the mass of mankind.

If I have dwelt at some length on these arithmetical prodigies, it is not, of course, because I regard this gift of subliminal computation as a high form of genius, but because the definiteness of the achievements presents some vague and elusive problems in a comparatively manageable form. Thus it is easier in the case of a Mangiamele than in the case of a Dante to ask oneself with exactness which is the least improbable of the conceivable answers,—all of them largely conjectural,—to the question, "Where did the child get his genius?"—a question which the evolutionist, though he cannot solve it, must not ignore.

It appears to me that the answers which have been implicitly or explicitly given to such a question are reducible under four main heads. I shall cite these in the order in which they push the required answer further and further back. But the reader must remember that there

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is absolutely no difference in point of the *mystery* involved between one reply and another. All have to deal with the same ultimately inexplicable facts, and the most Lamarckian of answers is in reality as mystical as the most Platonic.

(1) First, then, I place what I have called the Lamarckian reply. The eminent capacity of the individual under discussion was inherited from the acquired capacities of self-improving ancestors. To this we must here answer that even assuming acquired characteristics to be inheritable, there were as a rule no such acquired capacities for our prodigies to inherit. Mangiamele the father, the rough Sicilian peasant, who did not teach his son his letters;—Mondeux the father, the woodcutter of Tours, who did not teach his son the numerals;—these were not men who had developed their mathematical gifts as the Lamarckian giraffe developed the bones of his neck. The only case where heredity could be pleaded is that of the younger (not of the elder) Bidder;—unless we count under this head the *pre-natal suggestion* which Mr. Blyth believes to have been efficacious in his own and his brother's case.

(2) Next comes the reply which I suppose would now be commonly given, and which, to avoid the ambiguities of the word Darwinian, I will call the *protoplasmic* solution. Mangiamele's gift, in this view, was a sport or bye-product occurring in the course of evolution;—a new quality derived from old qualities not obviously resembling it. It was one of those favourable spontaneous variations of which natural selection has often been able to take advantage;—and whose occasional unpredictable occurrence has raised our race to its present level. Now the cause of such sports, I need not say, Darwin expressly leaves unexplained. All that he says is that to sport in this way is characteristic of living matter. Sudden differentiation in unpredictable directions must, in short, be a latent capacity of protoplasm; and the explanation of Mangiamele's gift is virtually referred to the nature of the stock of protoplasm with which his earliest ancestors started operations.

This answer has the logical advantage over the Lamarckian answer, (which, of course, at bottom is protoplasmic also,) that, being hardly more than a mere restatement of the facts, it cannot help being true so far as it goes. But it is not, and was not propounded by Darwin as being, an explanation of the ultimate source of faculty, but only of certain incidents in its terrene development.

(3) In direct contrast to these terrene explanations comes the preterrene explanation of Plato. A man learns geometrical truths easily, Plato said, because in reality he is only remembering them. He is remembering them beause he learnt them originally in the ideal world, before his incarnation "in this body, which is our tomb." One wishes that Plato had had the facts now before us to work up into a dialogue,

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"Dase, or Inspiration." If he thought his hypothesis of reminiscence necessary in order to explain the mental effort of an intelligent adult mastering what were then the startling novelties contained in the first books of Euclid,—what would he have said of Pascal, who *παῖς ἐὼν ἄθυρε μεγάλα ἔργα*,—sported with cosmic laws in childish play;—of Gauss flinging down his slate with the answer alone written upon it,—Da liegt es!—the moment that the master had dictated the question which was to occupy the class for an hour;—or above all, as I say, of the crass and stolid Dase,—as it were an idiot supported from the Prytaneum, to declare secrets which the gods had hid from men?

(4) Lastly, the view which I am here suggesting is in some sort a renewal of the old Platonic "reminiscence," in the light of that fuller knowledge which is common property to-day. I hold, of course, that in the protoplasm or primary basis of all organic life there must have been an inherent adaptability to the manifestation of all faculties which organic life has in fact manifested. I hold, of course, that sports or variations occur, which are at present unpredictable, and which reveal in occasional offspring faculties which their parents showed no signs of possessing. But I differ from those who hold that the faculty itself thus manifested is now for the first time initiated in that stock by some chance combination of hereditary elements. I hold that it is not initiated, but only revealed; that the "sport" has not called a new faculty into being, but has merely raised an existing faculty above the threshold of supraliminal consciousness.

This view, if pushed back far enough, is no doubt inconsistent with the way in which evolution is generally conceived. For it denies that all human faculties need have been evoked by terrene experience. It assumes a subliminal self, with unknown faculties, originated in some unknown way, and not merely by contact with the needs which the terrene organism has had to meet. It thus seems at first sight to be introducing a new mystery, and to be introducing it in a gratuitous way.

To this I reply in the first place that so far as the origin of man's known powers is concerned, no fresh mystery is in fact introduced. All human powers, to put the thing broadly, have somehow or other to be got into protoplasm and got out again. You have to explain first how they became implicit in the earliest and lowest living thing, and then how they have become thus far explicit in the latest and highest. All the faculties of that highest being, I repeat, existed *virtually* in the lowest, and in so far as the admitted faculties are concerned the difference between my view and the ordinary view may be said to be little more than a difference as to the sense which that word *virtually* is here to assume.

The real difference between the two views appears when the facul-

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ties which I have called unknown come to be considered. If they are held to be real, my view is certainly the better able to embrace them. I hold that telepathy and clairvoyance do in fact exist;—telepathy, a communication between incarnate mind and incarnate mind, and perhaps between incarnate minds and minds unembodied;—clairvoyance, a knowledge of things terrene which overpasses the limits of ordinary perception,—and which perhaps also achieves an insight into some other than terrene world. And these faculties, I say, cannot have been acquired by natural selection, for the preservation of the race, during the process of terrene evolution. In some sense they pre-existed; they were (as we may phrase it) the products of pre-terrene evolution. And if they were so, man's other powers may well have been so also. Perception pre-existed; and the specialised forms of terrene perception were not real novelties in the universe, but imperfect adaptations of protoplasm to the manifestation of the indwelling general perceptive power. The mathematical faculty, for instance (I say with Plato), pre-existed. When Dase solved all those sums in his head, his power of solving them was not a fresh development in his ancestral stock, but depended on the accidental adaptation of his organism to the manifestation of the indwelling computative power. I do not indeed venture to follow Plato in his ontogenetic argument,—his claim that the individual computator has had already an individual training in computation. I do not say that Dase himself learnt or divined the multiplication-table in some ideal world. I only say that Dase and all the rest of us are the spawn or output of some unseen world in which the multiplication-table is, so to speak, in the air. Dase trailed it after him, as the poet says of the clouds of glory, when he "descended into generation" in a humble position at Hamburg.

In him and in his ancestors were many faculties which were called out by the struggle for existence, and became supraliminal. But there were many faculties also which were not thus called out, and which consequently remained subliminal. To these faculties, as a rule, his supraliminal self could get no access. But by some chance of evolution, —some sport,—a vent-hole was opened at this one point between the different strata of his being, and a subliminal uprush carried his computative faculty into the open day.

It is to work done by the aid of any such uprush that the word "genius" may be most fitly applied. "A work of genius," indeed, in common parlance, means a work which satisfies two quite distinct requirements. It must involve something original, spontaneous, unteachable, unexpected; and it must also in some way win for itself the admiration of mankind. Now, psychologically speaking, the first of these requirements corresponds to a real class, the second to a purely accidental one. What the poet feels while he writes his poem is the psychological

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fact in *his* history; what his friends feel while they read it may be a psychological fact in *their* history, but does not alter the poet's creative effort, which was what it was, whether anyone but himself ever reads his poem or no.

And popular phraseology justifies our insistence upon this subjective side of genius. Thus it is common to say that "Hartley Coleridge" (for example) "was a genius, although he never produced anything worth speaking of." Men recognise, that is to say, from descriptions of Hartley Coleridge, and from the fragments which he has left, that ideas came to him with what I have termed a sense of subliminal uprush,—with an authentic, although not to us an instructive, inspiration.

The especial advantage of the study of arithmetical prodigies is that in their case the subjective impression coincides closely with the objective result. The subliminal computator feels that the sum is right, and it *is* right. Forms of real or supposed genius which are more interesting are apt to be less undeniable.

In conclusion we must dwell for a moment upon another and higher kind of internal visualisation. I have spoken of the arithmetical prodigy as possessing a kind of internal blackboard, on which he inscribes with ease and permanence his imaginary memoranda. But blackboards are not the only surfaces on which inscriptions can be made. There are other men,—prodigies of a different order,—whose internal *tabula* is not of blackened wood, but of canvas or of marble; —whose inscriptions are not rows of arabic numerals but living lines of colour, or curves of breathing stone. Even the most realistic art is something more than transcript and calculation; and for art's higher imaginative achievements there must needs be moments of inward idealisation when visible beauty seems but the token and symbol of beauty unrevealed;—when Praxiteles must "draw from his own heart the archetype of the Eros that he made";—when Tintoret must feel with Heraclitus that "whatsoever we see waking is but deadness, and whatsoever sleeping, is but dream."

It would be easy to quote many a passage in which these gifted visualisers have described, more impressively than Colburn or Bidder, the unexpected, the incalculable flashing of the perfect conception upon the eye within. But such self-revelations, however genuinely expressed, might only produce upon the reader a feeling of grotesqueness or confusion. For, as I have said, the subjective sensation of triumphant genius is by no means always coincident with the corresponding objective effect. In the diaries of the luckless Haydon we should find ample utterance of the sense of complete achievement. In the sonnets of Raphael or of Michael Angelo we should find all moods of haunting search, of deep desire;—descending to that profoundest note which declares that sovereign sweetness is in itself incompatible

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with the life of earth;—*che soverchia dolcezza a morte mena.* It would, I repeat once more, be useless for the psychologist to attempt to classify works of genius on the basis of their objective merit. In his eyes the word genius will have the truest meaning when it depends wholly on the mind's mode of interior working,—when it is made to include phenomena as disparate as Mr. Higton's vision of the weight of the hides, and Lady Eardley's warning voice, and Zerah Colburn's answers to multiplication-sums, along with Sappho's odes, and Beethoven's sonatas, and the Faun of Praxitèles;—aye, and even, —what seems still stranger,—along with the poorest art which has carried with it a genuine sense of inspiration,—along with Smith's verses to Miss Jones, and Miss Jones' water-colour sketch of her guardian angel. Only let those of us who may have shared this glow remember that our uprush of subliminal faculty may be of no deeper interest to mankind than was Mr. Higton's equally inspired vision of a clock-face, which revealed to him, while his watch was in his pocket, that it was 11.25 a.m. The only reward of inspiration which we are entitled to look for is the sense of inspiration itself.

Das Lied, das aus der Kehle dringt,
Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.

And if these cautions are needed in the realm of Art, where there are at least some accepted canons to which our productions must conform, how much more necessary will they be in those wider, more emotional fields in which inspiration—subliminal or extraneous—is so often claimed,—in the realms of Love and Faith! But the questions of the subliminal guidance of emotion, of the origins of prophetic utterance, although not alien to my general subject, lie outside of my present intention. I am dealing here with the subliminal self as it operates within the limits of our familiar and definite capacity, and adds to that capacity, which seemed strictly conditioned by the very structure of our organism, a new vividness or energy of its own. I have urged that the spectrum of our ordinary consciousness,—even without considering its possible prolongations beyond either limit,—may undergo a general accession of luminosity from the uprush from some central glow. Bright lines may thus be brightened; and dark absorption-bands may disappear. And there is ground for serious hope in the thought that this intensification of radiance may be the destiny of the faintest as of the most brilliant luminary. The difference between human spirit and spirit, as between blazing sun and sun, is a difference of magnitude rather than of constitution. One star may differ from another star in glory; but all are fashioned of the same primal elements, and kindled with the same cosmic fire.

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Chapter IV.

Hypermnesic Dreams.

In the chapter just concluded we have been reviewing certain indications of subliminal operation which are discernible in ordinary waking life, and within the range of man's familiar and admitted powers. It has been shown that sensory perceptions of more than normal acuteness, sensory memories of more than normal distinctness and tenacity, are sometimes initiated or preserved beneath the threshold and outside the control of the waking supraliminal Self. And I have urged that we thus obtain glimpses of an activity which I believe to be constantly going on within us;—of a source of light (to return to a previous metaphor) which is able to add illumination to the bright lines of our familiar spectrum, as well as to prolong that spectrum beyond both its physiological and its psychological limits.

The main interest of our inquiry will probably be found in excursions into regions of faculty as yet unmapped and unregistered. But before passing on to telepathy and clairvoyance we must complete the task of the last chapter by reviewing those subliminal indications of quickened sensory perception, intensified memory, which are discerned during the dominance of that second phase of personality which we are wont to class as equally normal with our waking life.

The definition of *sleep* is a task which the physiologist prudently declines to attempt. The causes which lead to its onset;—the condition of the brain and other organs during its persistence;—the precise way in which it produces its restorative or other effects;—all these are still matters of hypothesis, not of knowledge. And the old difficulties of explanation have been increased,—to an extent which has not yet been grasped by the writers of ordinary text-books,—by all these recent experiments in the induction of hypnotic slumber. "Accumulation of waste products," "de-oxygenation," "periodicity";—causes such as these, whatever their importance in inducing ordinary nocturnal sleep, can hardly be invoked to explain a long deep slumber produced by mere suggestion in an unfatigued subject. Nor can any facile simplification, on one side or on the other, extricate us from this dilemma. If, with the Salpêtrière school, we pronounce the hypnotic trance a morbid phenomenon, quite different from true sleep, we are met by a series of sleep-states too continuous for any logical break;—till at last we should have to call the baby's slumber in the cradle a morbid thing, because its mother has used monotonous stimulation in the form of rocking and pats. If on the other hand, with the school of Nancy, we assert that hypnotic trance is virtually identical with ordinary sleep, the difference being only in degrees of "suggestibility,"—then we have but imported

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into our conception of ordinary sleep that unsolved enigma of "suggestion" of which so much has already been here said.

From the point of view taken in these papers such attempts at simplification as either of these must necessarily be crude and inadequate. We are regarding the human individuality as a practically infinite reservoir of personal states;—as a kaleidoscope which may be shaken into a thousand patterns, yet so that no pattern can employ all the pieces contained in the tube. We shall therefore regard sleep as a phase of personality neither more nor less natural, neither more nor less explicable, than vigilance;—natural or explicable, indeed, only in the historical or evolutionary sense, as having played a part of manifest usefulness in the conservation of living races.

And looking to the origins of animal life we shall recognise that the permanent state of lower organisms, the primary state of higher organisms, is one much more analogous to sleep than to waking. So long as food comes without seeking there is no need to watch or wake. And as sleep precedes vigilance so do dreams precede thought. Such consciousness, that is to say, as may exist in organisms in which the alternation of waking and slumber is not yet definitely established is likely, in its confused dimness, in its imperfect response to external stimuli, to resemble our slumber-sense of cold or pressure far more closely than it resembles the alert attention of our daylight hours.

Then comes into play that agency—call it what you will—the evolutionary nisus—the creative Power—the "Jupiter ipse" implanting in each organism the capacity of developing new faculties under new stress,—

Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.

When food must be sought, we learn to seek it; to seek it first by aid of one sense-organ after another, specialised from a diffused sensibility according to our need;—and to seek it afterwards by aid of inward reflection,—of those molecular cerebral changes which make the output of muscular movement in a Stephenson more effective in food-production than the apparently greater output of the navvy working on his railway's track.

As evolution advances, then, we in some sense become more and more awake. Our secondary condition diverges further and further from our primary, by growing adaptation to the more complex needs of life. But nevertheless we retain the habit of reversion to our primitive phase of personality; occasional periods of the slumber in which our bodies were first framed are needful for their due maintenance and renewal. Why this should be so,—whether it always must be so,—we cannot say. We have no clue to the forces which shake the kaleidoscope of our psychical being now into this pattern, now into that.

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But although our suggested mode of regarding sleep cannot itself claim to be regarded as an *explanation*, it may be serviceable in guarding us against explanations of an incomplete or one-sided kind. Thus, for instance, however important may be the function of sleep in facilitating the elimination of the products of *nervous waste*, we shall not think it probable that the accumulation of such products in the system should be the sole inducing cause of sleep. Consequently there will be nothing to surprise us in the discovery that sleep can be induced by hypnotic suggestion at moments when no lactates, &c., can have accumulated in the system.

Again, important as the influence of *periodicity* may be in inducing sleep, we shall not be willing to assume that sleep is necessarily a periodical function. It will in no way surprise us to find that sleep in certain subjects can be almost indefinitely prolonged, if food—and often if very little food—is supplied to the sleeper, or placed within reach of his automatic or subliminal impulse to grasp it. *Attaques de sommeil* are becoming familiar now; but it should be remembered that they were once as scornfully and even cruelly disbelieved as was the mesmeric trance itself.[1] In our view, on the other hand, such prolonged slumbers will form a not specially surprising reversion to the habit of pre-human ancestors, and to our own earliest phase of physical and psychical being.

As regards the prolongation of the *waking* state, on the other hand, the influence of this view of sleep will be mainly negative. I mean that we shall not consider it so impossible as it appears on ordinary physiological theories of sleep that some kind of active state should be abnormally extended;—that some variety, whether evolutive or dissolutive, of vigilance should be developed which is less prone to frequent reversion to the primary slumber.

We shall not be surprised, then, to meet with states either of ecstacy or of disease in which ordinary sleep seems for the time to be superseded. With ecstacy we shall have to deal later on;—a striking example of prolonged vigilance in mania may be quoted from the well-known alienist, Sir J. Crichton Browne.[2]

"Nothing can well be more unexpected than the replaceability of sleep by maniacal excitement. Chronic maniacs are in a state of perpetual mental and bodily restlessness. They talk to themselves, they chatter throughout the night, they dance, clap their hands, gesticulate, indulge in shouts of laughter, or tear their clothing to pieces. The length of time during which they can continue to discharge nervous energy uninterruptedly in this excessive and almost semi-convulsive manner

[1] See *Zoist*, Vol. XII., p. 381, *sqq.*, where Elliotson's robust and manly common-sense once more showed its superiority over the professional prejudice of his time.

[2] West Riding Lunatic Asylum Medical Reports, Vol. V., p. 238.

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is truly astonishing. I have had under my care a chronic maniac who worked energetically as a navvy all day, and who sat up in bed talking and shouting all night, for six months together. During these six months he was never known to sleep. By day he manifested not the slightest drowsiness, and by night he was never caught nodding. The night attendants visited him hourly, and at every visit he was in the same position, propped up in his bed, and at the same occupation, pouring out vociferously a torrent of incoherence. Not less remarkable than the length of time during which unintermitting excitement can be kept up in chronic mania is the smallness of the effect which the long-sustained and severe exertion and the protracted sleeplessness exert upon the bodily health. Exhaustion is rare in chronic mania. The man to whom I have alluded had not lost weight after his six months' noisy vigil."

The condition here described is assuredly more remote than either prolonged fasting, prolonged natural sleep, or prolonged hypnotic trance, from the ordinary physiological current of man's existence. It is one of the obscure hints which reach the physician from many quarters that we are dealing with a machine whose original motive power is in fact considerably greater than its ordinary operation would lead us to suppose.

In our present discussion, however, which is concerned with the nature of sleep only on its psychological side, the main interest lies in the analysis of such manifestations of thought or sensation as the sleeping state affords. And to begin with, our conception of sleep as no mere abeyance of waking activities, but rather as a phase of personality with characteristics definitely its own, will lead us to set aside as fallacies various current notions as to the nature of dreams. Thus it is often supposed that the dreams which are in themselves the most vivid will also be the best remembered;—and that such dreams will occur in states of imperfect sleep. To this we shall reply that, on the analogy of other severances of personality, we shall expect that the impressions carried from one phase into another are likely to be the confused impressions of transitional states; and that the deeper and more characteristic the experience of any subliminal state may be, the more unlikely is it to pass into the supraliminal chain of memory.

Somewhat similarly we shall refuse to take for granted, as is commonly done, that dreams cannot possibly be anything more than echoes or fragments of waking experience, fantastically combined. Such an assumption implies what we altogether deny;—that the supraliminal personality is identical with the true Self,—that the supraliminal chain of memory is the only coherent or continuous chain. Our minds, on the other hand, will be absolutely open as regards the possible content of dreams; and we shall desire that dreams should be subjected to

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an analysis far more searching than they have as yet received from any quarter.

One great general lesson the world may be said to have learnt from dreams. Dreams, says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "are the experience out of which the conception of a mental self eventually grows." Only so soon, that is to say, as the savage realises that he has not been out hunting in bodily form during sleep,—"as this supposed duplicate, once thought of as like the original in all things, becomes gradually modified by the dropping of physical characters irreconcilable with the facts, does the hypothesis of a mental self, as we understand it, become established." [1]

Extending this remark in the direction which later knowledge suggests, we may say that just as some slight dissociation of elements habitually associated in supraliminal activity was thus necessary in order to enable the savage to conceive even of a supraliminal Self,—so for us also the more complex dissociations involved in somnambulism, hypnotic trance, &c., are necessary in order to enable us to conceive of that completer self of which the supraliminal self is only a partial manifestation.

Looked at in this wide and general manner, dreams have afforded to minds at every stage of culture some kind of permanent suggestion of possibilities lying outside the familiar course of things. But when we come to anything like detailed analysis, we find the field almost unworked. The shallower dreams, if I may so term them,—those which occur in disturbed sleep, or at the moment of waking,—have received some ingenious explanations; but little attention has been paid to the deeper dreams,—those which occur, (as the dreamer believes,) in profound sleep, and sometimes leave upon waking hours an impression of reality which the confused fancies of fever, or the nightmares of indigestion, cannot rival.

And there is of course this difficulty,—that the *quality* of any given dream can be estimated only by the dreamer; while of all waking memories the memory of dreams is (and in our view inevitably) the most uncertain and evanescent. This difficulty, however, which at first seems as though it must infect all conclusions with the observer's own subjectivity, can be overcome by a simple expedient. Let a man register all those dreams whose *quality* impresses him; and let him then observe whether such dreams, when they admit of confirmation, are actually confirmed by fact. They are capable of being thus confirmed whenever the dream incidents are such as subsequently to show coincidence—or want of coincidence—with some event, past, present, or future, which was unknown to the dreamer's waking self. All that is

[1] *Principles of Sociology*, Vol. I., p. 157.

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needed is that a man who attaches importance to any of his dreams should make immediate record of any dream which, on subjective grounds, he thinks likely to belong to a clairvoyant or coincidental class. If all the dreams which he intends to *count* are thus recorded before their fulfilment or non-fulfilment is known,—and if he scrupulously abstains from counting any dream not thus recorded, however strikingly it may be fulfilled,—we shall be able to calculate, with no fear of exaggeration, the proportion of coincidences between dream and fact. For any mistakes which he may make in his subjective estimate of his dreams will, on the supposition that all the coincidences are due to chance, be exactly as likely to tell against him as for him,—while, on the supposition that a certain class of his dreams are really veridical, his mistakes in distinguishing beforehand the true members of this class will tell wholly against him. And if his impressive dreams, whenever they involve a possible coincidence with provable fact, do so coincide, he will have some reason for attaching importance to other dreams subjectively similar, but less capable of definite testing.

There is another way of gauging a dream's intensity,—of picking out a small and significant class. Dreams which have *led to action* are extremely rare,—rarer, probably, even than waking hallucinations. Most of the dreams referred to in this chapter belong to that group. The dreamer has actually done something in waking hours as a direct result of his nocturnal experience.

In practice it will be found that although many men, and often, dream confused dreams, few men, and rarely, dream dreams to which they can attach importance even on purely subjective grounds. It would be an easier thing than at first appears to keep a record of all such dreams as were not easily explicable by fragmentary memories or corporeal conditions; and such a record would, even apart from the coincidental class of dreams, yield much of value to the psychologist.[1] If, at least, our waking life,—our supraliminal personality,—is only one of many possible patterns into which the elements of our fuller individuality may arrange themselves;—those elements not being all of them employed in any one of such patterns;—then we may fairly expect that even the simplest and most primitive pattern may reveal elements absent from other patterns, or at least may teach us, by its new arrangements, something fresh as to the elements already known.

And here we may, I hope, find it useful to have already discussed some of the subliminal phenomena revealed by hypnotism, before

[1] Dr. Nelson, of Johns Hopkins University, with a statistical object of a different kind, has recorded over 1,000 dreams of his own per annum for some years. (*American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. I., Part 3, p. 374.)

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approaching the subject of spontaneous sleep. For spontaneous sleep —whether or not it differs from hypnotic sleep (as Liébeault maintains) only in being the result of self-suggestion instead of suggestion from without,—is at least in some sense a halfway house between hypnotic trance and waking life; and we may well begin our inquiry into the sensory and mental phenomena of common sleep by considering what phenomena could really be classed as intermediate between those of vigilance and those of induced somnambulism.

I am of course here speaking of positive, not of merely negative characteristics;—not of the abstraction from waking interests, the subsidence of muscular energy, which are common to most forms of sleep and trance, but of the additions to faculty which those states reveal; whether those additions take the form of an increased command over the present, the future, or the past.

1. To take first an increase of power in the present,—of grasp over the world without or over the sensory centres within. We have observed that in the hypnotic trance there is often a heightening of sensory faculty, in its two main forms of external and internal hyperæsthesia,—a quickened capacity, say, for reading small print or discerning minute specks on a card,—and also a quickened "mind's eye" creativity,—a power of projecting hallucinatory images more vivid than any which waking effort could induce. We shall expect, then, that in dream or somnolence there will be some trace of added power of this kind;—something seen as waking eyes cannot see, or imagined as waking attention cannot imagine.

2. And to take next another power which, exercised of course in the present, becomes manifest by its influence upon the future, we know that ideas or suggestions carried over from the hypnotic into the normal state often exert a much stronger and more permanent influence than similar statements or recommendations would exert if originally made to the waking subject. We shall therefore think it probable that some dreams may in this respect resemble hypnotic suggestions, and may influence waking life in a way which the waking personality cannot justify or explain.

3. Passing on now to memory, or control over the past, the character of sleep,—roughly intermediate between waking life and the hypnotic trance,—will suggest that its memory will have links of almost equal strength with the memory of waking life and the memory of hypnotic states. Thus far, then, it will resemble the hypnotic memory —which is apt to be the more comprehensive of the two;—although we cannot, of course, assume that it will be identical with that memory.

4. And yet again; it is not only over periods rendered ecmnesic —cut out of waking memory—by hypnotic trance that we may expect dream-memory to extend some kind of sway. Ecmnesic periods of

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other kinds occur; gaps of memory, for instance, sometimes follow upon concussion of the brain. It will be interesting to see whether the memory of any of these periods is recoverable in sleep.

5. But apart from hypnotic trance, from ecmnesic lacunæ, may there not, we may well ask, be something else in dream-memory which waking memory does not contain? In our discussion of "The Mechanism of Genius" we saw that even during our ordinary waking life there was something within us which observed more, felt more, remembered more than the supraliminal consciousness by itself could ever tell us. May not dream recall to us some of those deeply-hidden impressions which form the material on which genius works? Dream often recalls to us facts of our waking life which we have known and forgotten. May it not also recall to us facts which our supraliminal selves have never known?

6. Lastly,—and giving to our anticipations above-mentioned a more extended form,—we shall expect that those supernormal powers which emerge with difficulty through the vigorous but superficial current of ordinary waking life will show more frequently at the surface through the stiller waters of sleep. Telepathy, clairvoyance, premonition;—powers like these, if they exist in us anywhere, must surely leave some traces upon our dreams. I must, however, for the present postpone inquiry into these points; since the verification of the five previous suggestions as to what may be anticipated from sleep and dreams will afford more than enough material for this chapter.

(1) First, then, as to the heightening of sensory faculty in sleep or dream. There seems at first sight something of paradox in expecting hyperæsthesia from somnolence;—vivid sensation from a condition usually described as a progressive dulling or subsidence of one sense after another. And, naturally, it will be in the generation of internal rather than in the perception of external imagery that we may expect to find the closed eye active,—

ὁρῶντα λαμπρὸν ἐν σκότῳ νωμῶντ' ὀφρύν.

There is in fact a phenomenon, by no means uncommon, and very conspicuous, which, like many other human phenomena whose interest is scientific rather than therapeutic, remained unnoticed until a very recent date. Baillarger in France and Griesinger in Germany (both about 1845) were among the first to call attention to the vivid images which rise before the internal vision of many persons, between sleep and waking. M. Alfred Maury, the well-known Greek scholar and antiquary, gave to these images a few years later the title of *illusions hypnagogiques*, and published a remarkable series of observations upon himself. Mr. Galton has further treated of them in his *Inquiry into Human Faculty;* and Cases will be found in *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., pp. 390, 474, &c.

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These visions may be *hypnopompic* as well as *hypnagogic*;—may appear, that is to say, at the moment when slumber is departing as well as at the moment when it is coming on;—and in either case they are closely related to dreams; the "hypnagogic illusions" or pictures being sometimes repeated in dream (as with Maury), and the hypnopompic pictures consisting generally in the persistence of some dream image into the first moments of waking. In either case they testify to an intensified power of inward visualisation at a very significant moment;—a moment which is actually or virtually one of sleep, but which yet admits of definite comparison with adjacent moments of waking. We may call the condition one of cerebral or "mind's eye" hyperæsthesia,—an exalted sensibility of special brain-centres in response to those unknown internal stimuli which are always giving rise to similar but fainter inward visions even in broadly-waking hours.

For those who are already good visualisers such phenomena as these, though striking enough, present no quite unique experience. For bad visualisers, on the other hand, the vividness of these hypnagogic pictures may be absolutely a revelation. For myself I may say that were it not for an occasional flash of this kind, between sleep and waking, I should be unable to conceive what good visualisation really is. The dim, blurred, unstable images which are all that my waking will can summon up are every now and then replaced in a moment of somnolence by a picture—say of a wet hedge in the sun—which seems, to my hurried glance, to be absolutely as clear and brilliant as the object itself could be. The difference is like that between an instantaneous photograph (and in natural colours!) and a dim dissolving view cast by a magic-lantern on the point of going out. Many men must have had this experience; and must have been struck with the unguessed reserve of faculty which for a moment was thus revealed.

Equally remarkable are the *hypnopompic* pictures, as I have termed them;—those, namely, which accompany the *departure* of sleep. For it often happens (as in the cases cited by Mr. Gurney) that a figure which has formed part of a dream continues to be seen as a hallucination for some moments after waking;—a strong testimony to the vividness of dream-visualisation. As already observed, the generation of a hallucinatory figure (however useless an achievement) marks probably the highest point which man's visualising faculty ever reaches; and it is noteworthy that with many persons this point should be attained in dream alone. Sometimes, it may be, this prolongation of hallucination may best be described as an after-image, sometimes as the result of a "suggestion" inspired by the dream.

The degree of acuteness of all the senses in dream is a subject for direct observation, and even—for persons who can at all control their

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dreams—for direct experiment. I have elsewhere described[1] some efforts of my own to test my own power of visualisation in dream; with the result, as I must confess, that I have not found it superior to my very low waking capacity. Some correspondents, however, report a considerable accession of sensory power in dream. An impressive dream, dreamt by Mrs. A. W. Verrall, of Cambridge, and at once carefully recorded, had for its theme an intensification of each sense in turn. Mrs. Verrall has poor musical perceptions, and when told in her dream that the sense of *sound* was next to be exalted, she anticipated little pleasure. The sensation came, however, as something entirely new,—as "very harmony, which I had only heard till then in echoes,—in the rhythm of verse, or in the sighing of the wind among the pine-trees. My hearing was purified, not by the fulfilment of desire, but by the creation of desire, which in its very birth attained fruition." Others speak of the increased vividness of dramatic conception, or of what is called in a hypnotic subject "objectivation of types." "In each of these dreams," writes one lady, "I was a man;—in one of them a low brute, in the other a dipsomaniac. I never had the slightest conception of how such persons felt or thought until these experiences." Another correspondent speaks of dreaming two disconnected dreams,—one emotional and one geometrical,—simultaneously, and of consequent sense of confusion and fatigue.

In Mr. R. L. Stevenson's recent volume, *Across the Plains*, will be found a "Chapter on Dreams," which contains the description of the most successful dream-experiments thus far recorded. By self-suggestion before sleep Mr. Stevenson can secure a visual and dramatic intensity of dream-representation which has furnished him with the motives for some of his most striking romances. His account, written with admirable psychological insight, is indispensable to students of this subject. Once more, the singular intensity which *happiness* may assume in dreams,—"that thoughtless sense of joy bewildering" which seldom recurs in waking life after early youth,—is probably familiar to many of my readers. It seems analogous to the rise in spirits generally observed in somnambulic states,—and perhaps to the ecstacy which often seems to accompany some profound upheaval of subliminal strata.

I am not in this chapter dealing with spontaneous somnambulism; which, if regarded as a form of sleep, would of course supply many illustrations to my present argument. But before we leave the topic of dream-hyperæsthesia, it may occur to the reader to ask whether ordinary sleep affords any parallel to that form of exaltation of sight so often recorded in somnambulism which enables the subject to "see in the dark";—to perform complex operations of sewing or writing in what appears to others absolute night. This power

[1] *S.P.R. Proceedings*, Vol. IV., p. 241.

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however its highest manifestations may be explained, is in some cases almost certainly a form of hyperæsthesia. Can we find anything of the same kind in the condition of the eyes during ordinary sleep?

I believe that with most people, as with myself, there is no special clearness of vision, but rather at first some indistinctness, on opening the eyes from sleep upon a dimly lit room. But we have several cases where there is an impression of light on sudden awakening, which may be a centrally initiated hallucination,—a simple phantasm prolonged from a dream;—or may, on the other hand, be due to retinal hyperæsthesia.[1] We owe the following well-observed instance to Miss Mason (the Inspectress of boarded-out children under the Local Government Board), who is already known to our readers as a careful witness.

M. 652.

Whatcombe, Blandford, *July 12th*, 1883.

DEAR MR. MYERS,—Faithful to my promise to you, I report that the night before last, the window being open as usual, the wind suddenly rose, shook my window and door, and awoke me out of a sound sleep with a start. I am not sure that I saw the whole room, but I saw the door and the window from which the sound proceeded, or that very small part of the window which was not quite covered by a heavy curtain, and I saw the curtain. The light faded almost immediately, and I then perceived that it was a pitch dark night, no moon (which fact I had observed by looking out of my window, as I always do, just before getting into bed), and that I could not see anything whatever with my eyes straining, not even where the window was. The two clocks I can hear both struck one as I was trying to see any light.

As I saw the door, I also saw against it, as it seemed, a sort of lighter coloured framework of bars, and as I knew that there was nothing of the sort in front, or beside the door, I concluded that it was a sudden dream, and I had only fancied that I saw what I did. Having heard the clock, I did not strike a light, and went to sleep again. I was awakened twice after in the same way by the wind, but saw no light, nor any object whatever, though I tried my best. I had been asleep a shorter while each time, seemingly, than the first.

When I woke at daylight, I discovered that the bars I thought I must have dreamt of were those of the foot of my brass bedstead, and that they stood between me and the door exactly where I had seen them.

I have been staying here since the 5th inst., long enough to have become acquainted with the objects in my room, though not familiarised with them as at home, and I am too absent and preoccupied to be very observant of furniture. And I had never thought of observing, nor noticed, the relative position from where I was of the foot of the bedstead and the door. I have thus been accidentally submitted to the test we proposed, that a strange

[1] Compare Professor Joseph Le Conte's account of a supposed spatial representation of the blind spot, seen on awakening. (*American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. III., No. 3, p. 364.)

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object should be placed, unknown to me, in my room, so that on waking suddenly in the dark, I could not fancy it unless I really saw it. Of course, as I have no witness, this rests only on my word, but I am satisfied myself.

My room has two windows, having thick white blinds, and thick curtains with thick lining. I saw only the window from which the noise came. The curtain may have been blown a little aside, but at any rate I could not see the window in another few seconds.—Yours very truly,

M. H. Mason.

I quote this case, because I can find no better experiment of a like kind; but the possibility of a reproduction of unconscious perception is of course not here excluded.

I do not think that it is yet proved that it is the *rested* condition of the retina which facilitates these vivid perceptions. *Illusions hypnagogiques* occur when the retina is presumably fatigued; and Mrs. Verrall has had hyperæsthetic perceptions of light in a dark bedroom (the dim chink under the door seen brightly lit), on suddenly waking after a short or restless sleep. I shall be glad to receive communications on this subject.

In thus illustrating the reserves of faculty manifested to us by sleep and dream I have chosen by preference certain forms of *visual* hyperæsthesia. The indications which are to be found of other hyperæsthesiæ,—as where a dream foretells a malady whose onset has not yet become perceptible to the waking self,—cannot, by the nature of the case, admit of comparisons so definite as degrees of the sense of sight afford. Enough, I hope, may have been said to suggest some lines of psychological experiment which offer little difficulty, and may bear much fruit.

(2) The second characteristic of dream to which the discussion leads us indicates a force or vividness of a different kind. The permanent *result* of a dream is sometimes such as to show that the dream has not been a mere superficial confusion of past waking experiences, but has had an unexplained potency of its own;—drawn, like the potency of hypnotic suggestion, from some depth in our being which the waking self cannot reach. Two main classes of this kind are conspicuous enough to be easily recognised;—those, namely, where the dream has led to a "conversion" or marked religious change, and those where it has been the starting-point of an "insistent idea" or a fit of actual insanity.[1] The dreams which convert, reform, change character and creed, have of course a *primâ facie* claim to be considered as something other than ordinary dreams; and their discussion may be deferred till a later stage of our inquiry. Those, on the other hand, which suddenly generate an insistent idea of an

[1] See Dr. Féré in *Brain* for January, 1887.

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irrational type are closely and obviously analogous to post-hypnotic self-suggestions, which the self that inspired them cannot be induced to countermand. Such is the dream related by M. Taine,[1] where a gendarme, impressed by an execution at which he has assisted, dreams that he is himself to be guillotined, and is afterwards so influenced by the dream that he attempts suicide. Several cases of this kind have been collected by Dr. Faure[2]; and Dr. Tissié, in his interesting little work, *Les Rêves*, has added some striking instances from his own observation. I quote one of M. Faure's cases as a sample, showing that in an apparently healthy subject an apparently causeless dream may leave traces quite as persistent as any hypnotic suggestion could implant from without. The dream is in fact a self-suggestion of the most potent kind.

M. 26.

"A shop assistant, strongly built and regular in habits, awoke one morning in a state of fever and agitation, perspiring copiously, anxious and uneasy. He announced that all his savings were gone; he was ruined, done for. He said that on the previous day, while driving a van, he had got into a quarrel with a coachman; and that in the confusion his van had broken in the front window of a mirror-maker. He would have to pay for the damage. He told the story with great detail; and still saw himself caught round the neck by his adversary, who had struck him so violently that he had lost consciousness, and that they had had to carry him into a wine-merchant's shop to bring him to. His wife assured us that when he returned home the evening before he was in his usual condition; that he had seen to his business, passed the evening at home, and gone to bed with no trouble upon him.

"For three days X. continued in this frame of mind, unable to calm himself for a moment, although he was taken to the actual place where the imaginary accident had occurred. It was some days later before he thoroughly understood that it had been a dream. And for a whole month he would fall daily into the same confusion of memory;—would sit down in despair, crying and repeating 'We are ruined!' Even seven years afterwards he still had occasional crises of this nature, when he forgot the truth, and lived for several days under the shock of this imaginary disaster."

We may compare with this a case where "the touch of a vanished hand" appeared to bring physical relief to a dreamer.

M. 27.

From Mr. H. L. Holbrook, M.D., Editor of the *Herald of Health*. 13 and 15, Laight-street, New York, *July* 30th, 1884.

In the spring of 1870, I had an attack of acute bronchitis, which was very severe, and from the fact that I had had a similar attack every winter and spring for several years, I felt considerable alarm, and believed it

[1] *De l'intelligence*, Vol. I., p. 119.
[2] *Archives de Médecine*, Vol. I., 1876, p. 554.

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would ultimately become chronic, and perhaps terminate my life. As I was then young, and had just entered on a career of labour which I wished to follow for a long time, I became very despondent at such a prospect. In this depressed condition I fell into a sleep which was not very profound, and the following circumstance, which is still fresh in my mind, appeared to take place. My sister, who had been dead more than 20 years, and whom I had almost forgotten, came to my bedside, and said, "Do not worry about your health, we have come to cure you; there is much yet for you to do in the world." Then she vanished, and my brain seemed to be electrified as if by a shock from a battery, only it was not painful, but delicious. The shock spread downwards, and over the chest and lungs it was very strong. From here it extended to the extremities, where it appeared like a delightful glow. I awoke almost immediately, and found myself well. Since then I have never had an attack of the disease. The form of my sister was indistinct, but the voice was very plain, and I have never before had such an experience, nor since. M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D.

Compare this again with Dr. Tissié's account of his hysterical subject, Albert. "Every time," said Albert, "that I dream that I have been bitten or beaten I suffer all day in the part attacked."[1]

A still more striking illustration may be drawn from the following incident in the story of Krafft-Ebing's patient,[2] Ilma S., already mentioned :—

M. 28.

"May 6th, 1888.—The patient is disturbed to-day. She complains to the sister of severe pain under the left breast, thinks that the professor has burnt her in the night, and begs the sister to obtain a retreat for her in a convent, where she will be secure against such attacks. The sister's refusal causes a hystero-epileptic attack. [At length, in the hypnotic trance] the patient gives the following explanation of the origin of the pain :—'Last night an old man came to me; he looked like a priest and came in company with a sister of charity, on whose collet there was a large golden B. I was afraid of her. The old man was amiable and friendly. He dipped a pen in the sister's pocket, and with it wrote a W and B on my skin under the left breast. Once he dipped his pen badly and made a blot in the middle of the figure. This spot and the B pain me severely, but the W does not. The man explained the W as meaning that I should go to the M church and confess at the W confessional.'

"After this account the patient cried out and said, 'There stands the man again. Now he has chains on his hands.'

"When the patient woke into ordinary life she was suffering pain in the place indicated, where there were 'superficial losses of substance, penetrating to the corium, which have a resemblance to a reversed W and B,' with 'a hyperæmic raised spot between the two.' Nowhere in this peculiar neurotrophic alteration of the skin, which is identical with those previously pro-

[1] Tissié, *Les Rêves*, p. 121.

[2] *Hypnotism*, by Krafft-Ebing, translated by Chaddock, p. 91.

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duced experimentally, are there traces of inflammation." The pain and the memory of the dream were removed by the doctor's suggestion; but the dream self-suggestion to confess at the M church persisted; and the patient, without knowing why, did actually go and confess to the priest of her vision.

It is plain that we must be very slow to assume that any apparent result of a dream proves that the phantasmal personage whom the dream has shown possessed independent reality.

We must observe, however, that this self-suggestion in dreams,—if self-suggestion it be,—has sometimes worked itself out with a completeness exceeding anything that we know to have followed upon hypnotic suggestion. It has induced no fictive murders, but death itself. We have several cases where an announcement made in dream of the date of the dreamer's decease has been punctually fulfilled. In *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 291, Mrs. Sidgwick has quoted a case of this kind, where the death was not traceable to any known disease. I give here a case rendered still more perplexing by the repetition of the warning dream.

P. 27.

About 60 years ago a Mrs. Carleton died in the County of Leitrim. She and my late mother were very intimate, and a few days after her death she appeared to my mother in a dream, and said that never again even in dreams should my mother see her except once, which would be 24 hours before she should die. In March, 1864, my mother was living with my son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Lyon, in Dalkey. On the evening of the 2nd March my mother went to her room in very good spirits, laughing and joking with Mrs. Lyon. That night, or rather early next morning, Dr. Lyon, hearing some noise in my mother's room, awoke Mrs. Lyon, and sent her in to see if all was right. She found my mother hanging half out of bed with an expression of horror on her countenance. They got her into bed and all right. Next morning she seemed in her usual health, and ate her breakfast as usual, in bed, but heartily. On my daughter leaving her she asked the servant to bring up water for a bath, which she took. She then sent for Mrs. Lyon, and told her that Mrs. Carleton had, after a delay of 56 years, at last come, and told her of her speedy death, and that she would die next morning at the same hour as they had found her as described. She added that she had bathed preparatory to her death to avoid having her body washed. She now gradually began to sink, and died on the morning of the 4th March, at the hour she had said.

Dr. and Mrs. Lyon can corroborate this account. My mother always told me she would once more, just before death, see Mrs. Carleton.

THOMAS JAMES NORRIS.

Dalkey, Ireland.

From Dr. Lyon, 1, Tempé-terrace, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.

August 30th, 1883.

The late Mrs. Dorcas Norris, referred to in your letter, frequently in her lifetime mentioned that a Mrs. Eliza Carleton had appeared to her in a dream, and promised to appear once more to her 24 hours before her death. On the

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night before her death my wife went into her room, and found her almost insensible ; next day she said that the warning she had been waiting for for 56 years had been given, and that she would die during next night, which she did.

RICHARD ST. JOHN LYON.

This narrative is capable of interpretation in any one of three ways. As readers of these *Proceedings* know, I am myself quite willing to admit the supposition that the departed Mrs. Carleton really knew of her friend's impending decease ;—and that both dreams were impressed telepathically by a discarnate upon an incarnate mind. But we may also suppose that the first dream, though purely accidental, made so deep an impression that when it recurred—also by accident—it proved tantamount to a self-suggestion of death. Or we may suppose that the first dream was accidental, but that the second was symbolic, and induced by some organic sensation which preluded imminent death, but was perceptible in sleep before it was felt on awaking.

There are, however, cases in which these dream-predictions of death are made so long beforehand, and with so much latitude as to the exact date fixed for the decease, that it is difficult to conceive that a self-suggestion is bringing its own fulfilment. The following case, for instance, may be a mere coincidence, as Mr. Browning suggests ; but if it be more than a coincidence it is probably also more than a self-suggestion.

P. 142.

Life and Letters of Robert Browning. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. 1891, p. 277.

"In June, 1868, Miss Arabel Barrett (Mrs. Browning's sister) died of a rheumatic affection of the heart. As did her sister seven years before, she passed away in Mr. Browning's arms. He wrote the event to Miss Blogden as soon as it occurred, describing also a curious circumstance attendant on it : 19th June, 1868. You know I am not superstitious—here is a note I made in a book, Tuesday, July 21st, 1863 : 'Arabel told me yesterday that she had been much agitated by a dream which happened the night before Sunday, July 19th. She saw her [Mrs. Browning], and asked "When shall I be with you ?" The reply was, "Dearest, in five years," whereupon Arabella woke. She knew in her dream that it was not to the living she spoke.' In five years, within a month of completion—I have forgotten the date of the dream and supposed it was only three years ago, and that two had still to run. Only a coincidence, but noticeable."

Our choice of explanation in such cases must largely depend upon our view as to a problem discussed in another paper ;—the question whether phantasms of the departed do really in any case indicate a continued knowledge of any terrene event or eventuality. But be it noted that if in cases like these we reject the more marvellous explanation,—the hypothesis that the departed friend is actually warning the survivor,—we are driven to admit that dream has an unequalled potency

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of suggestion,—is linked with those forces which we have already noted as like springs in a river-bed, perturbing the stream of our being by uprushes which we can neither fathom nor foresee.

(3) I pass on to the lessons which are to be learnt from the peculiarities of dream-memory. The first point which I have marked for notice need not delay us long. Most persons experienced in hypnotism have come across incidents illustrating the affinity between memory in dream and memory in hypnotic trance. We know of course that dreams can be inspired by hypnotic suggestion;—as when M. de Rochas, in a case personally known to me, caused a young man who was neglecting his parents to dream that he himself was a father, and that his children were neglecting *him*. The salutary distress which this dream inspired led to a more filial line of conduct. But there is a connection closer than this. For without any suggestion to that effect, acts accomplished in the hypnotic trance may be remembered in dream;—and remembered under the illusion which was thrown round them by the hypnotiser. Thus Dr. Auguste Voisin suggested to a hypnotised subject to stab a patient (really a stuffed figure) in a neighbouring bed.[1] The subject did so; and of course knew nothing of it on waking. But three days afterwards he returned to the hospital, complaining that his dreams were haunted by the figure of a woman, who accused him of having stabbed and killed her. Appropriate suggestion laid this ghost of a doll.

Conversely, dreams forgotten in waking life may be remembered in the hypnotic trance. Thus Dr. Tissié's patient, Albert, dreamt that he was about to set out on one of his somnambulic "fugues," or aimless journeys, and when hypnotised mentioned to the physician this dream, which in his waking state he had forgotten.[2] The probable truth of this statement was shown by the fact that he did actually set out on the journey thus dreamt of,—and that his journeys were usually preceded and incited by remembered dreams.

I need not dwell on the existence, but at the same time the incompleteness, of our dream-memory of waking life; nor on the occasional formation of a separate chain of memory, constructed from successive and cohering dreams.

(4) My next anticipation was that dream-memory would occasionally be found to fill up gaps in waking memory, other than those due to hypnotic trance;—such so-called "ecmnesic" periods, for instance, as sometimes succeed a violent shock to the system,—and may even embrace some space of time *anterior* to the shock. Such accidents, however,

[1] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, June, 1891, p. 302.

[2] *Les Rêves*, p. 135. This remarkable patient afforded examples of many forms of communication of memory between different states of personality. See pp. 192-200 for a conspectus of these complex recollections.

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are so rare, and such dream-memory so hard to detect, that I mention the point mainly for the sake of theoretical completeness; and must think myself fortunate in being able to cite a recent case of M. Charcot's which affords an interesting confirmation of the suggested view.[1]

M. 29.

A certain Madame D., a healthy and sensible woman of thirty-four, was subjected on August 28th, 1891, to a terrible shock. Some scoundrel who has not been identified entered her cottage and told her brusquely that her husband was dead, and that his corpse was being brought home. This was absolutely false; but the news threw her into a state of profound agitation; and when some indiscreet friend, seeing the husband approach, cried out *Le voilà!* the poor woman, supposing that the *corpse* was thus announced, fell into a prolonged hysterical attack. After two days of raving she came to herself;—but had lost the memory of all events since July 14th;—*i.e.*, since a date six weeks before the shock. This kind of retroactive ecmnesia—inexplicable as it is—is known to occur sometimes after a physical concussion. In Madame D.'s case the shock had been wholly a mental one; yet the forgetfulness continued, and had spread over all the period up to M. Charcot's lecture on the case, December 22nd, 1891. Madame D. was then possessed of full recollection of her life up to July 14th, 1891;—but she could recall no event whatever which had occurred since that date. She endeavoured to continue her domestic duties; but if she wished to recollect anything she had to write it down instantly in a note-book, to which she constantly referred. For instance, she was bitten by a dog believed to be mad. She instantly made a written note of the fact;—but except when actually referring to her note-book she retained no recollection whatever of the bite or of her subsequent treatment in M. Pasteur's laboratory.

Here, surely, was a case where it might have seemed that there had been some absolute evanescence, absolute abolition of whatsoever traces or tendencies may be held to constitute memory.

But one fact was observed which threw a decisive light upon this puzzling case. The patients in the two beds adjoining Madame D.'s were told to observe her at night. They reported that she was in the habit of talking in her sleep;—and that in the fragments of dreams thus revealed she made frequent allusions to the mad dog's bite, and to other events which had occurred during her ecmnesic period. This hint, of course, was enough for M. Charcot. Classing her ecmnesia as a kind of prolongation of a hystero-epileptic attack, he hypnotised the patient, and found that in the hypnotic trance her memory for the ecmnesic period was absolutely intact. Post-hypnotic suggestions to remember the lost days are now slowly restoring the poor woman to the possession of her whole past.

The fact which interests us here is the accidentally-discovered persistence in dream of memories which had vanished from the supraliminal consciousness. This shows that in dream Madame D. had got

[1] *Revue de Médecine*, February, 1892.

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down—not merely to a stratum of confusion,—but to a state so far deeper than the waking state that the memories of which shock or hysteria had robbed the waking state were there found to be uninjured. This well-observed case may here stand as representative of the gap-filling dream-memory which I ventured to anticipate. Other cases will be noticeable when spontaneous somnambulism comes under review,—in its complex relations with common dreams, hypnotism, hysteria, and even epilepsy.

(5) I pass on to the still more novel and curious questions involved in the apparent existence of a dream-memory which, while accompanying the memory of ordinary life, seems also to have a wider purview, and to indicate that the record of external events which is kept within us is far fuller than we know.

Let us consider what stages such a memory may show.

I. It may include events once known to the waking self, but now definitely forgotten.

II. It may include facts which have fallen within the sensory field, but which have never been supraliminally "apperceived" or cognised in any way.

III. It may indicate that from this wider range of remembered facts dream-*inferences* have been drawn;—which inferences may be *retrospective, prospective,* or,—if I may use a word of Pope's with a new meaning,—*circumspective,*—that is to say, relating not to the past or to the future, but to the present condition of matters beyond the range of ordinary perception. It is plain that inferences of this kind (if they exist) will be liable to be mistaken for direct retrocognition, direct premonition, direct clairvoyance; while yet they need not actually prove anything more than a perception on the part of the subliminal self more far-reaching,—a memory more stable,—than is the perception or the memory of the supraliminal self which we know.

Up to this point I propose to follow dream-memories in the present chapter;—up to this point, or rather into this dubious borderland where it is not certain whether supernormal powers—direct telepathy, clairvoyance, prevision,—need or need not be invoked to explain the phenomena of dream. As my reader knows, I shall not shrink from invoking such powers, when they seem indispensable. But with our present knowledge we must not assume them until other explanations are exhausted; and these hypermnesic dreams afford a means of drawing our lines of evidence more exactly;—of relegating some marvellous narratives to a realm of lesser marvel, and at the same time of realising more clearly what it is in the most advanced cases which ordinary theories are really powerless to explain.

I. As to the *first* of the above-mentioned categories no one will raise any doubt. It is a familiar fact—or a fact only sufficiently unfamiliar

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to be noted with slight surprise—that we occasionally recover in sleep a memory which has wholly dropped out of waking consciousness. As an example, we may take the dream of M. Delbœuf's, discussed in his interesting book, *Le Sommeil et les Rêves.* In that dream the name of the "Asplenium Ruta Muralis" figured as a familiar phrase. On waking he puzzled himself in vain to think where he could have learnt that botanical appellation. Long afterwards he discovered the name "Asplenium Ruta Muraria" in his own handwriting,—in a little collection of flowers and ferns to which he had added their designations, under the dictation of a botanical friend.

In this and similar cases the original piece of knowledge had at the time made a definite impress on the mind,—had come well within the span of apprehension of the supraliminal consciousness. Its reappearance after however long an interval is a fact to which there are already plenty of parallels. But the conclusion to which the cases about to be cited seem to me to point is one of a much stranger character. I think that there is evidence to show that many facts or pictures which have never even for a moment come within the apprehension of the supraliminal consciousness are nevertheless retained by the subliminal memory, and are occasionally presented in dreams with what seems a definite purpose.

The reader may remember that this claim has already been advanced for crystal-vision.[1] Miss X. saw in the crystal the announcement of the death of a friend;—a piece of news which certainly had never been apprehended by her ordinary conscious self. On referring to the *Times*, it was found that the announcement was contained in a sheet with which Miss X. had screened her face from the fire;—so that the words may have fallen within her range of vision, although they had not reached what we call her waking mind.

This instance was of value from the completeness of the proof that the news could never have been supraliminally known at all;—since it was too important to have been merely glanced at and forgotten.

We shall find that in some dream-presentations the proof of supraliminal ignorance is equally strong. Let us begin, however, with some intermediate instances.

M. 30.

From Mr. A. Brockelbank, 20, Marsden-road, East Dulwich, S.E.

July 14th, 1884.

Some years ago I lost a pocket-knife. I think it was some six months afterwards—when I had forgotten entirely the loss of the knife, and the subject never recurred to my memory in any way whatever—I dreamt one night that it was in the pocket of a certain pair of trousers I had cast off, I suppose

[1] *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 507.

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about the same time as the loss of my knife. I awoke, and lay awake some time, till it occurred to me to prove the truth of my dream. I went upstairs in search of the said pair of trousers, and sure enough there it was as I had dreamt. The peculiarity of the above is this, that when I was awake and in my senses no train of thought or retracing of my memory would carry me back to the pair of trousers or to the knife, and it was quite as an experiment that I went in search of them.

AUGUSTUS BROCKELBANK.

This is much such a flash of memory as might sometimes occur in waking hours, for it is probable that Mr. Brockelbank had at one time observed that the knife was in that pocket. He may have very rapidly forgotten the fact; but nevertheless there was probably some supraliminal knowledge for the dream to revive.

Next let us take another case of a lost object, where waking effort soon after the loss fails to recall any supraliminal knowledge of the place of deposit. This case was printed in the S.P.R. *Journal*, October, 1889.

M. 31.

February 4th, 1889.

On reaching Morley's Hotel at 5 o'clock on Tuesday, 29th January, 1889, I missed a gold brooch, which I supposed I had left in a fitting room at Swan and Edgar's. I sent there at once, but was very disappointed to hear that after a diligent search they could not find the brooch. I was very vexed, and worried about the brooch, and that night dreamed that I should find it shut up in a number of the *Queen* newspaper that had been on the table, and in my dream I saw the very page where it would be. I had noticed one of the plates on that page. Directly after breakfast I went to Swan and Edgar's and asked to see the papers, at the same time telling the young ladies about the dream, and where I had seen the brooch. The papers had been moved from that room, but were found, and to the astonishment of the young ladies, I said, "This is the one that contains my brooch"; and there at the very page I expected I found it.

A. M. BICKFORD-SMITH.

We received a substantially similar account from Mrs. Bickford-Smith's brother-in-law, Mr. H. A. Smith, who was a witness of the trouble taken to find the brooch, both at the hotel, and by sending to Swan and Edgar's, on the previous evening.

Yet here, be it observed, Mrs. Bickford-Smith had not had an opportunity of herself inspecting the scene of the loss. Had she returned to Swan and Edgar's before the dream, it is possible that the sight of the books on the table might have revived some recollection of seeing the brooch between the leaves of the *Queen*.

In the next case we cannot absolutely prove that Mrs. Yates did not put the photographs in the drawer herself,—or casually see that a parcel was in the drawer, if someone else put them there,—but the fact of the long search, of the refusal to believe the dream, makes this

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explanation dubious. I may add that Mrs. Yates (known to Mr. Gurney and myself) has had other experiences,—of a telepathic or clairvoyant kind.

M. 315.

From Mrs. Yates, 44, Montpelier-road, Brighton. 1884.

About five years since I had sent me, by a friend, some unmounted photographs of "The Stations of the Cross," taken in miniature from frescoes at Rome, with the request that after inspection I would immediately return them, as they were valued. I placed them in an envelope, and, as I thought, in the secretaire, but on finishing a letter in which I intended to return them, to my dismay, they were nowhere to be found. We searched unceasingly, but fruitlessly. I submitted meekly to reproofs for my carelessness, and so the matter passed out of thought.

More than a twelvemonth after I dreamt I took out a top short drawer in a wardrobe that stood in a then unused dressing-room, and found the little pictures. It will naturally be asked, "Did you not, the first thing in the morning, ascertain whether your dream had anything in it, by removing the drawer?" I did not. I mentioned it to my family, but it had no special interest for them, and it was no more thought of; but several months after, on the removal of the wardrobe to another part of the house, the drawers being taken out to lighten it, there, snugly enough, lay the envelope and the little pictures! I have them mounted and framed.

I subjoin another case of the same type.

M. 32.

The wife of the Rev. W. F. Brand, Emmorton, Harford Co., Maryland, writes as follows, under date Findowsay, March 29th, 1884:—

Mr. Brand asked me one day to give him the 100 dollars that he had given me to put away for him. I felt startled, for I did not remember that he had given them to me. However, I went to the place where I usually put money and looked. It was not there. I looked in several other not improbable places, but could not find it. By degrees I searched in every drawer, and box, and corner, likely or unlikely, or even impossible, but without success. Night came and I had not found it. I was much disturbed, for the loss was a large one for us; but even more than for the loss we were concerned at the thought of anyone about me having taken it. Before going to bed I prayed very earnestly that I might find it; or, if not, that suspicion might not fall upon an innocent person. In the course of the night I dreamt that I found the money in the middle of a bundle of shawls that had been put away during the summer, and carefully wrapped up for protection against moths. In my daylight mind this place seemed to me an absurd one to look in, but my dream impressed me a good deal, and I unfastened the shawls—(I *think* they were sewed up)—and there was the lost treasure.

I should like to say whether my dream wakened me in the night, but I do not remember. I did not *look* until the morning. I never have been able to recall the fact of my putting the money away, nor, indeed, of Mr. Brand giving it into my care, although it was an unusual thing for him to do in those days.

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I think Nydie's finding her ring by a dream was a more curious circumstance than this with regard to my money, but I always am afraid to tell *both* dreams, as they happened to sisters, lest one should discredit the other, and we should be regarded as fanciful.[1]

Next let us take two cases where it seems quite impossible to suppose that the seeker's supraliminal consciousness was ever aware of the lost object's true position,—as the object would then at once have been picked up. But on the other hand (as in Miss X.'s crystal case, above cited), the object may have come within the seeker's field of vision, and may thus have become enrolled in the subliminal memory.

M. (Cl.) 303.

From Mrs. Crellin, 62, Hilldrop-crescent, N. 1884.

When a school girl I one day foolishly removed from my French teacher's hand a ring, which I, in fun, transferred to my own. On removing it from my finger just before going to bed, I found that a stone had fallen out of the ring, and I was much troubled about it, especially as the ring had been *given* to my teacher. We had four class rooms, and as I had been moving from one to another in the course of the evening, I could not hope to find the lost stone. I, however, in my dreams that night saw the stone lying on a certain plank in the floor of our "drilling room," and on awaking I dressed hastily and went direct to the spot marked in my dream, and recovered the lost stone. This narrative has nothing thrilling in it, but its simplicity and exactness may commend it to your notice.

Mr. Gurney adds:—In conversation with me, Mrs. Crellin described the four class rooms as good sized rooms, which it would have taken a long time to search over. She had been about in all of them in the course of the evening. She is positive that she went *quite straight* to the spot. She is an excellent witness.

Mrs. J. Windsor Stuart, of Foley House, Rothesay, N.B.,—well known to me,—contributes a similar experience, but with the additional point of interest that the ring was seen, not as it must have looked when searched for, but glistening with dew, as it actually was at the time of the dream. The incident is remote; but Mr. Stuart remembers being told of the incident in the same form much nearer the actual date.

M. 33.

January 30th, 1892.

In the early autumn of 1864, my father (the late Captain Wm. Campbell) was living at Snettisham Hall, Norfolk. We had had a croquet party. Among the guests was a young man, George Gambier (nephew of the late artist, Mr. Gambier Parry), at the time an agricultural pupil of the late Mr. Charles Preedy, agent on the Hunstanton estate. As Mr. Gambier was about to

[1] This case, endorsed for publication, was found among Mr. Gurney's papers. Mrs. Brand appears to have left her then address, so the date of her dream and the particulars of her sister's dream cannot now be obtained.

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mount his horse and ride home, he suddenly said, "I have lost the opal out of my ring. I would not have done this for the world; it belonged to my father. I remember seeing it as I rang the bell, on arriving, so that it must have dropped out since I came here." We all set to work to hunt for the stone by walking up and down the lawn in line, but without success.

There were two copper-beech trees, one just on the lawn near the house, the other a little further back, above the embankment made in laying off the lawn, but spreading a little over it. In the early morning I dreamed I saw the stone shining under a leaf that had fallen from the tree, close to the edge of the bank. I saw the whole scene vividly, the dew drops sparkling in the sun, and the stone, in my dream. I woke so much impressed by my dream that I at once got up and dressed, and went out. It was about six o'clock on a lovely morning. I went out by the garden door directly on to the lawn, and walked up to the tree, seeing everything as in my dream, and found the stone without further looking, just under the leaf, as I had seen it.

FLORA STUART.

The three cases which follow were published by Professor Royce, of Harvard (who knows the real names of the informants), in the *Proceedings* of the American S.P.R., Vol. I., No. 4, March, 1889.[1]

"The first case," says Professor Royce, "comes to us from a lady (M. B.) to whom we had applied for an account of another and more remarkable experience, which she was unable, however, to relate to us at present. As a compensation she gave us this less important experience, of whose incidents she feels very sure":—

M. 35.

A number of years ago I was invited to visit a friend who lived at a large and beautiful country-seat on the Hudson. Shortly after my arrival I started, with a number of other guests, to make a tour of the very extensive grounds. We walked for an hour or more, and very thoroughly explored the place Upon my return to the house I discovered that I had lost a gold cuff-stud, that I valued for association's sake. I merely remembered that I wore it when we started out, and did not think of or notice it again until my return, when it was missing. As it was quite dark, it seemed useless to search for it, especially as it was the season of autumn and the ground was covered with dead leaves. That night I dreamed that I saw a withered grape-vine clinging to a wall, and with a pile of dead leaves at the base. Underneath the leaves, in my dream, I distinctly saw my stud gleaming. The following morning I asked the friends with whom I had been walking the previous afternoon if *they* remembered seeing any such wall and vine, as *I* did not. They replied that they could not recall anything answering the description. I did not tell them why I asked, as I felt somewhat ashamed of the dream, but during the morning I made some excuse to go out in the grounds alone. I walked hither and thither, and after a long time I suddenly came upon the wall and vine exactly as they looked in my dream. I had not the slightest recollection of seeing them or passing by them on the previous

[1] Since the American S.P.R. became a Branch of our Society, it has ceased to publish separate *Proceedings*. No. 4 is the last Part published.

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day. The dead leaves at the base were lying heaped up, as in my dream. I approached cautiously, feeling rather uncomfortable and decidedly silly, and pushed them aside. I had scattered a large number of the leaves when a gleam of gold struck my eye, and there lay the stud, exactly as in my dream. My friends refused to believe when I told them, and vowed there was some trick about it, but as I had not told anyone the particulars of the dream, that was impossible, and the matter will always be somewhat "uncanny" in my memory.

"The next case," continues Professor Royce, "depends upon a memory of many years' standing, and, were it not for the cleverness and the freedom from superstition which the narrator shows, I should lay no stress upon the incident. But pretty plainly something of the sort did occur to our correspondent, although, after twenty-five years, memory is a poor guide, and obviously his story has been often told by him":—

M. 36.

(From C. H. H., C.E., and Surveyor.)

California, *December 26th*, 1887.

Upwards of twenty-five years ago I was residing on the banks of the Delaware river, in Sullivan co., State of New York. Before I left home my only sister had presented me with a gold ring and told me to never lose it. In a beautiful little grove near the bank of said river a lot of us young folks had fixed up a scup, or swing, among the trees, and we indulged in that pastime to that extent that the land immediately under the swing became so lively that my foot would make a deep impression. One beautiful moonlight night, after getting tired of swinging, I had seen my best girl home, as in duty bound, and was returning along towards morning, as usual, when I missed my ring. It gave me quite a shock when I made that discovery; the first impression I had was—there, I've lost that ring, but it must be found, and that I would find it. Went home and searched round my room and went to bed. Had a hazy sort of dream about the ring, but nothing definite. Got up early and searched before breakfast. After breakfast followed the direction we had taken the night before to the swing, and from there to the young lady's home; but found it not. In fact, I searched diligently all day, and went to bed thinking very seriously of the ring. Along towards morning had a very impressive dream. I saw the ring, covered by a little ridge of sand, between two footprints under the swing. That dream was so vivid that on awaking I could see the road, buildings, fences, trees, swing, and sand, with the footprints therein, the same as in the dream, and as soon as it was light enough to see I started for that swing, not attempting to look for it on the way. On arriving at the swing I walked deliberately into the sand until I reached the before-mentioned ridge, between said footprints, and with the toe of my boot removed a little sand from the top of the ridge, and out rolled the ring. The birds were singing overhead in the trees, the river was rushing on its way to the sea, a train of cars on the York and Erie R.R. across the river passed along. I banged my head several times with my fist, to make sure I was not still in the land of dreams; no, I was there, standing in the sand, and there laid the ring. There was no hallucination about that, but a good,

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square, honest, useful dream. I picked up the ring, and went home, and ate more for breakfast than I had in the last twenty-four hours, and I kept up an awful thinking, and am thinking yet. I would state I was about nineteen years of age at that time, enjoyed perfect health, and thought I knew more than all creation; but don't think so now. My sister was also living at that time.

Several years after the above I had another dream, and the last one; but this has been so long that I will close for this time to see what you think of it, and whether the second will be of interest to you, and will merely remark that I have endeavoured to work this dream business up to a practical use in the years gone by; but it has been a total failure, so far—can't concentrate the mind with that *intenseness* that seems to be necessary with me to bring forth dreams.

"Anyone used to narratives," continues Professor Royce, "recognises at once that this story, as I have suggested, has grown not a little with years, and I am not sure of more than that it has a probable foundation in fact, and is no doubt sincerely told.

"The third case to be quoted in this connection has a better basis, and is more critically told.

"The narrator is a Southern gentleman, Col. A. v. S., of Texas."

In the *New York Herald* of December 11th inst. I have noticed your interview, in which you say that you request any person having some unusual experience, such as an exceptionally vivid dream, &c., &c., should address you. The following seems to me a very extraordinary dream, for the truth of which I pledge you my word of honour.

About five years ago I lived with my four children, one boy and three girls, on a farm in Massachusetts. This only son, at the age of about fourteen years, lost his life in an accident, about six months previous to this narration. The youngest of my girls was the pet sister of his since her birth. My wife had died some six years previous to this story; being motherless, made these children unusually affectionate toward each other. One day I had occasion to buy for my girls each a very small lady's knife, about two and a half inches long. A few days afterwards the girls received company from our neighbours' girls, some five or six of them. My youngest one, some eight or nine years old, was so delighted with this, her first knife, that she carried it with her at all times. During the afternoon the children strolled to the large barn, filled with hay, and at once set to climbing the mow to play, and jumping on the hay. During the excitement of the play my little girl lost her knife. This terrible loss nearly broke her heart, and all hands set to work to find the lost treasure, but without success. This finally broke up the party in gloominess. In spite of my greatest efforts to pacify the child with all sorts of promises, she went to bed weeping. During the night the child dreamed that her dead dear beloved brother came to her, taking her by the hand, saying, "Come, my darling, I will show you where your little knife is," and, leading her to the barn, climbing the mow, showed her the knife, marking the place. The dream was so life-like that she awoke, joyfully telling her sister that her brother had been here, and showing her where she would find her knife. Both girls hastily dressed, and running to

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the barn, the little girl, assisted by her sister, got on top of the hay, and walked direct to the spot indicated by her brother, and found the knife on top of the hay. The whole party said that they all looked there many times the day before, and insisted that the knife was not there then.

This, I think, is a very remarkable dream.—Yours, &c.

"In answer to a request for further confirmation," continues Professor Royce, "our correspondent writes, under date of December 29th, 1887":—

M. 37.

Yours of December 22nd inst. to hand. According to your request I will give the statement of my girls. The little dreamer says:—

"I have a very vivid recollection of my dream up to this day. I could to-day walk every step that I walked in my dream with brother. I cannot recollect at what time of the night I had my dream. I don't think I ever was awake during the night, but, on waking in the morning, I had the feeling that I was sure I could go and get the knife. I told my sisters. They at first laughed at my dream, but I insisted that brother had shown me the knife, and I could not have peace in my mind until I went to the barn to get it. One sister went with me. On reaching the hay, I told her to let me go ahead, and walked direct to the spot without hesitating a moment, and picked up my knife!"

She never had any other similar experience, and no other similar experience happened in my family. The sister who went along with her says:—

"As we got up and were dressing, sister told me she knew where her knife was; that brother took her out to the barn during the night and showed it to her. I laughed and tried to persuade her that this was only a dream, but she said that she was so sure of seeing the knife that she would show it to me. She said that brother took her by the hand, and led her to the place, talking to her all the way, and tried to quiet her. She would not give peace until I went along. On getting on top of the hay she walked direct to the spot, saying, 'Here brother picked the knife up out of the hay,' and at once said, 'and oh, here it is,' picking up the knife. We had been looking this place all over, again and again, the previous evening."

For the following incident, resembling those just quoted from Professor Royce, we have the independent account of the dreamer himself, written two years later; but as his narrative is somewhat disjointed we prefer to give that kindly sent to us by Miss Ada Hunt, of Pen Villa, Yeovil, which has the further advantage of having been written at the time.

M. 38.

The following rather remarkable dream took place on the 20th November, 1886. On that day I gave to our gardener, G. Wilmot, his wages, 15s., in a half-sheet of paper, some letters to post, and two parcels and a note to leave at various houses on his way home. This was at six o'clock in the evening. . . . About an hour after the gardener returned to tell me he had lost his

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wages. I advised him to carefully retrace his steps and make every inquiry, but this he did without success; and as it was "fair" night and the town full of people, he at last gave it up as hopeless and returned to his home quite a mile distant. During the night he dreamt that he went to one of the houses where he had left a note, and, crossing the road after leaving it, he walked into a mud heap, and that there his foot struck the paper containing the money; the half-sovereign rolled away and the 5s. remained under his foot. He told his wife the dream, and falling asleep again he dreamt the same dream again. Early in the morning he went to the place and found his dream fulfilled to the letter, even to the rolling away of the gold, and the silver remaining in its place.

He is a most intelligent, truthful man. . . .

The gardener's own account differs from this in giving fewer details as to the dream; his account of it is: "I dreamt I had found it and kicked the half-sovereign off the heap." Miss Hunt thinks that his nervousness at writing himself made him forget to say that he dreamt exactly where the money was found. He had so little belief in his dream that he tossed up as to whether he should go to look for the money again or not.

In the following case the dream itself first calls the attention of the supraliminal self to the loss.

We owe this case to the kindness of Miss J. H. Symons, of 91, Wigmore-street, W., to whom the case was sent by the percipient, Mrs. Bell, of 7, Albert-road, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

M. 39.

One morning in the early part of December (December 9th, 1890), I awoke remembering my dream, and repeated it to Mr. Bell as being a piece of good fortune that my diamond had not been lost! I dreamed that I had lost the large centre diamond in some sand. I was much distressed, and hunted in the sand and found it, and wrapped it in paper, and asked my daughter to take care of it for me. I very often leave my brooch on the mantel shelf at night and put it away with my other jewellery in the morning. While I was dressing my dream haunted me and I thought, "Well, I had better look and see where my brooch is." I looked—there was *no* brooch. I hunted in the cinders—I opened all my drawers—no, no brooch. My daughter came into my room and I told her my trouble. She hunted for it also, and again looked into the cinders—and found it!

Miss Bell also writes to us: "I did search the ashes in my mother's bedroom after her dream about her brooch."

The next case raises a somewhat curious point as to the relation of what I may call the subliminal gaze to defects of ordinary vision.

P. 316.

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From Mr. Herbert J. Lewis, 19, Park-place, Cardiff.

In September, 1880, I lost the landing order of a large steamer containing a cargo of iron ore, which had arrived in the port of Cardiff. She had to

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commence discharging at six o'clock the next morning. I received the landing order at four o'clock in the afternoon, and when I arrived at the office at six I found that I had lost it. During all the evening I was doing my utmost to find the officials of the Custom House to get a permit, as the loss was of the greatest importance, preventing the ship from discharging. I came home in a great degree of trouble about the matter, as I feared that I should lose my situation in consequence.

That night I dreamed that I saw the lost landing order lying in a crack in the wall under a desk in the Long Room of the Custom House.

At five the next morning I went down to the Custom House and got the keeper to get up and open it. I went to the spot of which I had dreamed, and found the paper in the very place. The ship was not ready to discharge at her proper time, and I went on board at seven and delivered the landing order, saving her from all delay.

HERBERT J. LEWIS.

I can certify to the truth of the above statement.

THOMAS LEWIS.
(Herbert Lewis' father),
July 14*th*, 1884. H. WALLIS.

From E. J. Newell, George and Abbotsford Hotel, Melrose.

August 14*th*, 1884.

I made some inquiries about Mr. Herbert Lewis' dream before I left Cardiff. He had been searching throughout the room in which the order was found. His theory as to how the order got in the place in which it was found, is that it was probably put there by someone (perhaps with malicious intent), as he does not see how it could have fallen so.

The fact that Mr. H. Lewis is exceedingly short-sighted adds to the probability of the thing which you suggest, that the dream was simply an unconscious act of memory in sleep. On the other hand he does not believe it was there when he searched.

E. J. NEWELL.

Is it conceivable here that the percipient's myopia may have interfered less with his subliminal than with his supraliminal perception; so that the missing paper may thus have fallen within his visual field, but escaped his waking recognition? It is, again, in a discussion of somnambulism that this point can be most fitly considered. It may suffice here to quote—that my suggestion may not seem too fantastic—a few lines from a personal observation of a somnambule by Dr. Dufay.[1]

"It is eight o'clock: several workwomen are busy around a table, on which a lamp is placed. Mdlle. R. L. directs and shares in the work, chatting cheerfully meantime. Suddenly a noise is heard; it is her head which has fallen sharply on the edge of the table. This is the beginning of the access. She picks herself up in a few seconds, pulls off her spectacles with disgust, and continues the work which she had

[1] *Revue Scientifique*, 3e série, XXXII., p. 167.

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begun;—having no further need of the concave glasses which a pronounced myopia render needful to her in ordinary life;—and even placing herself so that her work is less exposed to the light of the lamp." "Miss X." has had an experience where the title of a book quite unknown to her, which she had vainly endeavoured to read where it lay at some distance from her, presented itself in the crystal. Nor can we in her case suppose any such spasmodic alteration in ocular conditions as may perhaps occur in trance.

The percipient in my next case has had at least one other experience,—of a kind hard to explain without invoking something like clairvoyance. (*Proceedings*, Vol. IV., p. 154, note.) The precise date of the dream here given cannot now be recovered; and although, as Mr. Gurney, to whom the case was sent, has remarked, "Even an absent person would be struck by encountering so dangerous an implement in so unusual a position," we should not be justified in claiming proof of clairvoyance from a narrative whose details must now be uncertain. The dream-incident of the severed toe may be regarded as a mere symbolical rendering of the fact that the knife was likely thus to injure anyone who might walk down the stairs.

P. 333.

From Mrs. Wheeler, 106, High-street, Oxford. 1883.

I dreamed I went down the back stairs at Heston into the kitchen, and as I stepped off the last step on to the floor, something severed my big toe (without hurting me at all), and I saw it roll across the floor. The next morning I went down those stairs before the kitchen shutters were open, and with bare feet (I wanted some water), and just as I got to the last step I remembered my dream and looked carefully (I *think* I took the shutter bar down and partly opened the shutter, but I do not feel quite certain), and then saw a knife lying on its back on the floor with the edge up, *just* where I should have put down my foot had I stepped off the bottom stair. I am not given to having vivid dreams particularly.

Somewhat the same caution must be observed in estimating the following case. It comes from a gentleman whom we believe to be a careful informant; but it is a recollection of a schoolboy dream; and we cannot now be sure that a glimpse of the desired map may not have been unwittingly caught.

M. 314.

From Mr. Gervase Marson, Birk Crag, Great Clower-street, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

When I was a boy, about 14 years of age, I was living with my parents as aforesaid. There came to the town one day a sort of travelling bazaar. The proprietors of this bazaar lived in a large room in the principal hotel, for the display of their wares, which consisted of workboxes, toys, chimney ornaments, &c. As soon as the exhibition opened I went, at the request of

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my sister, to inspect the same, being deputed by my sister to purchase for her a *dissecting map of Europe.* I looked over the stalls very carefully, but could see no dissecting map at all. I then addressed myself to the female who was presiding over the shows, and told her what I wanted. She said she did not think they had anything of the kind, but, to make sure, she would look. She then looked carefully over all the stalls, and returned to tell me that they had nothing of the kind I asked for in the place. I was very much disappointed at this news, and returned home in quite a dejected state of mind. The next night I dreamed that I went again to the exhibition, and, after a short search, found, up in a corner and hidden under other larger articles, the very thing I wanted. I dreamed the map in question was in a foreign language, that it was enclosed in a box having a glass lid, and that the glass of the lid was cracked in a peculiar star-like manner. This dream influenced me so much that, as soon as I had finished my breakfast, I set off again for the exhibition-room. On entering it I walked straight to the corner of the room indicated in my dream, and there found the exact article I had dreamed of. The map was in the French language, the box containing it had a glass lid, and the glass was cracked just as I had seen it in my dream. The mistress of the exhibition was as much astonished at the occurrence as myself. I bought the map and took it home to my sister.

G. Marson.

In the cases which I have thus far quoted the dream-self has presented a significant scene,—has chosen, so to say, from its gallery of photographs the special picture which the waking mind desired,—but has not needed to draw any more complex inference from the facts presumably at its disposal. I have now to deal with a small group of dreams which reason as well as remember;—if indeed in some of them there be not something more than mere reasoning on facts already in some way acquired,—something which overpasses the scheme prescribed for the present chapter.

In the first place we cannot doubt that definite data already known may sometimes be treated in somnambulism or ordinary dream with more than waking intelligence. Such are the cases of mathematical problems solved in somnambulism, or of the skeletal arrangement discovered by Agassiz in common sleep for scattered bones which had baffled his waking skill. Mr. F. W. Hayes, an artist who does not pay much attention to mathematics, contributes an interesting and recent example of dream-capacity of this kind.

M. 40.

12, Westcroft-square., W., *February 1st*, 1892.

Early in January, 1892, I began to teach one of my children geometrical drawing, using one of the shilling books on the subject. After arriving at Problems IV. and V., "*To draw a straight line perpendicular to a given straight line* A B, *from a given point* C *outside it:* Case I., *when the point is opposite, or nearly opposite, the middle of the line* A B; *and*, Case II., *when the point is opposite, or nearly opposite, the extremity of* A B," I one night dreamt that I was looking over the diagrams of these problems in E. S.

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Burchett's standard work on Practical Geometry, Plate IV., and noticed (without any sense of novelty) that the right hand top corner of the plate was occupied with a diagram relating to a third case, viz., "*When the point* C *is beyond* A B."

I recollect studying the clearness and neatness of the lines in the steel-plate engraving (the required line lying vertically opposite to the right hand end of the line A B, and about a quarter-inch away from it) as compared with the coarser wood-cuts in the book I had used for teaching, and also commented mentally on the unjustifiable omission of Case III. from the latter merely to save space.

An evening or two afterwards, having Burchett's work in my hands accidentally, my dream recurred to me. As I could not recollect the solution of Case III., while the diagram remained vividly in my mind's eye, I turned to Plate IV., and was completely taken by surprise to find no Case III. there at all. (It is not, I find, in any work known to me, or of which I can hear.)

Turning my attention to the required solution of the hypothetical Case III., it almost instantly occurred to me as follows: *From any two points in* A B, *as* A *and* B, *with radii* A C *and* B C, *describe arcs intersecting at* C *and* D; *join* C D. (The contingency of C lying in a prolongation of A B is met by an earlier problem.)

As this solution is the correct one (*i.e.*, involving no anticipation of later problems), it seems probable that its prompt occurrence to my mind was in reality a recollection of the working lines in the dream diagram, which I did not in my dream consciously notice at all.

It may be noted that while the various given solutions of Cases I. and II. do not apply to Case III., the above solution of Case III. is also a general method for the two others.

P.S.—The position on Plate IV. occupied by the dream diagram was not quite the proper one, being two places too early (Figure 4 instead of 6).

F. W. Hayes.

Since this was in print, Mr. Hayes has discovered the missing demonstration in another text-book. "It is thus not physically impossible," he says, "for me to have seen the problem; but, if so, the book and the page must have been before me unconsciously;—I retain the certain conviction that I never saw or thought of the matter before I dreamt it."

Another informant—Mr. F. J. Jones, of 257, Uxbridge-road, W.—tells us that as an engineering student he once dreamt the *answer*, "a number with several places of decimals," to a problem which had baffled him overnight, apparently with no recollection of the *process* used in its solution. Mrs. Verrall, already quoted, has also solved in dream a problem in the Differential Calculus, which had baffled her during the day.

Cases of this sort seem closely akin to the subliminal faculty which the "arithmetical prodigies" whom we have already dwelt upon display in waking hours. After studying their performances one can hardly be surprised at any amount of subliminal manipulation of fixed data. The

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case is a little different when the problem involves the mixed and contingent facts of business experience. I will first quote a case where the needed data had passed before the waking eyes, although it was left for dream to interpret them fruitfully. The narrative was sent to Dr. Elliotson, at first hand from a friend, by a physician well known in his day.

M. 648.

Vol. VIII., *Zoist*, p. 328.

Instance of clairvoyance during sleep. Communicated by Dr. Davey, of the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum.

"My Dear ——,—In accordance with your request, I herewith transmit you particulars, as they occurred, of the peculiar dream, if such it may be called, which proved of so essential service to me.

"As I mentioned to you, I had been bothered since September with an error in my cash account for that month, and despite many hours' examination, it defied all my efforts, and I almost gave it up as a hopeless case. It had been the subject of my waking thoughts for many nights, and had occupied a large portion of my leisure hours. Matters remained thus unsettled until the 11th December. On this night I had not, to my knowledge, once thought of the subject, but I had not long been in bed, and asleep, when my brain was as busy with the books as though I had been at my desk. The cash-book, banker's pass-books, &c., &c., appeared before me, and without any apparent trouble I almost immediately discovered the cause of the mistake, which had arisen out of a complicated cross-entry. I perfectly recollect having taken a slip of paper in my dream and made such a memorandum as would enable me to correct the error at some leisure time; and, having done this, that the whole of the circumstances had passed from my mind When I awoke in the morning I had not the slightest recollection of my dream, nor did it once occur to me throughout the day, although I had the very books before me on which I had apparently been engaged in my sleep. When I returned home in the afternoon, as I did early for the purpose of dressing, and proceeded to shave, I took up a piece of paper from my dressing table to wipe my razor, and you may imagine my surprise at finding thereon the very memorandum I fancied had been made during the previous night. The effect on me was such that I returned to our office and turned to the cash-book, when I found that I had really, when asleep, detected the error which I could not detect in my waking hours, and had actually jotted it down at the time.

"I have no recollection whatever as to where I obtained the writing materials, or rather paper and pencil, with which I made the memorandum referred to. It certainly must have been written in the dark, and in my bedroom, as I found both paper and pencil there the following afternoon, and could not for a long time understand anything about it. The pencil was not one which I am in the habit of carrying, and my impression is that I must have either found it accidentally in the room, or gone downstairs for it.

"*January 14th*, 1850. "C.J.E.

"P.S.—I may add that, on a former occasion, nearly a similar occurrence took place; with, however, this difference, that I awoke at the conclusion of

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the dream, and was perfectly aware, when certainly awake, of having made the memorandum at that time. This, however, was not the case in the occurrence I have above detailed. Should you be likely to print the above, please let it appear with initials only, as although I would corroborate it to anyone wishing for a personal satisfaction by inquiry, I have no desire to see my name in type ; it might also be prejudicial to me."[1]

The two cases of Mr. Peterson's which I shall next quote have some resemblance to Dr. Davey's, although the percipient, who is a strong believer in spiritual intercourse, would certainly not interpret them in the same way. The length of time, however, which elapsed between the incidents and the record must be credited with its usual effect of blurring the accuracy of details; and it is conceivable that some clue, now forgotten, may have supplied the dream-self with a basis on which to work.

P. 335.

From Mr. A. T. T. Peterson, Arnwood Towers, Lymington.

February 11*th*, 1884.

I am deeply interested in coal mines in Bengal. Early in 1876 I was out there investigating matters connected with a large deficiency in the cash account. There was no means of getting at the truth. One evening I was sitting in an easy chair, a little before sunset, under the shade of a tree opposite the bungalow where I was staying and I fell fast asleep, my brain being full of perplexity as to which account was correct. In my sleep I fancied I heard someone say, "Ask Baboo So and So." This name remained on my memory when I awoke, and I put it down on paper. When my head confidential native came to me an hour or two afterwards I asked who was Baboo So and So, and I was told that he had been in the service of several gentlemen named, during the previous 10 years, and was then the head Baboo to a friend named. Some days after this I sent for the native, and managed to get information which led me to discover written evidence which satisfied my mind as to whose head the cap fitted.

In answer to inquiries, Mr. Peterson adds :—

In answer to your remark as to the Baboo's name, I knew there was such a person, but I had neither seen nor heard of him for 10 years, and I do not think I had ever spoke to him twice in my life. He was in no way connected with the object I had in view, although he gave collateral evidence that led to the object. A. T. T. P.

P. 336.

February 11*th*, 1884.

I can give you another very curious incident in a dream. In the year 1861 or 1862, I was engaged in a very heavy equity suit between the representatives of a deceased Indigo planter and his surviving partner. The surviving partner wanted to show that the deceased partner at time of death was in debt to the partnership; my contention was that he was creditor to a considerable amount. The accounts of the firm were all in the Bengalee language. My clients were too poor to get translations by the official inter-

[1] We have the gentleman's name and address.—*Zoist.*

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preters, which would have cost several thousand rupees; the surviving partner claimed a portion and a profitable item in the account as belonging to him separately; I claimed it for the partnership; but no accounts were forthcoming to show which way the books showed it to be. There was simply the *vivâ voce* evidence of the defendant and his partisans. The Chief Justice repeatedly during the hearing remarked there must be some accounts somewhere that would throw a light on the matter.

I always spent my Saturday evening and Sunday and until Monday morning at my country-house, 14 miles from Calcutta. One Sunday night, or rather early on Monday morning, whilst the hearing was still pending, I had a dream. I fancied I was arguing in the case, and I was addressing the court and was saying "That in answer to your lordship, as to whether there was not anything in the accounts that would throw a light on the question as to whether this account was joint or separate, I had found accidentally an entry, although only for a small sum, 26 rupees, some annas, and some pice, at page so and so of such a year, which cleared up the mystery," begging to the court to send for the book and make the official interpreter read it out, and I went on making strong remarks on the character of the defendant; when the opposite counsel got up and denounced me as a liar, on which I took a large lead inkstand and threw it at his head, cutting his head open, and laying him senseless on the floor of the court; and the Chief Justice ordered me instantly into the custody of the court bailiff, —when I awoke. This was a dream, about 2.30 a.m., Monday. I instantly jumped out of bed, got a light, and put down on paper the heads of my dream. I had my grooms roused up, my horses fed, and the relay sent on half way, and left for Calcutta a little after 4 and got there a little before 6, and sent for the head native Baboo of the firm of solicitors in the case, told him to get the head native in the master's office (if he could) to come at once and let him, in his presence, examine a particular book for a particular year, which he did, and to my surprise found the entry, and the sum at the page indicated by my dream. I need not say that I succeeded. Afterwards I told the story, when asked what led me to the accidental discovery; and when I said "a dream," I got well laughed at. A. T. T. P.

In answer to inquiries, Mr. Peterson says:—

My head Baboo is dead, the counsel opposed to me is dead, the person to whom the account book belonged is dead, and the chances are, as the concern to which the books belonged is broken up, that the white ants have eaten the books; 22 years in Bengal destroys documents, unless specially guarded.

In these last cases the dream-intimation was of a kind to secure a wished-for end. In the following cases it averts an unthought-of evil.

The Rev. A. J. Macdonald, a careful collector of evidence, obtained for us the following narrative,—with the true names, which must be here suppressed. "The following," he says, "I took down yesterday from the dictation of the Assistant Secretary of a Fire Insurance Company."

P.C. 600.

April 1*st*, 1884.

Last year I dreamt that a certain cotton mill, insured in our company,

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was burnt. The mill was one that I had never seen, nor was I acquainted with any member of the firm; and nothing to my recollection had been before me connected with the insurance for some years. On reaching the office the following morning I turned up the surveyor's report, which I found to be rather meagre, and one that had been made some years before. I accordingly gave instructions to have the place re-inspected; and when this was done it was found that the mill was in an unsatisfactory condition. Not being able to relieve ourselves during the current year for any portion of the amount for which it was insured, we re-insured with another office for part of the amount. A few months afterwards the mill was partially destroyed, our company saving through the action I took in consequence of the dream near upon a thousand pounds.

[The true name of the secretary is signed, but is not for publication.]

The next case is from Colonel Reynolds, now of Cheltenham, who is personally known to me, and is an excellent witness.

About the year 1870 I was in charge of a length of roadway, together with the bridges large and small that carried it. Sometimes there were floods which endangered the bridges, and I was therefore always on the lookout to prevent serious damage which would have impeded the traffic. At the same time this had been my daily life for so long that no anxiety remained in my mind about it. I regarded my duties as merely routine work. I was in a fairly good state of health. One night I dreamt in a most vivid manner that I saw an exact picture of a certain small bridge. All the surroundings were complete and left no doubt as to which bridge it was. A voice at the same moment said to me: "Go and look at that bridge." This was said distinctly three times. In the morning the dream still persisted in my mind and so impressed me that I rode off at once about six miles to the bridge. Nothing was to be seen out of the ordinary. The small stream was, however, coming down in flood. On walking into the water I found to my astonishment that the foundations of the bridge had been entirely undermined and washed away. It was a marvel that it was still standing. Of course the work necessary to preserve the bridge was done. There is no doubt that but for the dream the bridge would have fallen, as there was no reason whatever to attract my attention specially to this bridge. Though small, the bridge was an important one, as its situation was peculiar. The picture that was dreamt was so strong that it is even now fixed in my mind as plainly almost as it was then. I have no doubt whatever that a special warning was given me by a higher intelligence. I have never at any time had any other similar experience.

Cheltenham. H. C. Reynolds.

December 13th, 1891.

Now in each of these cases we are dealing with the anxieties of a conscientious man, deeply concerned in the safety of a particular structure. In neither instance, however, was any cause for apprehension obvious to the supraliminal self.

As a pendant to these two cases where a motionless and inanimate danger was discerned, I will quote two cases where an active scene—of a nature which the sleeper was especially concerned to prevent—seems

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to have been witnessed in dream.[1] The introduction of living persons at the other end of the chain suggests telepathy as a possible explanation; and indeed the cases which remain to be cited in this chapter are avowedly introduced as a transition from mere hyperæsthesia and hypermnesia to the indications of supernormal powers with which we shall hereafter have to deal.

L. 619. 1884.

Mr. Francis Alvey Darwin, of Creskeld Hall, Pool, Leeds, sends us the following narrative, taken down by him from the lips of William Myers, bailiff and ex-keeper on the Creskeld estate, and Elizabeth his wife, both of whom sign the account.

Some years ago, I was asleep in bed here about 12 to 1 a.m., and dreamt that I was out watching in a certain place where two gates face each other, near my house; that four poachers came up to me through those gates and that I seized hold of two of them, one in each hand, and shook them and struggled with them, at the same time shouting for assistance. My cries and struggles awoke my wife, who woke me up; at once I told her what my dream had been, and that I had had a hard fight. Just about that very time, and at the very place I saw in my dream, four poachers did make their appearance and stoned some of our men who were watching there.

When they came to see me in the morning, before I had had any conversation with anyone, I told them at once I knew all about it, describing to them in presence of my wife both the number of men and the place where they had come across them.

My wife will corroborate all I say as to my cries and struggles, of which I myself was quite unconscious till she woke me. We thought it a curious dream at the time.

(Signed) William Myers.
Elizabeth Myers.

3, Pump-court, Temple, E.C., *March 14th*, 1884.

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter of the 10th inst., I have no doubt that the place near the gates referred to was a place which he knew perfectly well that poachers would be almost sure to pass in order to set a certain wood. I do not think that the place was ever regularly watched, as there is no cover to hide any men in, but the gates would certainly be frequently marked in order that it might be ascertained if anyone had gone through them or not.—Yours truly, Francis Alvey Darwin.

Before dismissing this dream as a mere accidental coincidence, the reader should refer to Dr. A. K. Young's case (*Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 381), where the dreamer strikes out violently at imaginary foes,—in a scene where an assault is being actually committed upon a tenant of his own.

[1] A transitional case, where an object which had been purposely concealed was discovered by a sudden impression, was sent to me in 1887 by the well-known surgeon, Dr. Whitehead, of 24, St. Ann's-square, Manchester. The impression was received in waking hours, and not in dream, but seemed to depend upon no external indication whatever.

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In the next case there is no suggestion of matter on which the dream-self could have worked, except the fact that on the previous evening the dreamer had heard a cart rapidly driven.

L. 841.

Turnours Hall, nr. Chigwell, Essex, *July*, 1888.

Statement by William Bass, farm bailiff to Mrs. Palmer :—

On the night of Good Friday, 1884, I went to bed at half past 10, and very soon fell asleep. Just before the clock struck one I awoke in violent agitation and profuse perspiration. I told my wife I dreamt that something was wrong at the farm stables, and I was so convinced it was the fact that I should get up at once and go there. She persuaded me to lie down again (I was sitting up in bed and the night was cold). Still I could not rest. At a quarter to two I dressed hastily, and taking a lamp and matches with me went as fast as I could to the stables (distant about a third of a mile). I at once perceived the place had been broken into and that a grey mare had been stolen. From appearances where the mare had lain I judged she had been taken away about two hours previously.

WILLIAM BASS.

Mr. J. B. Surgey, enclosing this account, writes as follows :—

22, Holland-street, Kensington, *July 9th*, 1888.

DEAR MR. MYERS,—Probably a few lines will be acceptable to you beyond those to which William Bass has signed his name. Before being employed as bailiff he was coachman at Turnours Hall, and has been 32 years in his place—a thoroughly trustworthy, straightforward, and the most unimaginative, matter-of-fact fellow conceivable. Before his dream of Good Friday, 1884, he was never known to speak of one. I had all particulars of it almost immediately, but only jotted them down last week. I asked if he could guess how long he had been dreaming when he awoke. No, not possible to guess; but he was in a horrible fright and his shirt was "dripping" with perspiration, by which he supposed he might have been in a state of excitement a good while.—Very truly yours,

J. B. SURGEY.

Mr. Bass has since been interviewed by Mr. Barkworth, who writes :—

April 18th, 1890.

William Bass confirmed his previous evidence to me this day.

About the time when the incident occurred (and for a long while afterwards) systematic horse-stealing had gone on in the neighbourhood, but Bass has no recollection of being specially anxious about this. Pressed as to the details of the dream, he recollected that he saw the horses in the dream, and had a vivid impression of "something wrong," but what it was he did not know. Although thus vague, the impression was so strong as to be irresistible, so that although his wife begged him to go to sleep again, he lay awake for about 1¼ hours until he could bear it no longer, when he got up and went to the stable.

His wife confirmed all this, particularly as to his having twice said there was something wrong in the stable and he must go and see to it. He had

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always reproached her since with having prevented his going to the stable when he first woke. Bass states he is not in the habit of dreaming. Pressed as to any previous experience of the kind, he said that about 20 years ago he dreamt he saw his father dead. The father, who was quite well at the time, died suddenly 10 days afterwards.

On the evening before the horse was stolen he had heard a cart driven by very fast. The neighbourhood is so lonely that anything unusual is remarked upon, and he said to his wife, "There is something wrong." He had made the same remark on previous occasions when a vehicle was driven rapidly by.

When he interviewed the police in Scotland Yard, they asked him how he knew the horse had been stolen in the middle of the night, and when he told his dream they ridiculed him, and evidently suspected complicity on his part. Mr. Bass is a most respectable man, well known and esteemed in the parish. He has lived in his present situation for many years.

I will conclude with two visions not easy to class, but apparently well attested. Mr. Brighten is known to Mr. Podmore,—who concurs in what appears to be the estimate generally formed of that gentleman, namely, that he is a shrewd, unimaginative, practical man.

P. 117.

I owned a 35 ton schooner, and in August, 1876, in very calm weather, I dropped anchor in the Thames at the North shore, opposite Gravesend, as it was impossible to get to the other side, there being no wind.

The current being exceedingly swift at that part we let out plenty of chain cable before going to bed. I had captain and crew of 3 men on board, besides visitors. Towards morning I found myself lying awake in my (owner's) cabin with the words ringing in my ears, "Wake, awake, you'll be run down." I waited a few moments, then dropped off to sleep, but was again awakened by the same words ringing in my ears. Upon this I leisurely put on some clothes and went on deck and found the tide rushing past very swiftly, and that we were enveloped in a dense fog, and all was calm and quiet in the early morning, and there was already some daylight. I paced the deck once or twice, then went below, undressed, got into my berth, and fell asleep, only to be again awakened by the same words. I then somewhat more hastily dressed, went on deck, and climbed some way up the rigging to get above the fog, and was soon in a bright, clear atmosphere with the fog like a sea at my feet, when looking round I saw a large vessel bearing down directly upon us. I fell, rather than scrambled, out of the rigging, rushed to the forecastle, shouted to the captain who rushed on deck, explained all in a word or two, he ran to the tiller, unlashed it, put it hard a port, the swift current acting upon the rudder caused the boat to slew across and upward in the current, when on came the large vessel passing our side, and it would have cleared us but her anchor which she was carrying (having lifted it in consequence of having heaved anchor at low tide with very little cable) caught in our chain when she swung round and came alongside, fortunately, however, doing us very little damage. I at once jumped on her deck and woke up some men who appeared on deck in various stages of intoxication, who

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stupidly wanted to remain as they were, but by dint of coaxing and threatening in turn I induced them to take some turns at their capstan, which had the effect of freeing their anchor from my chain, and she soon left us and dropped her anchor a little lower down. I at once narrated the above facts to the captain, and next day informed my visitors of the voice to which we all owed our preservation. I cannot think that it was really a human voice, as in consequence of the fog no one could have seen the relative position of the vessels, and no other vessels were near us within half a mile or more. My visitors at once desired me to return to Greenhithe, and discontinued their trip.

Argyle House, Southend-on-Sea. WM. E. BRIGHTEN.
December 6th, 1884.

I was one of the visitors on the occasion above referred to, and Mr. Brighten related the occurrence to us on the following day.

ROBERT PARKER.
31, Liverpool-street, London, Solicitor.

P. 118.

I was serving my articles to a solicitor in the city of Norwich at the time of the following dream, and although it happened in March of the year 1861 it is as fresh and vivid in my memory as if it happened yesterday, and I have frequently narrated it. In that year Mr. C. (also an articled clerk), having purchased a long paddle steamer for river use (of a class since supplanted by the launches of the present day), arranged with me that we should have a week's holiday in the steamboat, so putting our provisions on board, we (perhaps rashly) started without any engineer or attendant of any kind. Our trip was a pleasant one from Norwich to Yarmouth, and we proceeded up the North River, *i.e.*, River Bure, as far as Acle, returning that night to the North Quay, Great Yarmouth, where we were conveniently moored stem and stern to a wherry (*i.e.*, the local name for barges conveying goods) and we turned in about 9.30 p.m. The cabin was comfortable and we were able to enjoy our beds as at home, and I must describe the doors as two small folding doors secured by shutting from the inside against the threshold, and at the top by a hatch coming over and secured with bar top and bottom. I must have slept some hours before my dream commenced. I thought my eyes opened, and that the top of the cabin had become transparent, and I could see two dark figures floating in the air about the funnel. They appeared to be in earnest converse, pointing towards the mouth of the river, and then at the ropes by which the boat was moored ; at last they turned to each other, and after some gestures they seemed to have resolved upon a plan of action, and each floated in the air, one to the stem and the other to the stern, holding out a forefinger, and at the same moment each forefinger touched a rope and instantly burned it like a red-hot iron. The boat thus freed at once drifted with the rapid ebb, first past the quay under the suspension bridge, then under the iron bridge, then across the broad waters of Braydon towards Yarmouth bridge, then down between the long lines of shipping there. All this time the two figures were floating in the air above the boat, and both giving forth musical sounds. I thought I tried to break the spell upon me and wake my companion, for I knew that if we

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drifted out to sea we should certainly be swamped crossing the bar, but I lay there helpless. My eyes apparently saw every familiar object along the two and a-half miles to the sea. At last we passed Southtown, then the village of Gorleston, and we came to the sharp last turn of the river where the swift waters were hurrying and tumbling over the bar to the broad sea beyond; and in those waters we were soon whirling, when the musical sounds, which had never ceased, were exchanged by the two dark figures for hideous screams of triumph as the boat rapidly began to sink. At last the waters appeared to reach my mouth, and I was drowning, choking. With a wild effort I bounded from the couch, burst the doors outwards, shivering them to pieces, and found myself (in my night-clothes) awake outside the ruined doors on a calm, bright moonlight night, and instinctively turned to the head rope; to my horror, it had just parted. Turning for the boathook I saw beside me my friend C., who had been aroused by the crash, and he shouted that he saw the stern rope go at the same time. We both held on despairingly to the boathook, bruising our unprotected shins, but our cries woke up the wherryman, who came to our assistance, supplying fresh ropes, and we were made snug for the rest of the night. My friend upbraided me for the wreck of his doors, and I at once told him the whole of the above dream, by which I was then very much excited. Next day I could calmly reflect that had we remained asleep when the ropes parted the tragedy I dreamed of must inevitably have taken place in all its literal detail.

WILLIAM E. BRIGHTEN.

Argyle House, Southend, Essex.
1884.

Witness, Mr. J. W. Clabburn, Guild House, Thorpe, Norwich, states:—I was with Mr. Brighten on the occasion referred to, and my knowledge of the matter commenced with being awakened by the crash of the doors, upon which I went out and saw Mr. Brighten with the boathook, in an excited state, trying to hold the bows of the boat. I saw the stern rope part, the bow rope had already gone. The whole scene passed in a moment. Mr. Brighten at once related his dream to me as above.

1884. JAMES W. CLABBURN.

Each experience is unique, and I have never had any other dream or voice warning of impending danger.

Neither am I a dreamer at all beyond the ordinary run of mankind. I can have no possible objection to have my name appended to the statements.

Argyle House, Southend. WILLIAM E. BRIGHTEN.
December 6th, 1884.

Few of our narratives are more difficult than these to range under any one of our definite classes. In some way Mr. Brighten obtained a *connaissance supérieure*, as M. Richet terms it;—in some way he became aware of impending dangers which no ordinary faculty could have revealed. Are we to call it clairvoyance? or premonition? or communication from any embodied or unembodied mind?

I should not be frank if I were to leave the impression that in any of these cases I regard the explanation which seems to lie nearest to our

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existing knowledge as necessarily the true one. Such an explanation should be the first suggested; and should be pressed as far as it will go. But we cannot philosophically sever one group of these new and strange phenomena from other groups newer to Science and stranger still. Much has already been published in these *Proceedings* which may well remind us that the most familiar things are not therefore the simplest; that what for us is supernormal may for a wider purview be the norm itself; that what to us seem widest generalisations may be but the special incidents of some remoter law. All our classifications must needs be provisional in the absence of any true knowledge as to the mode of operation, the mutual interrelations, of powers which we are just learning to detect, just endeavouring to define. If it is, as we know, impossible to describe the senses, say, of insects in terms of our own senses;—if we are obliged in dealing even with faculties beneath our own to make use of remote and perhaps misleading analogies in order to get any nomenclature which shall be at all intelligible,—how much more shall we be perplexed, when we deal with faculties above our own, to classify them in any way except as the counterparts or extensions of the limited and specialised faculties which our terrene life commands!

We know, for instance, that thoughts are conveyed from one mind to another by certain familiar channels. When we learn that thoughts are also conveyed by other and unknown channels, we set that group of phenomena apart, and call it telepathy. We know that we discern the facts around us, within certain limits, by sight and hearing. When our perception seems to pass beyond those limits, we set apart that group of phenomena, and call them clairvoyance or lucidity. We know that we can to a certain extent infer from the present both the near future and the recent past. If we learn that the future is sometimes foreseen in a manner which no ordinary inferences will explain, we set apart that fact as prevision;—or, as I should prefer to say, precognition. And similarly,—although the conception has hardly as yet been isolated, nor has received a name,—we must needs set apart such knowledge of the past as no ordinary retrogressive inferences will explain under some such title as retrocognition.

But while thus inevitably arranging these ultra-terrene powers with reference to terrene conceptions, we must beware of assuming that such powers are differentiated from each other by any such limit or variety of function as exists for terrene nerves and brains. Our human eye collects into a single prospect the scene which the insect views scatteringly through a hundred facets; and thus, too, in realms of higher law, the distinction between all our adits of knowledge may be merged in some simple intuition. Men have learnt long since that the Universal Mind does not sniff up the smoke of sacrifices, nor gaze from Olympus on the

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fortunes of a single fray. Our newer speculations bring home to us afresh the thought that to such a Mind all knowledge must arrive with equal immediacy, and that Past and Future must be included in one eternal Now. If we endeavour to represent the World-soul to ourselves, we must imagine one of its aspects (as I have elsewhere urged) as a World-record;—a transcript of each cosmic moment so complete and living that the remotest past is there more real than is to our dim perception the current and actual hour. Is man then cognisant of his own history? Are the annals of his separate individuality imprinted without him or within? Does he come to them hereafter like Æneas at the Carthaginian shrine,—discovering in an unknown land the image of his own environment and the symbol of his own fate?

> Se quoque principibus permixtum adgnovit Achivis,
> Eoasque acies, et nigri Memnonis arma.

Or do his long-past actions stand about him in his soul's presence-chamber,—ever changeless but ever living,—like the golden watch-dogs in Alcinous' palace-hall which Hephæstus fashioned with cunning heart? There is significance, there is dignity, in even the pettiest incidents which seem to link man's secret memory with this chronicle of imperishable things. Poor and brief is all the life he knows; but yet some chapter of that cosmic record is writing itself unceasingly within the bounds of his being;—however perishing or however perdurable those walls of Mansoul may be.

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III.

THE SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

By Frederic W. H. Myers.

Chapter V.

Sensory Automatism and Induced Hallucinations.

Βλέπομεν γὰρ ἄρτι δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι.

ARGUMENT.

I.—This paper forms one of a series of chapters intended to illustrate the emergence into ordinary or supraliminal consciousness of faculties habitually *subliminal;*—acting, that is to say, below the conscious threshold.

II.—We are now to discuss *sensory automatism*, or the supraliminal emergence of images not due either to external stimuli or to voluntary attention. Such images are called hallucinations, and they may be either *spontaneous* or *induced*.

III.—The experimental induction of hallucinations forms a penetrating method of psychological experiment.

IV.—It has been practised already in hypnotism; and "suggested" hallucinations, during or after the hypnotic trance, have already afforded much instruction. Discussion of the *source*, the *optical behaviour*, and the *content* of such hallucinations.

V.—But can we get at such instruction in a convenient form, without using hypnotism? We are familiar with *after-images*, *memory-images*, and *imagination-images*. To what extent can any of these be recalled, intensified, or fixated for our study?

VI.—Experiments of Mr. C. M. Bakewell on postponed or persistent after-images. Explanation of certain supposed "ghosts" as postponed after-images.

VII.—Transition from true after-images, which are *entoptic*, to memory-images, which are "mind's-eye" or central pictures. Observations of Professor Flournoy on his own *illusions hypnagogiques*.

VIII.—How far, then, is it possible voluntarily to externalise images from the subliminal storehouse? Spontaneous externalisation of *number forms* and other visual schemata of thought. Case of M. Yowanovitch.

IX.—*Audition colorée*, or sound-seeing, with its allied synæsthesiæ, affords a further example both of definiteness of character, and of capacity of externalisation, in these entencephalic quasi-percepts. Case reported by Professor Gruber.

X.—*Crystal-vision* as an empirical artifice for externalising centrally-

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initiated pictures. Experiments with hypnotised subjects at Brighton, illustrating the transmission of crystal-pictures as post-hypnotic suggestions, conveyed to the subject either by verbal injunction or by telepathy.

XI.—Experiments of Dr. Gibotteau, involving the *telepathic* transmission of analogous pictures to himself, and by him to another subject.

XII.—Experience seems to show that these sensory automatisms do not necessarily indicate any actual or latent disease or abnormality in the automatists, but may occur in persons whose senses and general physique are above the average standard.

XIII.—Experiments in crystal-vision, &c., made by Mrs. A. W. Verrall, and comments thereon.

XIV.—Experiments in crystal-vision made by Professor Pierre Janet.

XV.—Experiments in crystal-vision and shell-hearing made by Miss X.

XVI.—Experiments in crystal-vision by Miss A, and cognate spontaneous phenomena.

XVII.—Experiments of a cognate type by Mr. Keulemans.

XVIII.—Experiments by the Princess di Cristoforo, and by Major Schreiber.

XIX.—From these experiments, which indicate the emergence in induced hallucinations of various forms of supernormal knowledge, it is inferred that our centrally-initiated sensations may convey instruction as to the external world as veritable as that which peripherally-initiated sensations convey. The rarity and the practical uselessness of such phenomena tell in favour of the view that this supernormal perceptivity has not been acquired by terrene evolution.

XX.—Review of the forms of vision known to us, external and internal. Starting from the synæsthesiæ of which sound-seeing is a conspicuous example, and which stand on the dividing line between external and internal percepts, we first follow external vision through entoptic vision and after-images into our ordinary sight of the world around us. We next follow internal vision through memory-images and imagination-images to those subliminally-initiated images, post-hypnotic, hypermnesic, hyperæsthetic, &c., of which the crystal-visions above cited have supplied examples.

XXI.—The wide scope and promising future of this novel form of psychological experiment. Invitation to send records of experiment to the writer, at Leckhampton House, Cambridge.

[Some part of the following paper was read at the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, London, August 3rd, 1892, as a communication on "The Experimental Induction of Hallucinations."]

I.—We have already discussed in several papers certain modes in which the consciousness and the faculties ordinarily known to us appear

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to be interrupted or supplemented by the emergence of some kind of faculty presumably inherent in our own being, yet not included in the stream of thought and feeling with which we are accustomed to identify ourselves.

The nature of this faculty is, to begin with, entirely obscure; and the word subliminal has been chosen for it expressly as assuming nothing more than the obvious fact that its operation is in some sense beneath what we are accustomed to term the threshold of consciousness. Again, this subliminal activity has been regarded as a kind of consciousness because the hidden form of activity seems strongly to resemble the superficial and familiar one to which the word consciousness is commonly applied. The observed operations of the subliminal part of the self are often such as, when occurring in supraliminal life, involve the presence of consciousness. And moreover, one of the most striking of the phenomena which we are trying to collect and explain consists in the occasional complete replacement of the supraliminal consciousness by the subliminal, which then, of course, though temporarily and as it were accidentally, becomes supraliminal in its turn.

Only a few groups of subliminal phenomena have as yet been discussed. But it has already become evident that such phenomena are too numerous and too imperfectly known to be at present arranged in any completely logical series. We must be content to indicate several possible modes of arrangement, and to use each mode in turn as may best subserve that clearness which it is not easy to attain when facts at once complex and fragmentary have to be pieced together.

For the sake of clearness I introduced the metaphor of a spectrum of total consciousness, prolonged at either end beyond the limits of supraliminal consciousness—extending at the red end into the deeps of organic life, and at the violet end into a world of supersensory perceptions; supersensory at least in the sense that the recognised external senses can here no longer be employed. I have illustrated the operation of subliminal perceptions and powers lying beyond the *red* end by certain facts of hypnotic suggestion. I have then tried to show that similar subliminal activity is going on also along the *red to violet* spectrum of which we are supraliminally as well as subliminally cognisant. For this purpose I cited certain facts connected with genius and with dreams. I have now to follow these subliminal activities beyond the *violet* end of the spectrum—into the region of telepathy, clairvoyance, retrocognition, premonition.

Observe, however, that the two subliminal prolongations of my imaginary spectrum—say the phenomena of power over organic processes, and of clairvoyance—do in fact approach each other, instead of lying more and more widely apart, so that my spectrum ought to be imagined as circular, not linear, and with the infra-red and

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ultra-violet regions running into each other in some deeply hidden way. And observe in the second place that any real glimpse which we get of the subliminal spectrum is apt not only to show us certain lines or bands with special clearness, but to give us also a dimmer view of distant portions. Thus, for instance, the lessons of hypnotic suggestion are by no means limited to its profounder organic effects. We shall have to recur to it in connection with clairvoyance and precognition also.

II.—And we are coming now to a point where it seems convenient no longer to confine our attention to one region of the spectrum, but rather to take a certain definite group of phenomena, and trace the lines and bands which correspond to those phenomena in all parts of our spectrum. I propose to attempt this task in the present paper for the phenomena of *sensory automatism*.

First, however, I must define what I mean by the automatic action of the senses. Up to this point, the indications or messages sent upwards by the subliminal self have been of a kind not easy to apportion between the two groups—sensory and motor—into which ordinary supraliminal nervous activity is commonly divided. Under which head should we have classed the production of a blister by suggestion? or the musical impulse of Mozart? or even ordinary *dreams*,—which mix sensory imagery with representation of motion, finding outlet occasionally in actual movements of head and limbs?

But we are now coming to subliminal "messages" of a more precise and definite character. We are passing from messages which carry all their meaning in the phenomenon itself to messages which contain apparently *purposive signs*;—gestures, pictures, or verbalisation. And the verbalisation (for instance) may come in any one of the four ways in which we verbalise in common life; in the mainly sensory modes, namely reading and hearing, or in the mainly motor modes, namely speaking and writing. We shall find, no doubt, that among these verbal and pictorial messages the interchange between sensory and motor phenomena will be subtle and frequent. But still we shall gain in clearness if at first we ignore such interchange; if we take first the group of sensory automatic messages, and then the group of motor automatic messages, beginning in each case with messages whose content falls well within the habitual range of supraliminal perception, and going on to messages of telepathic or clairvoyant type.

And I shall define the automatic action of each sense in turn as the production and presentation of images due neither to external stimuli nor to the voluntary direction of attention from within. Let us take the most important sense as a type. *Vision* is usually divided into external and internal; external vision resulting from the impression made by the world around us upon the retina, and constituting our only source of fresh visual knowledge; and internal vision consisting of memory-

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images and imagination-images;—the voluntary or involuntary recall or rearrangement of images originally received through the retina from the world without us. Such recall or rearrangement may, of course, help us to new *ideas* (as to the first conception of a steam-engine), but cannot, in the ordinary view, inform us of any fresh *facts* external to ourselves. And inasmuch as this internal visualisation seems useful only as an aid to the carrying on of our mental processes, most men are apt to dwell mainly on that part of it which is *voluntary*, and to treat as insignificant or even morbid that part of it which is involuntary or automatic. They attach importance to Watt's power of seeing distinctly in his mind's eye the behaviour of saturated vapour inside a vessel of varying temperature and capacity; but they regard dreams as trifling, and waking hallucinations as mere indications of disease. As to the vague fragmentary pictures, amounting neither to dream nor to hallucination, which are constantly welling up "of their own accord" in most men, it is only quite lately that they have been traced and noted down even as a curiosity.

The reader will have already inferred that my own arrangement of modes of visualisation is different in an important particular. I recognise, of course, that external vision is the only means of obtaining *optical* knowledge—I do not say of obtaining visual knowledge of any kind—of the material world. And I recognise voluntary internal visualisation—recollection and rearrangement of images under the guidance of the supraliminal self—as an important, though not an essential aid to ordinary mental operation. But out of the refuse, so to say, of the ordinary classification;—out of those residual phenomena of internal vision, those unbidden and meaningless images which are commonly regarded as the mere sparks that fly from the mind's hurrying engine,—out of these I make a third class, of *automatic visualisations*, which I hold for at least as important as either of the other two classes. I maintain that visual knowledge, both of the material world and of what we at present call immaterial relations, is in fact attainable through visions which I term automatic, as being neither evoked nor evocable by the supraliminal self, but which, as I hold, have their origin (or proximate origin) in the subliminal self, and carry up its messages into our current and familiar consciousness. I of course admit that in some cases these messages merely indicate disease and disintegration; and that in most cases they are meaningless, fragmentary, or abortive. But I claim that in some cases they convey real knowledge, acquired by some perceptivity which is possessed only by the subliminal and not by the supraliminal self. What the relation of that original perceptivity may be to sight, as we know sight, I do not pretend to say. Since the knowledge presents itself in pictorial form we may conjecture that it normally

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involves the activity of those parts of the brain which are concerned with vision; but whether the unimpaired existence of those parts is necessary to this automatic visualisation I cannot tell. We know that usually the external eye must work for six or seven years after birth if the parts of the brain which govern vision are to retain through life, after the eye's destruction, their power of internal sight. It is conceivable that in some such way as the eye's activity is required to develop the power of voluntary inward visualisation, so also the power of voluntary inward visualisation may be required to develop (though it need not create) the power of automatic inward visualisation. This point deserves notice because, as we shall see before long, it can to some extent be settled by actual observation and experiment.

Such, then, is my first definition of the sensory automatism with which I have now to deal. But where, it may be asked, am I to get my examples? How am I to fill up this wide framework with the scrappy materials which others have deemed of so little worth? I reply that I draw my material mainly from sensory *hallucinations*, spontaneous or experimental; and that no one can set a limit to the material thus forthcoming, inasmuch as it was only, so to say, yesterday that spontaneous hallucinations were first registered, or experimental hallucinations induced.

One word, in passing, upon the term *hallucination*—so often occurring in these *Proceedings*, and now emphasised for even wider use. A hallucination of the senses, as defined by Edmund Gurney, is "a percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognised as lacking, the objective basis which it suggests." [1]

The word as thus defined is mainly of negative connotation; and for that very reason was all the more appropriately applied to phenomena as to whose nature we wished to take as little for granted as possible. But for the same reason it has been objected to by some critics as involving in popular parlance so marked an absence of truth or reality that the prefix to this noun of the adjective *veridical*, or truth-telling, seemed almost to involve a paradox. The word still seems to me indispensable, but I may point out that something more of positive is now given to the same conception if for hallucination we substitute "sensory automatism"; thus implying not so much that the picture fails truly to represent the objects present to supraliminal vision, as that it aims at representing objects present to subliminal perception in some unknown way.

I have said that neither the observation of the spontaneous hallucinations of sane persons nor the induction of experimental ones has until quite lately received any serious attention. The very idea of a "Census of Hallucinations"—in default of which speculation on the

[1] *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 459.

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subject was mere guesswork—was due to Edmund Gurney; and to his first effort was indirectly owing that wider International Census over which Professor Sidgwick has presided in England, and of which it is hoped that a report will appear in an early number of these *Proceedings*. In view of this expected accession of knowledge I will here postpone any detailed consideration of spontaneous hallucinations, merely reminding the reader that in some hundreds of cases already printed we have shown ground, more or less strong in each case, for supposing that the hallucination was in some sense veridical; —implied either a clairvoyant knowledge of past, present, or future facts, or a telepathic correspondence with the minds of living or departed persons other than the percipient himself. With the general lines of this evidence the reader will be familiar; and he will have observed also that such veridical hallucinations have been treated throughout by Edmund Gurney and myself as belonging in some sort to subjacent strata of the intelligence, rather than to the ordinary stream of life. It is this view, often before hinted at in these *Proceedings*, which I am here endeavouring to develop in especial connection with various experimental facts which point the same way.

III.—It is, I say, to *experimentally-induced hallucinations* that I must now turn. Specimens of various types of these have been already published, but since there seems still to exist in many minds some dislike to this whole group of experiments, it will be well to explain briefly the position which, in my view, the group in question holds among the researches of experimental psychology; to show how inevitably we are led to seek in this very direction if experiment is ever to penetrate as deeply as introspection in its own way penetrated into the springs of our being.

The movement which is now striving to convert psychology into a truly experimental science may be seen on analysis to have originated mainly in two impulses, which were not at first closely allied to each other, and are even now but imperfectly fused together.

The first of these impulses was due to the general scientific spirit of the age. *Savants*, accustomed to the exactitude of modern biology, and finding one branch hereof, namely neurology, conterminous with a psychological region mapped out in so much vaguer a style, have naturally wished to push their methods as far as possible over the border. But here two great difficulties are encountered. The first and obvious difficulty depends on the fact that psychology and neurology, the objective and subjective aspects of the work of mind or brain, although in one sense identical in their subject-matter, are in another sense separated by a gulf wider than that which separates neurology from any other physical science whatever. Neurology can but photograph the outside of the fortress; it has no direct testimony as to what

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goes on within. A second difficulty lies in the fact that we cannot deal with the human race in the same way as biology deals with animals and plants. Interbreeding, environmental changes, vivisection, are impossible. We can indeed study the sense-organs, cerebral and external, in life and death. But beyond this, the psycho-physiologist is mainly reduced to the employment of physical methods not even special to biology; determinations of time, weight, movement, &c., such as in one form or another are common to all sciences.

Here again, then, there is a danger that the experiments will not be sufficiently *intimate* to bring real discovery in their train. They help us rather to define accurately facts already roughly known, than to get at underlying facts of which common consciousness does not inform us. To do this we must pass from general mechanical artifices to artifices special to psychology. We may say that psychology is passing from the initial state of each science in turn, when the new science depends on observation only without experiment, into the second state when it depends on experiment; but that thus far it remains in that early stage of the second state when the methods of experiment are such as other sciences have suggested, not such as this special branch of inquiry suggests for itself, or can use with unique effect. Thus, for instance, in the study of crystals men began by measuring their external angles. Then they sliced them and found their planes of cleavage; and it seemed as though the crystals had been examined through and through. But with the discovery of the polarisation of light came a more intimate analysis; and we classify the crystal now by the behaviour of the ray within. What we want to get hold of in psychology is some experiment which shall compare with the registry of reflexes and the description of end-organs as the polariscope compares with the goniometer; which shall avail to detect double or multiple refraction within a personality which to less subtle analyses seems still a limpid homogeneous whole.

But in order to hit upon these specifically psychological experiments we must, so to say, become as little children; we must put ourselves back into a state of scientific infancy; we must reach at the moon to see if by any chance we can pull it down. We must be content to grope, as pioneers have always groped, among a forest of obscure possibilities, rather than to march by a series of small but indisputable advances along a road whose bearing is already known. This attitude is unwelcome to men who have grown accustomed to definite, irrefragable progress; and discoveries in a nascent science are consequently apt to fall to outsiders.

And thus it came about that that second main impulse towards an experimental psychology of which I have already spoken took its rise in the crude theory, but fruitful experiments, of a discoverer who was

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also a charlatan. It was Mesmer who started the first really intimate, really penetrating method of psychological experiment. And so new, so unwelcome, was that conception of profoundly modified personality which mesmerism or hypnotism implies, that it has taken a century—I do not say to work it out—but to get it recognised as worth serious study by official *savants*.

The path which this priceless method of experiment has actually followed has been lengthened and deflected by much of accident, prejudice, and error. But we have now advanced far enough to be able to look back through the winding ways, and to ask ourselves what really was the short cut which we ought to have taken;—the hint which ought to have set us on the right road. Undoubtedly that hint was offered to us by *spontaneous somnambulism*. In spontaneous somnambulism might at any time have been observed on a small scale the very phenomena whose existence has been established with so much effort. Hyperæsthesia, anæsthesia, alternating memory, suggestibility,—all these, not to speak of certain other phenomena not yet equally accepted, might have been studied in the sleep-walkers and sleep-talkers who used to be noted as mere curiosities, as residual phenomena which it was not worth while to try to explain.

Surely we ought to learn something from this experience. We ought to realise that experimental psychology cannot afford to push aside adventurous experiments, inexplicable observations. For her, as for other sciences, it is the anomalies, the residual phenomena, which open out fresh paths of discovery. And I believe, therefore, that I am merely treading in the ordinary paths of progress when I suggest that in the odd, inexplicable phenomena of hallucination, or sensory automatism, lies the hint and germ of discoveries which shall embrace man's whole self, whether lying above or below our transitory and shifting threshold of conscious life.

IV.—But, it will be asked, can we make this a really *experimental* study? Must we not content ourselves with simply watching these fleeting hallucinatory images as they rise and pass away? Is it possible to *induce* hallucinations? And, if possible, is it safe?[1]

[1] I do not recommend my readers to take drugs for the purpose of inducing hallucinations. But since the action of drugs in generating hallucinatory sounds or images is at present ill-understood, it might be interesting if persons to whom such drugs are administered for other reasons would attempt crystal-vision and report results. I add a brief account (mainly summarised from some notes kindly sent to me by Dr. Mitchell Bruce) of some of these toxic hallucinations, which probably result in varying proportions from affection of the end-organ or of the brain. *Salicylate of soda* in some persons causes visions, mostly unpleasant, when the eyes are shut. This effect has been noted after five fifteen-grain doses of salicylic acid. Faces, &c., are seen, as in *illusions hypnagogiques*. *Digitalis* in large doses may cause subjective sensations of light. "After taking nearly one grain of digitalin," says Dr. Lauder Brunton, "in the course of forty-eight hours, I suffered from the centre of the field of

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A satisfactory answer to these questions is furnished by the continual experimentation in hypnotic hallucinations which has been carried on of late years at Nancy and elsewhere. Professor Bernheim and his friends have conclusively proved that hallucinations can be induced in very many subjects, healthy both in body and mind, without any kind of consequent ill effect. There is no necessary injury even from what looks most dangerous, namely, the very frequent induction of hypnotic hallucination in a diseased subject. "In one of my patients," says Dr. Bernheim,[1] "a very intelligent woman, affected with locomotor ataxy, I have allowed myself to make, with her consent, certain experiments [with the view of testing the effect of repeated hallucinations], while carefully watching her psychical condition, and keeping myself prepared to stop the experiment at the slightest alarming indication. I have on several occasions subjected her for several days in succession to complex and repeated hallucinations—hypnotic and post-hypnotic, immediate and deferred—and no trace has remained of all this. During three years that she has passed in my ward, in spite of very frequent suggestions given in waking hours and in the trance, her intelligence has continued equally alert, nor has her power of initiative been impaired."

This is by no means an isolated case. Professor Bernheim himself has several other living examples, some of whom he has allowed me to see. And in a long series of experiments begun by Edmund Gurney at Brighton in 1883 and continued at intervals (mainly by Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick), up to the present time, the same healthy and intelligent young men have been subjected (1887-92) to scores of hypnotic and post-hypnotic hallucinations, with no bodily or mental injury whatever. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that the mere fact of undergoing a hallucination is in itself either injurious, or an indication of weakness or disease.[2]

vision being occupied by a bright spot surrounded by rainbow colours." *Cannabis indica* (Indian hemp: hashisch). The hallucinations caused by this drug are well known, although their *agreeable* quality has been much exaggerated. An unusual degree of motor automatism,—uncontrollable speech, gesture, and the like,—accompanies the visual hallucinations. Automatic writing should be tried with these patients, especially when the effect of the drug is going off, and the patient's mind appears to himself to be in a normal state. To the hallucinations caused by *alcohol* and *opium* I need do no more than refer. The singing in the ears caused by *quinine* sometimes develops into a definite sound, as when a patient of Dr. Mitchell Bruce's begged his nurse to send away the barrel-organ which was perpetually repeating the same tune. "Shell-hearing" might be tried here.

[1] *De la Suggestion*, 1886, p. 414.

[2] I am assuming, of course, that the experiments are conducted on suitable subjects, and with proper care. Harm may no doubt be done by hallucinating weak-minded subjects, or even by forgetting to remove the hallucination which has been induced. I have seen a healthy and intelligent young man much puzzled at a distressing sensation of lameness after being awakened from a trance in which several

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Hypnotic hallucinations have now been made in sufficient numbers to allow us to gather from them some instruction which will simplify our further inquiries. I will arrange these results briefly under three heads :—

1. Source or initiation of the hypnotic hallucination.
2. Its intensity, duration, and optical behaviour.
3. Its specific nature or content.

1. "Suggestion" is now the regular answer to any question as to the *source* of a hypnotic hallucination. A *suggests* to B that there is a cat on the sofa ;—or B, if very sensitive, suggests to *himself* that there is a cat on the sofa ;—and B then sees the cat. In my chapter on "The Mechanism of Suggestion" I have tried to show that the most intelligible definition which we can give to that too fashionable word is, "an appeal which somehow reaches the subliminal consciousness,"—whether that appeal emanates from the supraliminal consciousness of the operator-subject himself, or from either the supraliminal or the subliminal consciousness of some operator other than himself. In ordinary verbal suggestion, A's supraliminal self gives the order which B's subliminal or hypnotic self hears and obeys. In ordinary self-suggestion, B's supraliminal self gives the order and his subliminal self hears and obeys it. But there may be "spontaneous" self-suggestion, in which B's subliminal self both originates and carries out the suggestion, without any supraliminal knowledge on B's part. And there may be telepathic suggestion, when A's subliminal self—perhaps without the knowledge of his supraliminal self—conveys the message to B at a distance. None of these four possible forms of suggestion absolutely need the hypnotic trance, but the trance-condition seems to *facilitate* all of them.

2. Next, as to the duration, intensity, and optical behaviour of the hallucinatory image thus induced. No absolute limit can be assigned to the duration of such an image, especially if occasionally renewed by fresh suggestion. Its intensity may vary from mere floating vagueness to a mimicry so complete that the subject, asked to decide between a real rose and a hallucinatory rose, will sometimes be unable to say which is which. To make this mistake possible there

suggestions had been made to him and had then been dispelled. The fact was that one of the suggestions made was that he was lame, and the operator had forgotten to remove this. A word set the matter right; but had this word not been spoken the inconvenience might have lasted for some hours. The evil effects sometimes noticed in persons who have allowed themselves to be hypnotised by Donato or other perambulatory mesmerists are, I believe, largely due to the mere culpable neglect of the mesmerist to abolish the hallucinations which he has inspired. "I have seen," says Dr. Hamilton Osgood, the well-known physician of Boston, U.S.A., "many neuroses cured; I have never seen one caused by suggestion. I have seen the intelligence restored; I have never seen a mind enfeebled by suggestion."

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must generally be a great intensification of the subject's ordinary visualising power. Very few persons can voluntarily summon up an image of a rose so life-like as to be indistinguishable from a real rose.

As to the obedience or otherwise of these hallucinatory images to optical laws, the question is by no means easy to decide. There are two well-known views, commonly assigned to the Nancy and Paris schools respectively; there is a third view of Professor Lombroso's, which thus far lacks confirmation; and, finally, my own way of regarding the matter differs from all these views, although in some sense it combines them.

A. Simplest of all is the opinion of the Nancy school, which maintains that the optical behaviour of the image is, like the image itself, a pure result of suggestion. The subject sees the image modified as he expects to see it modified. He follows the hypnotiser's hints; and if told that he is looking at it through a magnifying glass he sees it enlarged, although the glass may be a plain one. There can be no doubt that this is, at least, sometimes the case; that, whatever other laws may be at work, the brute force of suggestion, so to say, can sometimes overrule them all.

B. Equally simple, and almost equally demonstrable in certain cases, is the view of Binet and Féré, which treats the hallucination as a kind of monstrous development of some real tract or speck of light, or shade, or colour which serves as a *point de repère*, a peg on which the subject hangs his fancied image. Thus the image will behave just as the *point de repère* behaves; that is to say it will follow optical laws, and will be magnified by a real magnifying glass and not by a false one. The common experiment of the hallucinatory picture recognised on a white card by the aid of some trifling mark exemplifies this view.

C. A theory which has found few, if any, supporters has been advanced by Professor Lombroso.[1] He holds that he has produced by suggestion hallucinatory images of the solar spectrum, which have then been modified correctly by looking through a glass of some given (hallucinatory) colour. The images have thus, he thinks, followed optical laws unknown to the subject, and not suggested by the operator. He seems to suppose that this is the result of a high degree of exteriorisation. The experiment should be repeated; but even if the imaginary spectra are more correctly modified than the subject's conscious optical knowledge would explain, this need not show more than that the subject's subliminal consciousness was better informed optically than his supraliminal. The subliminal memory is, in my view, much better stored than the supraliminal, and from better memory truer inferences may be drawn.

1 Congrès de Psychologie Physiologique, 1889: Rapport p. 140.

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D. My own view, briefly, is that all hallucinations, including the hypnotic, are essentially modifications by the subliminal self of the supraliminal field of vision or other sensation; and that, therefore, we cannot expect hypnotic hallucinations, as such, to follow any one physiological or psychological law. To understand this, let us look round a little among the varieties of hallucination which hypnotic suggestion can produce.

The simplest case—the case which we have been assuming thus far—is when the hypnotiser merely suggests to the subject to see some object which is not really present. "You see that cat," he says, and the subject sees a cat; which may be either the definite memory-image of some given cat, or an imagination-image of a cat—generalised, of course, from many cats already seen. Now let us go a step further and suggest something more complex, say a country churchyard. Here also what is seen may be some special remembered churchyard, or an imagination-image,—of course quite different in vividness from anything that the waking subject could call up. But here a new point rises. The cat could, of course, easily be *combined* with the actual scene, although it necessarily hid some part of that scene. But the churchyard cannot thus be combined; it must supplant the actual scene; and if we make adroit inquiry we shall find that it supplants that scene in different ways, and with different degrees of completeness, in each individual case. Now suggest a hallucination purely of *suppression*;—what has been called a "negative hallucination," or a "systematised anæsthesia." Say, for instance, that Mr. X has left the room, while he is in reality still present. It will soon be obvious that much more than a mere optical phenomenon may be here produced. Closely linked with the apparent absence of Mr. X from the then visual field, may be a number of hallucinations of other senses,—hearing and touch,—which group themselves about the central hallucination in such a way as to maintain it with as little interruption as possible. I say as little as possible; for it often happens that some act of the artificially invisible personage is marked enough to break the spell.

But surely, when the hallucination reaches this degree of complexity, we must recognise that this is no simple, isolated phenomenon. Rather it is an intelligent adaptation of means to ends. The object is to induce and maintain a certain erroneous idea; and this "trunk lie," to use an American term, is bolstered up by sensory deceptions which vary from minute to minute according to need. We have here, in short, a continuous modification of the supraliminal field of perception effected by the subliminal self.

The question as to the optical behaviour of these hallucinatory images will therefore take another form. We must now ask, "What resources does the subliminal self command? In what directions is it

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able to modify the supraliminal outlook?" At the answer to such a question we can only guess from observing the more complex hallucinatory images, or visions. And we note that such visions frequently fail in conformity to optical laws;—for lack, if I may so say, of optical laws to which they can conform. The crystal-visions, with which we shall soon deal, will afford various examples of what is at the least a strange optical confusion. I hold, therefore, that the representation of a subliminal message in visual terms is a process whose relation to optical laws is uncertain and variable. And, therefore, although I believe from actual observation that simple hallucinatory images generally conform either to Bernheim's or to Binet's view, I cannot accept either view as possessing more than a partial and empirical truth.

3. The nature of the *content* of these hypnotic hallucinations has been often discussed in these *Proceedings*. My readers know that, whereas in the usual view that content depends wholly on suggestion by word or sign acting upon the pre-existing ordinary knowledge of the subject, in my view it often manifests knowledge subliminally acquired by the subject, either by telepathic transmission from his hypnotiser, or by the exercise of independent clairvoyant faculty. And it will be seen as we proceed that I claim an equally wide range for hallucinations induced by waking experiments.

V.—But putting aside controverted points, we see that these hypnotically suggested hallucinations have already supplied us with facts of deep concern to experimental psychology. Plainly the experiment is full of instruction. But we know that experiments are not apt to present themselves to us at once in their best and simplest form. Can we improve on this experiment? Can we get rid of the superfluous and intensify the interesting part?

We have been studying the hallucinatory images generated in obedience to A's suggestion in the mind of the hypnotised B.

Now, in the first place, it is no longer interesting to us that A should have any directing voice in starting the images. It is B's mind that we want to study, and we would rather leave it undisturbed by ordinary verbal suggestion; although of course we shall be glad to observe telepathic impact, if we can.

In the second place it would plainly be more convenient if we could dispense with hypnotisation and get B to see and describe the hallucinations in his waking state. But can B get at these subliminal pictures by any mere effort of will? Can he do anything more than merely summon up memory-images and combine them in fantastic ways? Can he get at anything deeper than vague day-dreams or scrappy recollections? Let us consider whether, apart from such a rare and startling incident as an actual hallucination, there is any

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incident in the course of our ordinary visual imagery which may give a hint of its possible recall, intensification, or fixation, by some lucky artifice.

As a general rule the visual impression of any given object gets progressively weaker. Say that I see a painted window with a figure of Fortitude. Immediately after its direct perception it may, under favourable circumstances, appear as an *after-image*. After a few minutes it can no longer be recalled as such, but it can be summoned with less distinctness and less apparent objectivity (though often with truer coloration) as a *memory-image*. As a memory-image it gradually becomes less definite and more generalised. After a time I cease to be able to recall by any effort what the figure on the window was. But it still persists as material for *imagination-images*. If I am called upon to sketch a figure of Fortitude, my sketch will probably be influenced by the forgotten figure on the window.

VI.—This gradual effacement of the image is usually treated as though it represented a real dissolution. In my view it is more likely to represent a mere subsidence or percolation of the image, so to say, into some subliminal stratum, where it is kept along with all other past experiences of the organism, in a reservoir not generally accessible. But since I believe that what has sunk down as rain-water may be forced up again as springs, I shall anticipate that there may be recrudescences of decadent images,—suddenly regaining all (or more than all) the vividness of an after-image a few seconds old. Nay more, just as I know that the rain-fed spring may carry up in its fountain traces of the salts through which the water has flowed in its subterranean course, so also I conjecture that these resurgent images may be other than exact copies of the original impressions; that they may show signs of *generalisation* (I mean a generalisation diagrammatic and intelligent rather than vague or blurred), or again of that intermixture of *imagination*, that working up into new combinations, which I conceive to be a continuous subliminal process essential to all supraliminal exercise of inventive faculty. I will give some instances of these resurgent images, beginning with a remarkable case of postponed or persistent after-images sent to me by Mr. C. M. Bakewell, lately a pupil of Professor W. James, who has sent me a concordant account.

I. The Experiment.

M. 42. 18, North Weber-street, Colorado Springs, California.

On retiring at night I look fixedly at my lamp, or some other conspicuous object, for a few seconds, varying the time according to the brilliancy of the object.

With my eyes still fixed on the object, I put out my light, at the same time closing my eyes. I am then careful to keep my eyes closed until I

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fall asleep, when, presumably, nature keeps them closed for me. If I awake in the night I am still careful not to open my eyes.

On awaking in the morning I open my eyes on a plain white ceiling, and *instantly* close them again, having just admitted a vague flash of light into the eye.

II. The Result.

Observing these rules, I often found that in the morning the light-flashed retina would vibrate to the picture which had last occupied it the night before. Or, if this is assuming too much, since an objector might say I had not *proved* that the sensation was not "centrally initiated";—at least, there would stand the object before my closed eyes in all the vividness of objective reality.

I will not trouble you with a detailed account of all my experiments, but shall mention one which will serve as the type of a class of results, which seem to throw doubt on the suggestion that these sensations are "centrally initiated"; and which also seem to differentiate my pictures—which I call tardy positive after-images—from the picture which flows in the *hypnopompic* train. I quote from my note-book, from the record made the same morning:—

"Last evening, when ready for bed, I took hold of my lamp-extinguisher, glanced at a frame on my wall containing a number of pictures, immediately pulled the string of the extinguisher, at the same time closing my eyes. I was careful to keep them closed all the time before going to sleep—not an easy matter when I felt I could not open them—and, as I was somewhat excited in anticipation of the picture I was to see in the morning, it took longer than usual to fall asleep. When I awoke day had dawned. I opened my eyes and immediately closed them. To my surprise I saw before me the lamp, and *not the picture I was intent on seeing.* But the lamp stood out clearly—rather an ugly lamp—with its pink shade and pink china base, with flowered pattern in green and white, and with its brass trimmings, just as it appears at night when the light is streaming through the shade and lighting up the base. Now, in trying to see why this and not the picture I was looking for appeared, the obvious explanation occurred to me that as I had glanced at the lamp just before looking at the picture, and as the latter was comparatively quite a dark object, my instantaneous glimpse of it had not left a strong enough trace behind to appear in the morning; nor had it been strong enough to destroy the image which I had got from my lamp."

On several other occasions have I been equally surprised by seeing start out before me objects which I was not expecting. But in every such case the pictures seen in the morning have been of objects seen the evening before, shortly before retiring.

I am by no means always successful, but the successes when they do come are startling in their vividness.

I am most successful when awaking at or very soon after daybreak.

Once, after failing to get my image in the morning, I dozed off, and was fortunate enough to awake in the midst of a beautiful "hypnopompic" train of images; and, recollecting my failure the same morning to get my tardy after-image, I immediately directed my attention to the object I had then been expecting—the same lamp mentioned above—and it at once took its

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place vividly in that train. But this case seems to be of a very different sort from the others, and meets with a much simpler explanation.

III. Corroboration of Experiments by Others.

Three out of six students of psychology who have faithfully tried the experiment have been successful.

Professor Scott, of Michigan, I am told, has been quite successful. It was, in fact, through learning of his success one time with his pincushion that I was led in the first place to try the experiments.

IV. Difficulties, Conclusions, &c.

I have already mentioned the fact that I am by no means always successful in getting the morning image even when I have faithfully observed the rules of observation. I at first explained this to my own satisfaction by supposing that the tardy positive after-image was a function of (1) the time of the original stimulus; (2) the time elapsing between this stimulus and the morning light-flash; and (3) the amount of light which had penetrated the eyelids and had been softly stimulating the retina before I awoke to open my eyes and close them for the expected image. But I have not been able to prove this to my own satisfaction.

Another difficulty has come up, however, in my discovery that my best successes came with my first attempts.

It seems as if we have in these morning pictures, secondary or tardy positive after-images; as if, in addition to the first positive after-image immediately arising, there was a feeble series of vibrations, which, if left undisturbed by counter-vibrations, gradually by their summation came to be of sufficient importance to give a bright positive image, provided any sudden uniform stimulation of the retina should set these banked-up energies off.

If this be the explanation, we ought to be able to get these images, it would seem, after a shorter interval, with the proper initial stimulus, and the proper subsequent light-flash. On this line, too, I hope to carry out my experiments when I have more leisure, and get my room arranged.

Another question that arises is, how far are these remnant vibratiuncles (if I may be allowed to borrow a word from Hartley) destroyed, or neutralised, by such sequent retinal stimulation? It would seem from my experiments that a certain amount of such stimulation may be received without preventing the summation of the vibratiuncles.

If the explanation above suggested be the true one, we seem to have some light thrown on the problem of crystal-vision (a suggestion which I had made to a friend before hearing from Professor James).

It seems to me that these experiments may also throw some light on the question of dream imagery, but I shall not trespass further on your time.

Chas. M. Bakewell.

Mr. Bakewell's experience, which shows us after-images of an unparalleled persistence, and a rarely paralleled definiteness of coloration, suggests an explanation for a special group of ghost stories (which we have never regarded as evidential), where a face seen overnight in a picture presents itself during the night as an apparition. The following narrative, illustrating

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this class of hallucinations possibly reducible to mere after-images, was sent to us by the Rev. A. Horsbrugh (Bengal chaplain retired), of Granville-terrace, Edinburgh :

April 16th, 1891.

In September, 1888, I was staying in a farmhouse in the Kyles of Bute. My friend and I were out sailing, and were becalmed and much delayed on our homeward run. We did not get in till 12 p.m. After eating a hearty supper we turned in for the night. My bed was one of those old-fashioned, heavily-curtained beds often seen in the Highlands. Being tired, I soon fell asleep. About 2 a.m. I awoke with the feeling that someone was looking at me, and for the space, say, of 10 to 15 seconds I distinctly saw a face gazing at me from the opening in the curtains. It was a face I had never seen before. My hair stood up on my head, and I felt cold ; but reason prevailed as I thought of my late and heavy supper, and soon again I was fast asleep. In the morning the first thing I saw was a miniature portrait of the face I had seen hanging over the mantelpiece. On making inquiry, I heard that this man had lived in the house and died in that room, but this event had occurred so long since that this information was second-hand from hearsay. My theory accounting for this supposed apparition is this : that one of the last things I saw before turning in was the small portrait, which, as it were, remained photographed on my retina, and the disordered digestion did the rest.

Lewis C. Bruce.

VII.—The distinction between after-images and memory-images, although sometimes neglected by careless writers, is a marked one ; since after-images, properly so called, are a form of entoptic vision, due to the actual condition of the retina at the moment ; while memory-images are a form of that "mind's-eye" vision (central, cerebral, internal, subjective) which lacks as yet a recognised scientific name. Nevertheless, a transitional phenomenon is found in *illusions hypnagogiques*, the vivid pictures (already so often mentioned here) which with many persons rise before the "inward eye" at the moment of falling asleep, or even in waking hours. These may closely resemble postponed after-images ; or again, they may assume the more generalised character of memory-images ; or (and this perhaps is the commonest case) they may show combinations as novel and fantastic as any which deliberate imagination could summon up. A good example of this transition from after-images to memory-images is afforded by the following careful account, which I owe to the kindness of Dr. Th. Flournoy, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Geneva :

M. 43. *August*, 1892.

Although not habitually subject to hypnagogic hallucinations, I have experienced some ten or twelve, of the visual type, and concerned with objects which had engaged my prolonged attention during the day.

In 1875, after my first day of anatomical dissection, I had the hallucination of an aponeurosis, spread out widely. In 1879, after a long afternoon spent at chess, the vision of a chessboard came to me before I went to sleep.

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Several times in 1878, after a day of microscopical work, the image of a preparation came before me as a hypnagogic hallucination. These three cases struck me forcibly, because at that date I had never heard any mention of such phenomena. Since then I have had a few more experiences, under the following conditions :—

(1) When after a long interval I occupy myself earnestly with some given subject I see that evening a corresponding hypnagogic hallucination ; —as of chessboard, geometrical figures, microscopical preparation ;—which does not repeat itself if I continue to attend to the same matter on subsequent days. (2) But, on the other hand, I sometimes see in the daytime, two or three days later, a very distinct image of the object in question. This image does not amount to a hallucination ;—it is not externalised, nor is it as vivid as a perception ;—but, as I am a very bad visualiser, this vivid and precise image is broadly distinguished from my habitual images, which are weak, fragmentary, and indistinct. (3) Neither the hypnagogic image nor the diurnal image are exact reproductions of the given object at a given moment. They are *typical* images of aponeurosis or chessboard—not reproductions of some specific aspect which has strongly impressed me. Yet they are concrete and precise.

I regard these hypnagogic images, and all memory-images, however recent and intense, as radically different from the "after-images" of the eye. These last have a quality *sui generis*, a "sensational co-efficient" which makes them seem to me to exist outside me, if I see them with open eyes ; or to belong to my eye, as though stuck inside my eyelid, if I see them with eyes closed. All other images seem to me to be seen with the mind's eye. I class after-images with external perceptions; all other images, whether as vivid as my hypnagogic hallucinations or as faint as the ordinary visual furniture of my mind, I place in a quite different category.

In this case two points, on which I have already dwelt, come clearly out :—namely, (1) the resurgence of a decadent image with something like its original brilliancy ; (2) the process of generalisation which this image has subliminally undergone. There are other well-known instances of the same kind : Newton and the spectrum ; Baillarger and the gauze which he had been using in anatomical preparations ; Pouchet and the microscopical objects.[1] In all these cases the resurgent images appear to have been of a generalised type,—but generalised, so to say, diagrammatically, not blurred or uncertain, but as one would prepare them for a demonstration.[2] For this reason it is certainly better not to

[1] See W. James's *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II., p. 66, &c. ; Binet's *La Psychologie du Raisonnement*, p. 48, &c.

[2] It is probable that something of the same kind takes place in hypnotic hallucinations, where, say, a dog seen by suggestion is not necessarily any special remembered dog. On the other hand if the order is to see some special object, it will be seen more accurately than it is remembered ;—as is curiously illustrated by the frequent dissatisfaction of a female subject when told to see her own portrait on a blank card. The idealised memory-picture, which modifies even her perception of her own image in the looking-glass, is ruthlessly displaced by the subliminal fidelity to truth. "J'ai bien des taches de rousseur," said a subject of Binet's, "mais je n'en ai pas tant que ça."

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class them as "after-images," reserving that term for cases of purely physiological reproduction of external images. And in fact we find that these *hallucinations hypnagogiques* depart further and further from mere reproductions of objects seen. They assume all kinds of grotesque forms, and show remarkable inventiveness in producing hundreds of faces which the percipient has never seen before.

Similarly the patterns seen by Sir John Herschell in waking life (*Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 347), were neither after-images nor memory-images. They were of the same general type as *illusions hypnagogiques*, although so far surpassing (so to say) in initial energy these half-asleep pictures that they forced themselves upwards through the waking thoughts of one of the most alert of recorded minds.

We may indeed say more generally that whenever a perception sinks ever so little below the threshold, and reappears, it is liable to reappear in a generalised or symbolic form. A little anecdote of M. Binet's (*Psychologie du Raisonnement*, p. 12) may serve to illustrate how very slight a dip into the subliminal is enough to metamorphose a very commonplace perception. A friend of M. Binet's, Dr. A., was walking along a Paris street, his mind full of an examination in botany which he was about to undergo. Suddenly he noticed on the glass door of a restaurant the words VERBASCUM THAPSUS. Astonished at this inscription, he turned back and read the real word—BOUILLON. Now the popular French name for the plant verbascum or mullein is "bouillon blanc." The inscription had, then, been first observed (in my phraseology) by the subliminal and not by the supraliminal self, and in its short plunge had become infected, so to say, with that incoherent or accidental association which is the basis of a "play upon words." Exactly the same process, of course, is frequently observable in dreams.

VIII.—But I need not further multiply instances. Enough has been said to show that in ordinary life, and under conditions falling far short of definite hallucination, there is a storehouse of imagery just below the threshold of consciousness, from which pictures rise on slight provocation into the field of vision of the inward eye. What we need is to systematise such insurgences; to hit upon some empirical process which will enable us to get at subliminal pictures whenever we will. And we want not only to summon them up, but to keep them steady;—to externalise them as far as we can, that we may study them at our leisure.

Let us look round, then, for any mode in which mental imagery has been observed to attain to externalisation. And here I speak only of *visual* externalisation; not of the *motor* externalisation observed by Féré and others, when exciting inward ideas are accompanied by a more forcible grip of the dynamometer.

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It is probable that many imperfect externalisations have passed unnoticed, since this whole group of subjects has but recently received attention. Thus, for instance, we are all aware of a certain forward direction of our inward images in the act of attention. And since Mr. Galton's well-known work we have become familiar with "number-forms" and other visual schemata of thought, which tend to shape themselves in many minds. These number-forms involve a complex internal visualisation, the mind's eye following their apparently fixed lines and angles; but I do not remember to have heard till now of their being externalised by the subject. Professor Flournoy, however, has recently described the case of M. Yowanovitch, an intelligent student at Geneva.[1]

M. 44.

"M. Y. is an excellent visual, of the geometrical rather than the picturesque type. He has no trace of coloured audition; but on the other hand possesses well defined and localised visual schemata for the numerals, the days of the week, the months, &c. His number-form, composed of parallel lines representing the hundreds, occupies the right half of the space in front of him. In the left half floats his diagram of the week in the form of a horizontal rectangular figure divided into seven bands, something like a leaf of ruled paper, floating in the air about a metre from him, opposite his left thigh. Still more to the left, and at the height of his head, is situated his year-form, an ellipse of small eccentricity presented in a nearly vertical plane. Whenever M. Y. thinks of a date of the year, of a day past or future of the current week, or of a number, he perceives it in its proper place on the corresponding schema. I have often had occasion to make him write down rapidly a series of figures at random; now these figures do not flow of themselves from his pen; nor are they preceded in him by their auditory, motor, or graphic image; but he is obliged, in order to write them, to choose them on his number-form as on a picture placed in front of him. For this purpose, he does not look straight at the page over which his pen is travelling, but looks to the side and above the paper in the direction of the internal diagram, which is the central object of his attention. He follows what he is writing only with an indirect vision, like a hurried copyist who lets his hand work of itself and will not lose sight of the page which he has to copy."

It will be observed that this case presents a curious analogy with the "arithmetical prodigies" on whom I dwelt in *Proceedings*, XVII. With some of them there was a kind of mental blackboard on which the figures which were to be added up remained visible as long as needed. But in their case the subliminal self supplied also the calculating facility; in M. Y.'s case it seems only to have stereotyped the visual framework for common mental operations.

IX.—We take one step further in the direction both of the definite

[1] *Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles*, Vol. XXVIII., No. 10, October 15th, 1892, pp. 326-7. Geneva.

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character and of the potential externalisation of these subliminal quasi-percepts when we pass—by gradual transitions—from number-forms to *audition colorée.* A number-form is an association of an image with an idea,—presumably as entirely a result of post-natal experience as is my association of my friend's face with his name. And so also indeed *audition colorée,*—the perception of a definite "imaginary" or "subjective" colour in association with each definite actual sound,—may in some slighter cases be due to post-natal (mainly infantile) experience working upon an innate predisposition. But when the synæsthesiæ of which sound-seeing is only the most conspicuous example are found in fuller development;—when gradated, peremptory, inexplicable associations connect sensations of light and colour with sensations of temperature, smell, taste, muscular resistance, &c., &c.;—for M. Gruber finds that these links exist in yet unexplored variety;—then it becomes probable that we are dealing, not with the casual associations of childish experience, but with some reflection or irradiation of specialised sensations which must depend on the connate structure of the brain itself.[1] And the degree of precision shown in these entencephalic reflexes,—if I may so term them,— seems to exceed the precision attainable by the voluntary attention of the supraliminal self. I must here confine myself to an allusion to one striking case, combining both the subliminal intelligence and the visual externalisation, which was described by Professor Gruber, of the University of Jassy, Roumania, at the recent International Congress of Experimental Psychology in London, August, 1892. In one self-observer of exceptional endowment, M. Gruber finds that the "chromatisms," as he calls them,—the patches of colour accompanying the audition of particular words,—follow certain definite rules as to size and shape, depending partly on the phonetic, and partly on the intellectual, significance of the word which the subject heard. This curious fact (whose details I must not here give) would obviously have remained unprovable had there been no possibility of objective measurement. But this possibility fortunately exists.

"My subject," says M. Gruber, "has the power of externalising his chromatisms; he projects them, for instance, upon the opposite wall, at no matter what distance. I chose a distance of three metres, which is that at which his vision is most distinct. I then made a circle of white paper which I supposed to be of the same size as his chromatism of the number doï (two), and bordered it with bright scarlet. He projected his chromatism into this

[1] This view is consistent with the results of an *Enquête sur l'audition colorée* recently conducted by Professor Flournoy, from which it appears that of 213 persons presenting these associations only 48 could assign the date of their origin; and is supported by a case described in the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme,* December, 1892, p. 185, where a man who had long exhibited a limited form of *audition colorée* developed *gustation colorée* in addition when in a low state of health.

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circle. But the circle was, in fact, smaller than his chromatic circle, and a ring of orange was made by the superposition of the subjective yellow of his chromatism upon the objective scarlet. I enlarged the circle. This time he saw a white ring between the objective frame of scarlet and the subjective yellow. At last we got the edges of the chromatism to touch precisely the edges of the white circle. We had found the exact size of the chromatism and could now measure it to a millimetre."

The foregoing passage will show how clearly defined these entencephalic percepts may be. It is sometimes possible also to show that they represent (as I should expect them to represent) a memory more complete and a perception more exact than the supraliminal self can command. Thus, Mr. Galton had already mentioned a case where a lady used her chromatisms to correct her spelling—the chromatism showing, say, whether or not there were two c's in agreeable, and correcting her supraliminal picture of the word by the symbolic coloured equivalent of each successive letter which thus rose from a memory deeper in her being. At the recent Congress of Experimental Psychology, Mr. Galton mentioned Lepsius the Orientalist as having been similarly guided in philological investigation. And one of M. Gruber's subjects, a professional singer, when taught to analyse his own chromatisms, found that they corrected his ear in singing; so that if he sang a false note without detecting it by ear the accompanying patch of colour showed him his mistake.[1]

X.—I have cited these instances of quasi-externalisation of subliminally initiated images in order to show that we might have gradually reached the mode of experiment on which I am about to dwell at length, namely "crystal-vision"—or "speculation" in a narrow primary sense—by an unexceptionable and orthodox road. As a matter of fact I personally was led to it by a kind of short cut, permissible enough, I think, when one is groping about for some empirical process which may help one over a purely experimental difficulty to a result which ought logically to be possible. The object was to get our subliminal mental pictures externalised for supraliminal study; in other words, to induce harmless and manageable hallucinations. But little acquaintance with the history of superstition was enough to suggest that in many ages and countries some form of crystallomancy, or specular gazing, had been practised as a main method of divination.

[1] This curious case may be compared with that of Pedrono, cited by Dr. Krohn, in his useful historical sketch of "Pseudo-Chromesthesia," American *Journal of Psychology*, Vol. V., Part I., p. 25: "These colour impressions he describes as sudden and spontaneous. The sounds are translated into colour before he can stop to think whether the voice is high or low." In other experiments it has been found that the colour was seen before the meaning of the word which determined the colour was consciously observed.

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Of this fact, Miss X has set forth abundant evidence in her paper, "On Recent Experiments in Crystal-Vision," in *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 486.

I will add an example from Icelandic Saga, as represented by William Morris, in his *Story of Sigurd the Volsung*. Sigurd consults the sage Gripir as to the fates to be.

Nought answered the ancient wise-one, and not a whit had he stirred
Since the clash of Sigurd's raiment in his mountain hall he heard ;
But the ball that imaged the earth was set in his hand grown old ;
And belike it was to his vision, as the wide-world's ocean rolled,
And the forests waved with the wind, and the corn was gay with the lark,
And the gold in its nether places grew up in the dusk and the dark,
And its children built and departed, and its King-folk conquered and went,
As over the crystal image his all-wise face was bent :
For all his desire was dead ; and he lived as a God shall live,
Who the prayers of the world hath forgotten, and to whom no hand may give.

It is, then, this "crystal-vision," or steady gaze into any speculum or clear depth, which I recommend as an empirical method of inducing harmless and easily observable hallucinations. Here, as in the parallel case of the motor phenomena of automatic script, we must begin by assuring ourselves that we are not dealing with a mere exaggeration of vague subjective sensations. As with automatic writing, so here, we can soon prove this by experiments on known hypnotised subjects. It will be found that a subject who is told when asleep that he will see a given scene, and who is then awakened and told to look in a glass of water or a crystal, will see the suggested scene depicted in action, while his waking self remains quite ignorant of its purport. Such experiments are obviously a mere development of the ordinary command to see a photographic picture on a blank card, &c. But at the same time they lead on directly to my cases of crystal-vision in the normal state. It seems useful, therefore, to quote some notes of experiments made by me with two of the subjects with whom the late Edmund Gurney and Mrs. Sidgwick have worked so long.

M. 45.

Experiments made at Brighton, March 9th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 1891.

Extract from account written out after the experiments from notes made at the time, with some comments added later.

March 9th. Present, G. A. Smith and the two subjects, P. and T.

1. I began with repeating the experiment already frequently made with these and other subjects, viz., suggesting to the hypnotised P. that he would see a given picture on a card when awakened. [G. A. S. hypnotised and awoke the subjects throughout.] I told P. that on awaking he would be shown a card with a picture of a baby on it. I said the one word "baby" without detail in order to see how his mind developed the idea. He was shown a blank card and saw, not a veritable baby, but a child of six.

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2. Next time I suggested a *hippopotamus*—an animal which P. had never seen in the flesh. On being awakened he saw on the card what he called a *rhinoceros*. He complained that it was rather indistinct; he was not sure whether it had horns or tusks. There is a certain interest in this as indicating that the hallucination was founded upon a mental picture suggested by my words, rather than on the words themselves. One might have supposed that, since my whole suggestion consisted of the word *hippopotamus*, the awakened subject, however vaguely he saw the beast, would have known that it was meant for a hippopotamus. But the picture, vague as it was, seemed to be more communicable from the hypnotic to the supraliminal self than the word which had originally generated it. A *picture* was what had been ordered, and a picture came.

3. I repeated this form of experiment once more, telling P. that he would see a picture of T.; which he saw clearly.

4. I next determined to try the effect of a glass of water, arranged as a speculum, in giving additional vividness to these post-hypnotic pictures. I suggested to each young man separately a different scene, and then set them to gaze into the same glass of water, behind which I placed a dark background. T. had once looked into ink: but beyond this neither of them knew anything of crystal-gazing, and they were told that they were to see an optical illusion of my invention. They naturally assumed that they would both equally see whatever there was to be seen.

I told P. (hypnotised) that the electric light on the Eastbourne Parade had gone out on the previous evening, but had been relighted in a few minutes.

I told T. (hypnotised) that at Barnum's Circus there was a race of ponies with monkeys on their backs.

P., though generally the better seer of hallucinatory pictures, began (when awakened and set before the glass of water) by saying that all was quite black.

T. said: "Look, there's something going round and round in the water!"

P.: "It's your fancy; it's all dark."

T.: "No, it's horses—they're horses going round and round—they've got something small on their backs, not so big as those girls who jump through hoops. It's like a circus."

Suddenly P. looked sharply up at me as though to see what I was doing. "What have you done with the light?" he said; "you've made a great ball of light in the glass, like a round thing with a light in the middle of it." He did not see the meaning of this; but it appeared that he had begun with simply a vision of darkness, and then had seen the electric light rekindled. This was not the way in which I had conceived my picture—(I had thought of the look of the long Parade and a line of lamps going out)—but it gave the essential point.

It will be observed that in this experiment, as in that of the hippopotamus, and in most of those that follow, neither percipient recognised the full meaning of the picture seen. The undistinguished "small things" in T.'s picture were, of course, the monkeys of my story. I shall recount later on some attempts to make similar obscure details clear by magnification. Both

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a true and a pretended or suggested magnifying-glass should be tried with many subjects under such conditions as these.

5. I next told P. (hypnotised) the story of Robinson Crusoe finding the footprint and fearing savages.

I told T. that Moses Primrose took a cow to the fair and returned with a gross of green spectacles, to the derision of his family.

Awakened and set before the glass of water, P. at once exclaimed: "Why, there's Buffalo Bill! He's dressed in feathers, and skins round him; almost like a savage. He's walking about in a waste place." T.: "Is he leading a cow along?" P.: "No, no, he's all alone." T.: "That's a cow, not Buffalo Bill." P.: "I can see something else coming from another part,—it's a blackie." T.: "No, it's a sack, a sack on his back." P.: "Look at them now, how they're arguing! Buffalo Bill and his black man." T.: "*I* can see them arguing now—he's got into a house—there's four of them." P.: "No, no, only two." T.: "No, four,—look at them roaring!" (*i.e.*, with laughter). P.: "No, they're behind some trees." T.: "They're crying now."

Observe that in P.'s case the *footmark*, which was the point on which I had chiefly dwelt, was not observed; although I suspect, from P.'s insistence on the long *pacing about* of his Buffalo Bill, that the footmark was in some sense intended to form part of the picture, although too small to be noticed by an observer not aware of its importance. P. had read *Robinson Crusoe*; but Buffalo Bill was plainly fresher in his memory.

T. saw no meaning in his story whatever. He did not know what was in the sack—(a detail of his own adding, as I had not clearly conceived how the spectacles were brought home)—and he saw no reason for the laughter or weeping. The *crying* was added from his hypnotic self's own conception of the probable effect of such a bargain upon the family, after their first amusement. T. had never read the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

6. Observing the attempts made by the two seers to harmonise these divergent stories, I chose two scenes which had a certain similarity, to see whether either seer would be able to persuade the other to accept his version of what was going on.

I told P. briefly that Banquo's ghost had appeared to Macbeth, his murderer, as he sat with warriors and nobles round him at a feast.

I told T. (what he already knew to have happened) that at the North Kilkenny election Mr. Parnell, while addressing the crowd, received a bag of lime in his face from a political opponent. Thus each scene had its central and commanding figure; I wished to see if the two could be combined.

P.: "I see two or three men standing—some sitting—one in a chair on a raised place, like where the head man sits. That's the Mayor, I suppose." [P. is more familiar with municipal government than with military or Imperial rule.]

T.: "Why, there are a whole lot of men—a town—a lot of cars—not like our carriages."

P. (with a loud whistle): "Oh, here he comes, the bogey-man!" (apparently quoting a song).

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T. : "There he is standing up in the middle of them ;—I've seen the man at Brighton."

P. : "Look at that chap in the corner ! isn't he frightened of him ? The Mayor's quite upset."

T. : "I know the man well enough ; he has a beard—about my height. I've seen him walk up and down the front (the Parade) with two dogs after him."

P. : "He's a *ghost !*"

T. : "He's no ghost, I say ; he's talking to them ; look at that stuff all gone into his face ; now three or four men are up talking ; they've got some sticks—there's a row."

P. (imitating conventional ghostly action) : "Look at him ! They all stick their swords through him—it doesn't hurt him ; he's a ghost !"

T. : "Nonsense ; how can he be a ghost ? I tell you I've spoken to him in the [telegraph] office ; he's a man anyone would remember—a stand-off man. He's all white now ; they're all running." "Was his name Parnell ?" I asked. "Yes, yes," said T., "Parnell, of course." Here also, it will be observed, as in the case of the hippopotamus, it was the picture framed by the percipient's subliminal self, not the mere name as uttered by me, which was transmitted to his supraliminal consciousness.

These scenes excited the seers ; and there was some absurdity in their endeavours to imitate, and to conciliate, the attitudes of hovering ghost and impassioned orator.

7. *March 26th*, 1891. *Magnification.*

I told T. (hypnotised) that he would see in the crystal (a real one) a play-bill of *Jack Sheppard*, which had recently been acted in Brighton, the large print distinct, but not the small print. Awakened, he saw a girl in man's clothes—something like knickerbockers—could make out J C K T H. On looking through a (real) magnifying-glass he easily read JACK SHEPPARD, THEATRE ROYAL, and recognised that the knickerbockers were jack-boots. He said that the letters persisted, but were clearer when the magnifier was applied to the crystal. The picture seen was remembered from an actual poster.

8. *Forgotten Memories.*—T. was told (same conditions) that he would see scenes of his past life. He was greatly interested by seeing a number of old schoolfellows sitting in his old school ; some whom he could not identify ; some of whom he had scarcely thought since he left school. On being re-hypnotised he did not remember seeing these pictures—only remembered my talking to him about his boyhood. We could not therefore get the hypnotic self to identify the unknown boys.

9. *March 27th.* Test of disappearance from waking memory of words spoken to hypnotised subject.—I offered each subject £10 if he could explain to me the next picture which he saw. It was plainly necessary to choose some scenes whose meaning they could not *guess*, if my description, given to them when hypnotised, was forgotten on awaking. I told P. of the Finding of Brynhild, and T. of the Niblungs' Need. Each saw his picture well, (Greyfell, the flickering flame-wall, the Sleepful Thorn, &c.,) but was completely puzzled as to its meaning.

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10. *March 28th. Magnification.*—I told T. (hypnotised) that when awakened he would see a telegraph form (he is a telegraphist) in a glass of water ; that he would not be able to make out the words, but only to count them ; then with a magnifier would make them out. Awakened, he saw a telegraph form so bent that he could only see a fragment of a message, containing seven words which he could not read. Looking in the glass he made out "Met—B'ton (abbreviation used for Brighton)—Hotel—come." We cannot say whether a coherent message in any sense underlay this fragmentary attempt at communication.

11. I now resolved to supply the message myself (same conditions), and told him that he would be able to see the lengths of the words with the naked eye, and to read them with the magnifier. The telegram was to be [To] "Myers, Cambridge—Oxford won by half a length. Harris." With the naked eye he could see that there were only two words in the address, the second rather long. With the magnifier he gradually picked out letters here and there—saw the capital letters right, partly saw and partly guessed my name—could not make out the message. Experiments such as this show, I think, that there is some appropriateness in speaking of *messages* or *communications* from one to another stratum of the Self. Judging from the analogy of many other post-hypnotic suggestions with the same subject, we can hardly doubt that the whole of this simple telegram was remembered by the hypnotic self, and could have been reproduced in obedience to a direct order. But the order was to reproduce it with a certain degree of obscurity ; and that obscurity turned out to be slightly greater than the magnifying-glass (however acting) could overcome. The suggestion was thus slightly too complex ; but, although never fully delivered, the "inter-state" or "methectic" message—call it as you will, but let us have some name for it—was ready made up, and waiting to be transmitted from the hypnotic to the supraliminal self.

12. The experiments thus far described, although presenting some novel points, have been such as any observer with good hypnotic subjects at his disposal will probably be able to repeat. Those to which I now come involve the rarer phenomenon of thought-transference, which cannot be guaranteed in the case of any hypnotic subject, although it would doubtless be oftener found if it were oftener looked for. The evidence for Mr. G. A. Smith's power of transmitting ideas, without the use of ordinary means, to the minds of these and other subjects has been so often discussed in these *Proceedings* that I need here only remark that in all these experiments a close watch was kept by Dr. Dill or myself, or both of us, to guard against indications (which, of course, may be quite involuntarily given), while at the same time the picture to be discerned in the crystal involved conceptions more complicated than a mere card-name or number. I omit the first of these experiments, which was successful, but during which I left the room to speak to Dr. J. Gordon Dill, a physician who had previously assisted in similar experiments, and who kindly consented to help me in these, in which it is naturally desirable to have two observers. In each case Dr. Dill or I wrote down the desired picture carefully on a piece of paper out of sight of the subject and showed it to Mr. G. A. Smith, while the subject was entranced (in the last two experiments after he was awakened). Mr. G. A. Smith then

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stood at some distance from the percipient, and out of his sight, while the percipient fixed his eyes on the glass of water, and made remarks to which (unless otherwise stated) no one replied. Dr. Dill watched Mr. Smith, and I watched the percipient, or *vice versâ*. Such precautions imply no distrust of either agent or percipient, but should be taken as a matter of course in all experiments of this kind. Were I myself acting as agent I should prefer to be watched, since no one can be absolutely certain as to what sounds or movements he may unconsciously make. If it is once for all assumed that the human organism, when used in experiments which do not in themselves present any means of eliminating the "personal equation," needs some other eye to guard against possible idiosyncrasies which may confuse the experiments, then such supervision may be submitted to with no more sense of discredit than the astronomer feels when his individual observations are accepted not as absolute truth, but as data to be corrected in a special recognised way. I wrote down "Two cats fighting," and showed the paper carefully to Dr. Dill and Mr. Smith—whom I will call D. and S. T. (in waking state) at once saw "two cats—both with their backs up—fighting, one black and striped, the other with patches of white." "Where are the cats?" "On a wall." S. had mentally reproduced a picture of two cats fighting, done in whitewash on a wall—so that his cats were both white. During this experiment D. left the room for a few minutes: I watched T., whose eyes, as I believe, never left the glass of water.

13. Next time both subjects (hypnotised and awakened as usual) were to see in the same water-glass the same theme, written down by D. and shown to S. and myself: "Boat putting off from beach." P. saw nothing. T. saw "A room cleared for dancing, the gas-branches wreathed with flowers." This appeared to be a *deferred picture* belonging to a previous series. He had been told, in an experiment which I have omitted, to see four scenes of his past life, at different ages. He had seen three, and this scene was probably enough the fourth, which was to be typical of his adolescence. At any rate, he was simply hypnotised again, and again awakened (D. and I watching throughout). On reawaking he said: "There are boats—several steamers and two boats rowing in front, like a picture of a boat-race in the *Graphic*." This was an approximation to the desired picture.

14. In the next experiment (same conditions) the theme, written down by me, which S. was mentally to suggest, was "acrobats swinging from trapeze." Neither P. nor T. saw anything at first. They were rehypnotised and reawakened. P. sees a man. T. sees nothing. P.: "He has got something round on his hand like a sailor with a life-buoy, and a rope hanging from his hand." T.: "I imagine that I see the same thing." P.: "I believe he's standing on a vessel—on the deck of a boat—now he's still there but the vessel's gone—you can only see his feet and nothing beneath him." T.: "He looks to me like a half-photograph." T. then had to leave. We told P. to put himself into the man's attitude. The pose assumed was just that of a man who has lifted himself half over his trapeze, the rope which P. saw being across his body, just about where the trapeze's *seat* (of rope or wood) would come. Such a picture would also correspond to T.'s "half [length] photograph."

15. Same conditions. I chose the subject, "a house on fire." This time both D. and I watched P and S., who stood behind P. (of course not in con-

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tact), looking at the lamp, and imagining (as he afterwards told us) a great square of flame. P. : "I see something like a bright light; there's a ladder up at the window—a house on fire—no doubt about it."

16. Same conditions. Subject written down by D. : "Mr. Gladstone." P. : "I think I see something like a man—a man's head—comes and goes in a flash. I know, it's Gladstone, a photograph—head and shoulders." Here I had to leave, but Dr. Dill continued the experiments. I now quote his account. Mrs. G. A. Smith was now present, but was not informed of the scene.

17. [Same conditions.] "Jack the Ripper committing a murder." [Subject written down by D.] P. : "I can see something now—it's a man—rather faint. Very awful-looking man. Nothing like Gladstone. Repulsive and dirty looking. Has something in his hand—it's a knife. Good gracious! what a terrible looking man—in rags—with his hat coming over his eyes—looks like a murderer." D. : "Is anyone with him?" P. : "No, he's alone." Presently : "Yes, he is talking to someone—another man. No, it's a woman." [A few more details are seen and P. recognises the murderer.]

18. Same conditions. "St. George and the Dragon." P. : "Oh I can see what that is—it's a picture of St. George and the Dragon. The usual picture. Not moving, simply a picture."

19. Here P., as D. tells me in a letter, became anxious to go off to catch a train, a preoccupation which generally interfered with success. On this and the next occasion S. was not shown the theme until after P. had been awakened. [He was hypnotised, as already stated, between each experiment.] Subject : "A pantomime—clown and policeman on stage. P. . 'I see something like a lion, I think. Can't tell what it is till it comes closer. Quite gone. Saw something like a man in a white hat—gone—looks like one of the circus clowns—very smudgy, with a mist in front of it." Then about 15 minutes during which he saw nothing. Then "The clown again! but I lose sight of him when he moves."

20. Subject : "A photograph of Mr. Myers." [This time S. opened and read the paper designating the desired picture downstairs, and did not enter the room. P. saw the beach—boats—nothing.]

XI.—I have thought it worth while to record these experiments at some length, because they seem to me to illustrate the gradual transition between the common forms of post-hypnotic hallucination, which, however surprising at first, are now undisputed, and the crystal-vision which I am anxious to present as no "occult practice" or superstitious fancy, but as the empirical development of processes more familiar but quite equally empirical.

But, indeed, as with automatic script, so here also we shall soon find that hypnotic experiments of this kind are not necessary in order to convince us that the crystal-pictures are, in their own sense, a reality. Quite apart from the *veridicality* of some of them;—the intrinsic evidence which they contain of knowledge outside the experimenter's ordinary knowledge;—they occur to a greater or less extent with so many persons of sanity and probity that we can

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no more doubt their existence than we can doubt the existence of the allied phenomena of hypnagogic hallucinations or coloured audition, already discussed.

The feature in the above experiments for which corroborative parallels are most needed is, of course, the telepathic transference of the pictures directly from one mind to another. On this point (with which Mrs. Sidgwick and Miss Johnson are dealing in this part of the *Proceedings*) I may refer my reader to two papers by Dr. Gibotteau (a French physician, formerly *interne* at a Paris hospital, and now practising at Biarritz,) published in the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* for October and December, 1892. The whole paper should be studied, but I can here quote only a few experiments (made in 1888) which resemble, and in some ways surpass in interest, those which I have just detailed.

1. I begin with the telepathic transference of a picture resembling the transferred picture of the electric light at Eastbourne, mentioned above. But in Dr. Gibotteau's case the agent was some half-mile or so distant from the percipient, who was Dr. Gibotteau himself. This "agent" was a woman employed in the *crêche* of the hospital to which Dr. Gibotteau was attached, but herself in good health and of tall and vigorous build;—*un type de cuisinière.* (She has since died of consumption.) She was remarkable as being at once herself extremely suggestible,—so that, for instance, Drs. Gibotteau and Houcix produced on her a blister by suggestion in twenty-four hours,—and also extremely capable of conveying suggestions to others. Dr. Gibotteau, although not himself easily thus influenced, received from her many *motor* and *emotional* and a few *visual* suggestions. It is with one of these last that we have now to deal.

"I am a sound sleeper, and I never remember having awoke spontaneously in the middle of my sleep. But one night, about two or three o'clock, I was suddenly aroused. Before I opened my eyes I thought, 'This is some trick of B.'s! What is she meaning to make me see?' I then looked at the wall in front of me, and saw a round, luminous tract, and in the middle a brilliant object, of the size of a melon, which I gazed at for several seconds, being fully awake before it disappeared. I could not distinguish any clear shape, or any detail; but the object was rounded, and there seemed to be parts less luminous than the rest. I fancied that she had meant to show me a skull, but I could not recognise one. That part of the wall was illuminated as it would have been by a powerful lamp. The room was not absolutely dark, since there were no shutters and the window curtains were not drawn. But no light seemed to be diffused by this bright object outside that area on the wall of which it occupied the centre. That was all. I waited for a moment and saw nothing else; then I fell sound asleep again. Next day I met Berthe at the hospital, and I questioned her with due precaution. She had endeavoured to make me see dogs round my bed; then men quarrelling, and finally *a lantern.* The two first attempts had failed; the third had succeeded perfectly."

2. Equally interesting, in the case of an agent so often successful as Dr. Gibotteau's paper shows Berthe to have been, are the cases of more or less

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abortive hallucination apparently due to her effort from a distance. "One summer evening," says Dr. Gibotteau, "at about 8 p.m., I was expecting Berthe at my lodgings. I stood on the balcony, looking into the street. For some minutes past I had strongly felt her presence, and I supposed that she was probably lingering somewhere near at hand. Then I saw, passing across the wall behind me, a white reflection [*un reflet blanc*—what another informant has called "a bright shadow"]. The reflection from the sun on a window which is being moved would imitate what I saw; but there was neither sun, nor moon, nor lighted lamps, for it was still daylight. I strongly felt Berthe's influence. Almost immediately I thought that I heard in the room behind me one or two sharp little cries, like those of a mouse. Berthe arrived almost at once; and, questioned with due precaution, told me that she had just attempted to show *herself* to me on the balcony, and then to make me hear cries like those of her baby, a child a few months old."

3. Dr. Gibotteau, I need not say, does not depend upon this coincidence as a proof of Berthe's powers; but assuming those powers as sufficiently proved by the many more definite successes of which Dr. G. speaks, it is interesting to trace the parallelism between the stages of decreasing vividness in experimental and in spontaneous hallucinations. The following instance of actual *failure* of an intended hallucination—reduced to mere emotional disturbance without visual image—will remind the reader of various cases of vague fear and depression felt at the time of a friend's death, with no sensory phantasm. "One night," says Dr. Gibotteau, "I returned home at midnight. On the landing, as I turned the handle of the door, I said to myself, 'What a bore! Here is some other trick of Berthe's. She is going to make me see something horrible in the passage;—it's very disagreeable!' In a nervous state I opened the door with my eyes shut, and seized a match. In a few minutes I was in bed; blew out the light, and put my head under the bedclothes, like a child. Next day Berthe asked me whether I had not seen in my passage or bedroom a skeleton which had greatly frightened me. I need not say that a skeleton was the last thing in the world likely to terrify me;—and frankly I do not think that in cold blood I am a greater coward than my neighbours."

4. There will be more to add as to the transference of emotional states when we deal with motor messages. Meantime the last case of Berthe's "agency" which I will now give is one where the intended transfer absolutely failed; but with a concomitant result curiously illustrating the views as to the subliminal activity involved in such transference on which I have already insisted.

"One day," says Dr. Gibotteau, "when we were awaiting Berthe's arrival, for some experiments, she came in in a state of terror. 'Oh, I have had such a fright! I will never do it again! I am sure that *you* have seen nothing.' And she told us that at the foot of the staircase she had endeavoured to transmit to me a hallucination,—to make me see a *death's head*. 'I tried, I tried, but you would not see anything. Then it came back against me. I saw it in the staircase. Oh, what a fright it gave me!' The impression made upon her had really been very strong. According to Berthe's explanation: 'When one works very hard to make someone see a figure and he keeps it off, the figure comes back against oneself, just as if

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someone else had sent it to one.' I should interpret this incident as follows: A hallucination transmitted to me is the result of a series of successive efforts, each of which transmits itself in turn to the unconscious strata of my mind, until their sum has attained the intensity necessary to cause the image to emerge into the conscious stratum. At other times the threshold of consciousness is not reached. The force is transmitted, but it remains unutilised in the unconscious strata. [In certain cases] the sensation accumulates in the unconscious strata of the agent himself, which thus gradually become overcharged, until the image emerges in the form of a spontaneous hallucination. The mechanism of some other spontaneous hallucinations, those of the insane especially, is probably much the same ; depending upon the subconscious accumulation of a series of identical and successive images evoked by voluntary reverie."

5. I will conclude these citations with a striking series of experiments in which Dr. Gibotteau was himself the agent, the percipient being a head nurse at his hospital ;—a nervous subject over whom he gradually gained great power, without employing hypnotism. It will be seen that these experiments form a close parallel to the Brighton series already given, except that Dr. Gibotteau's subject was far more rapidly receptive, and developed the transmitted pictures without the use of a speculum of any kind.

"During the whole sitting Mme. R. remained seated on a sofa at about a yard from where I sat on an armchair at right angles to her. A small table stood before her. She at once half closed her eyes, and her look became somewhat vacant, but there was no change in her voice, no subsequent awakening, no interruption of memory, so that her state cannot be said to have been one of sleep. I did not take her hand (which I had sometimes previously done) at any point during these experiments. I began by giving her hallucinations as to the objects on the table before her. I am not myself a good visualiser ; but after looking at the real objects I shut my eyes, called up a mental image of one of the objects, and modified it according to my fancy. As the subject's eyes were closed, I think that for her, as for me, it was the mental image rather than the real image of the object which underwent change. Hallucination is therefore perhaps too strong a word to apply to the results produced. It was only at the end of the three hours' sitting that Mme. R. ceased to be able to distinguish between my suggested pictures and the realities round her. Up till then she understood the true nature of the phantasmal pictures ; but nevertheless, when they were of a terrible kind, she became alarmed and begged me to stop.

"A large inkstand with a spring was on the table. She saw it move first to the right, then to the left, to the edge of the table ; move about irregularly ; open briskly as though by pressure on the spring ; upset and spill the ink ; then lastly it opened and a small snake came out of it.

"I then determined, mentally, to suppress the inkstand, and to see only the table-cover. The success was immediate ; the inkstand disappeared from Mme. R.'s view, and continued absent as long as I chose.

"In front of the fireplace there lay a large piece of brown packing-paper, which kept the shape of the parcel which it had covered and left a hollow

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under it. This paper took to undulating and rising, and from underneath it came a guinea-pig and several rabbits. I imagined one of these rabbits as white ; then the fancy took me to add a few patches of colour. 'Ha,' said she, 'a white rabbit !—no, it has a brown or yellow ear.' An enormous serpent succeeded to the rabbit. First it was coiled up under the paper, then it uncoiled itself and appeared in front of the table, to the terror of Mme. R. I cannot remember whether I succeeded in making the serpent hiss, as I tried to do.

"Then I attempted larger animals. Near the door of the room I made her see a bay horse, then a white one, then a lion (which she guessed rather than saw, for I imagined it very imperfectly), then a bear . . . which took my place in the armchair. Sometimes I displaced myself in imagination, and I saw the armchair with a great brown bear sitting in my place ; sometimes I tried to transform myself into the animal, seeing its paws in the place of my arms, &c. These two methods are quite distinct ; the second—a direct transformation—seemed to me the easier of the two. I put successively in my place a dog (very well seen), a horse (rearing where the armchair stood), and a lion (which was still imperfectly evoked). Then I imagined the armchair *empty ;* and Mme. R. cried : 'Where are you ? you are no longer in the armchair ; it frightens me.' I tried this illusion repeatedly, alternating it with the animals ; and there was never any mistake. 'I do not see you disappear suddenly : but in your place there is a kind of mist, which rapidly shrinks, and when it is gone the armchair is empty.' I profited by this hint ; and I found it more effective and less fatiguing to imagine in my place a grey fog which dissolved from the circumference to the centre. I much regret that I did not try to show myself in another part of the room, leaving empty the armchair where I was really sitting. . . .

"At about midnight I put an end to the sitting, which had lasted nearly three hours, and I accompanied my subject to her home. My influence over her had not diminished, and all along the street she saw, as I chose, lamps falling on her from the lamp-posts, heaps of stones which obliged her to quit the footpath, houses tottering, windows opening, and mattresses or men falling out of them. All these images were very fugitive. I passed rapidly from one to another, but I always succeeded.

"I have never again succeeded in obtaining results so remarkable either with Mme. R. (over whom I soon lost power) or with any other subject. I must have transferred some four hundred or five hundred images, of which very few failed. . . . I need hardly say that I gave no opportunity of guessing what I wished to be seen. Mme. R. had never, I believe, taken part in any similar experiments ; and in point of fact the very notion of most of these came to me as I perceived that my first attempts succeeded. I had no written notes or scheme of the sitting. It is unfortunate that I was alone ; but I doubt whether I should have succeeded in the presence of others. I am sure that the details have been faithfully preserved in my memory. I will try and procure an independent account from Mme. R. [Mme. R. had since remarried, and Dr. G. has lost sight of her.]

"I ought to add that next day I found myself extremely fatigued ; almost as if I had passed several nights without sleep. No other sitting has ever exhausted me to a like degree."

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XII.—The subject of these singularly successful experiments, although a *surveillante* in the Parisian hospital where Dr. Gibotteau was then *interne*, was herself decidedly hysterical. The young men, on the other hand, with whom the Brighton experiments were made, are strong and healthy;—T., indeed, ranking as a formidable boxer. This contrast suggests a point of controversy between M. Janet and myself which has both theoretical and practical importance, and which I am the more concerned to deal with as M. Janet has been the first foreign *savant* to take up the study of these automatisms, sensory and motor, to which attention was called by the late Edmund Gurney and myself, and has performed experiments of great interest first with automatic script and now with crystal-gazing. Those experiments have amply confirmed the real existence and real importance of these modes of subliminal manifestation, at a time when few persons are in a position either to confirm or to contest them from any personal experience. M. Janet has experimented solely with patients known to be hysterical, and generally under conditions which allowed him full and prolonged opportunities of observation and control. He has therefore made a very complete analysis of some very exceptional cases, while I have surveyed a wider field in less detail. His results are not inconsistent with my own, and have specially brought out the existence of a subliminal memory more complete than the supraliminal, which is one of the points most essential to my own general argument.

But M. Janet regards all such automatisms as indications of a "disintegration of personality" which is necessarily a morbid thing. Any split, in his view, must be a weakening; any part of memory or perception or faculty which is separated off from the ordinary waking consciousness must leave that consciousness by so much the poorer. In support of this view, if I mistake not, he would urge that in all the cases of automatism which he has himself investigated there has been a more or less conspicuous tendency to hysteria. The automatism, he would add, has sometimes disappeared with the hysteria. And to meet the obvious rejoinder that his cases were all, or almost all, chosen by himself from among patients already known to be hysterical, he would say that the hysterical tendency is often latent and unnoticed, and that very likely a more careful examination would have shown it to exist in the cases claimed as healthy by Gurney and myself. And he would, I think, further consider that there was a clear *à priori* probability in his view, inasmuch as if you split up a machine meant to work as a whole, you must inevitably weaken it. Automatism, he concludes, cannot exist in quite normal persons; it must in itself be a sign of abnormality, that is to say, of actual or latent disease.

I certainly feel that had I merely read M. Janet's arguments without having any experience of my own by which to test them, I should

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regard them as extremely plausible. But I cannot ignore the fact that the automatists of various kinds—automatic writers, crystal seers and the like—whom I have myself actually known during the past twenty years would now form a group of at least 200 persons, and that this group would, to the ordinary eye, be indistinguishable from the ordinary world. I can hardly think that they have all—men and women alike—been hysterical without my finding it out. I might indeed say with truth that these informants have (apparently at least) been on the whole above the average physically as well as mentally. But I lay no stress on this, and I think that such superiority is fully explained by the fact that I have, of course, suggested experiments and sought for information among my own friends, or other persons whom I believed to be sane and trustworthy, and thus have not taken mankind at random. Thus, if I wished, I might make a point, just opposite to M. Janet's, out of the four cases which are here to be cited at length. One of these informants, I might say, is a man of quite exceptionally sound physique and good sense-organs. *He* it is who feels the most marked results from the steady gaze—being speedily self-hypnotised. Two others are thoroughly healthy and vigorous, and they are excellent crystal seers. The fourth has occasional accesses of ill-health, and although she is an excellent crystal seer when well, if she is at all ill her power leaves her altogether.

But I do not myself hold that these automatisms are a sign of health any more than of disease, or of intelligence any more than of "*misère psychologique.*" So far as we really know as yet, the power seems a kind of physical accident, scattered at random, and indicating nothing beyond its own existence. Quite possibly hysterical patients may very often be automatists. Hysterical patients are very often young women, but that does not prove that all young women are hysterical.

But, indeed, this question links itself with a larger one, which has been settled by experience far wider than either M. Janet's or mine. I mean the question whether hypnotism is morbid; that is to say whether the capacity of being hypnotised is, in itself, a sign of any kind of weakness, and especially of a hysterical tendency. My readers know that this was the view of Charcot and the Salpêtrière school; and that that view, even when most widely accepted, was regarded by Edmund Gurney and myself with absolute distrust. It has now practically collapsed; the wide experience of the Nancy school having proved afresh and conspicuously what had been abundantly well known since Elliotson's day to practical students of hypnotism outside hospitals, namely, that robust and healthy persons are often even more susceptible to hypnotisation than feeble-minded persons or invalids. Yet in hypnotism there may be almost every kind of *désagrégation*—

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of splitting up—of the Ego; and it is certainly hard to maintain that the subject carrying out an elaborate post-hypnotic suggestion may be normal, but that the experimenter who finds that he can hold a pencil and write automatically is *ipso facto* proving himself diseased.

As for the theoretical meaning to be assigned to such phenomena, I have already, I hope, made it plain that in my view there is not a mere disintegration of the ordinary or supraliminal personality, but rather a manifestation (in many cases) of subliminal strata of personality which are rarely accessible except by automatisms of this kind. We are not dealing with the cracks in a plate, but with fissures which, like those of the earth's crust, testify to unknown depths and a volcanic power beneath them. In short, the splitting-up of our total individuality has, in my view, taken place already, and before our supraliminal memory begins; and the result of these experiments is more often to reunite than further to sunder.

Time and experience will show whether Professor Janet, who has the difficult task of proving a negative, will be able to maintain his position, or whether he will change his view, as M. Binet has already done.[1] The practically important point, in my view, is that intending experimenters should not be deterred by supposing that, if they succeed, they will thereby in some way be proving their own unsoundness.

It is important thus to insist on the easiness and harmlessness of the experiment, inasmuch as I have not as yet been able to persuade any large number of people to attempt crystal-gazing with even the moderate degree of care and patience required. Possibly some fifty persons may have made the attempt, and from these I have about ten accounts of some amount of success, which almost all come from personal acquaintances of my own—sometimes already known to me as automatists in other ways—and thus give no real clue as to the percentage of crystal seers in the population at large. All my informants are leading ordinary healthy lives; and, as will be seen, in the case of one lady who has occasional attacks of illness, the power altogether leaves her at such times, returning when her strength is re-established. Most of the crystal seers known to me are women; but this cannot be taken as indicating any real fact as to distribution of the power of vision. It merely shows, I think, that in the educated

[1] M. Binet, who formerly belonged to the strict Salpêtrière school, now says in his book *Les Altérations de la Personnalité*, p. 197: "Il est aujourd'hui devenu banal de remarquer que la plupart des expériences qu'on a pratiquées sur des personnes hystériques se répètent avec des résultats à peu près equivalents, mais amoindris, chez les personnes saines, et que par conséquent l'hystérie . . . doit être considéré comme un réactif permettant de rendre plus apparents certains phénomènes délicats de l'intelligence normale." It is gratifying to find that the view that these automatisms are "delicate phenomena of the normal intelligence" has passed thus noiselessly from a heresy into a commonplace.

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classes women have more time to spare than men. It is not until the experiment is introduced into psycho-physiological laboratories (as I have reason to hope may shortly be done in several universities) that we shall have statistics enough to determine points of this kind. Four of my cases have exceptional interest, and shall be given at length ; to the rest it will be enough to make briefer allusion.

XIII.—I will begin with a record contributed by Mrs. A. W. Verrall, a lecturer at Newnham College, and known to the classical world as the translator of Pausanias. Mrs. Verrall made the experiments simply at my request, without previous knowledge of the subject or interest in it. It will be seen that her crystal-visions do not involve any telepathy or clairvoyance. They present in somewhat developed form what appear to be usual early stages in this form of experiment. The numbers within brackets represent the chronological order of the experiments, all of which have been recorded without delay.

M. 46. CASE I.—MRS. VERRALL.

It is a little more than three years ago that I first began experiments in "crystal-gazing." I am, I believe, a good visualiser, and am in the habit of embodying the greater part of my ideas in some pictorial form. The mention of any name calls up a mental picture instantly, and I am often aware of the picture of an idea before I have grasped the means of expressing it in words. I have tried to find faces in the fire, and shapes in the clouds, with the usual success, and I have had some spontaneous impressions of persons or scenes ; but the visions obtained by looking intentionally into a glass of water or a crystal are in some respects unlike all other visual impressions which I have received. I should perhaps say that the sight of my two eyes is very unlike, so unlike that I believe that I never use both at once. The left eye is very far-sighted and the right quite short-sighted. I habitually use the short-sighted eye for reading, writing, &c., but am often conscious of a difficulty of vision if I shift the position of my book so as to bring it a little beyond the range of the short-sighted eye. In that case the words seem to alter in size and move to and fro as they do when one is adjusting a telescope to suit the sight. I have never been able to use an opera-glass.

I have tried various objects in crystal-gazing, such as a cut crystal, a globular crystal, a glass paper-weight and a glass full of water, and I find no difference in their efficacy. I have also tried under varying conditions of light, with the conclusion that a dim light is the most likely to result in the seeing of a picture. I have sometimes seen pictures in quite bright light, but never in absolute darkness. Often I see nothing at all but the bright points of light in the crystal, and often I see nothing in the crystal, but get a mental picture suggesting something I have forgotten to do. Indeed, I find crystal-gazing a very convenient way of recalling things forgotten, but in that case I see nothing in the crystal. The difference between a picture in the crystal and a mental picture is quite marked but difficult to describe ; it will perhaps help to show what I mean if I say that the recalled image of what I have seen in the crystal differs as much from the actual image as the mental

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image of a person differs from the actual person. I believe that with me the crystal picture is built up from the bright points in the crystal, as they sometimes enter into it; but the picture, when once produced, has a *reality* which I have never been able to obtain when looking into the fire or trying to call up an imaginary scene with my eyes shut. It has occasionally happened that I have been able to see more on a closer investigation than on the first glance, but if I try to interpose a magnifying-glass between my eye and the crystal the picture instantly goes and only the recollection remains. The following case is almost the only one where I have seen a real person, and here the picture grew distinct as I looked.

I saw (27) a black object which defined itself into the head of a man; then I saw that it was my husband's head turned nearly in profile towards my left. Behind it was a square-backed chair of brown leather. He was reading, his eyes being on a book, which I could not see. I tried to see the whole figure, in order to know what the book was, and shut my eyes. On opening them I saw the whole figure for a moment, but it was too small for me to distinguish anything. In a moment the head came back, and I had an impression that the book was red, though I could not see it.

As far as I could ascertain, this picture was not telepathic. This is not the only occasion on which I have had a distinct impression of colour coupled with a consciousness that I had not seen the colour. Once I saw a flower (20) which "I knew to be pink, though I saw no colour," and again (12) I once saw a "black cat with ribbon round neck which I knew to be red though it had no colour." In these last two cases I spent some time trying to see the colour which I *knew* to be there, but I was not successful. In the greater number of cases the picture has been coloured, but sometimes I am (3, 32) only aware of luminosity and darkness, sometimes (23) of black and white as in a pen-and-ink sketch. I have not been able to find that the colour of the background for the crystal produces any effect on the colour of the picture. I have tried placing the crystal on white linen, dark blue silk, bright blue stuff and red leather, but have never been conscious of any suggestion of colour from the background, or able to trace any connection between the background and the vision.

Movement occurs not infrequently in the pictures and so does change. I use the word *movement* when I see in the crystal a picture within which occurs an alteration, and the word *change* when the whole picture undergoes alteration and is succeeded by another. Thus there was movement in the following case: (8) "Landscape, large piece of still water in evening light, beyond it mountains and hills, two snowy peaks, one sharply defined dark hill in front—open space on right of mountains. Steamer passing from right to left till it touched shore and was lost to sight."

The next case (20) illustrates what I mean by change. "I saw nothing for some time. Then a flower like a convolvulus, which I knew to be pink though I saw no colour, first sideways, then facing with a hard round knob in the middle. Then I knew it was not pink, but metal. I knew this from the hardness of outline, not the colour. It kept changing from one position to the other."

I will now give a case (32)—the only one—in which occurred change as well as movement :—

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"Saw sphere in circle, only upper half visible—suggested globe on stand. Then the thing turned aslant and the outer ring was fiery, the sphere black, outer ring revolving, sphere apparently still ; presently I saw that the sphere was also revolving."

I have sometimes been aware of development in the picture—things at first dim and confused becoming clear and distinct, but I distinguish between this gradual development and the *movement* and *change* described above.

The variety of pictures seen is considerable ; I have classified as follows the 33 crystal-visions recorded, covering a period of 21 months.

a. Animals, 5.

b. Human figures, 7.

c. Common objects, 5 (such as clock, ring, melon, &c.).

d. Geometrical figure, 1.

e. Written words, 2.

f. Scenes, 4.

g. Fanciful groups or scenes, 9.

With regard to the written words (*e*), I may say that both instances occurred after a distinct suggestion from myself. On the first occasion I looked in the crystal immediately after writing to ask for an address which I had known but forgotten. I saw a row of small letters, wondered if they represented the address required, then saw plainly 39, Onslow-square. It was only the number which I wanted, and I found that the number was not correct. On the second occasion (10) I had been trying to obtain automatic writing while looking in the crystal. I was also wondering who had put a pair of lost scissors in a very conspicuous place, where I had just found them. I saw a name written, and found that my right hand had written the same name ; it was a name likely to occur to me. Under the seventh head (*g*), "Fanciful groups or scenes," come the largest number of cases. The first picture I ever saw (1) was one of this class. A friend of mine had been telling me of Miss X.'s experiences, of which I then heard for the first time, and the idea occurred to me of trying whether I had any similar faculty. I looked into a glass of water on a white pocket-handkerchief, in broad daylight, for a quarter of an hour. I saw a group, consisting of a beautiful draped figure (on my right) with curly hair, and something uplifted in its left hand. The right hand was held downwards, but not quite close to the side. The figure sometimes looked to my left, sometimes faced me, shifting from one position to the other. The right hand was not defined. On my left, on a flat stone, was a huge toad, its back towards me, gazing at the figure.

On another occasion (4), I saw a large snail-shell, with a baby's face looking out of the end where the snail should be ; it was not very distinct, but the markings of the shell were visible, and it was coloured.

One other (16) of these fancy pictures I will give in detail, as it was rather more elaborate than most. I was looking at the crystal on a blue ground, with a single lamp at some distance in the room.

My eyes soon got tired, then the colour on the crystal grew pale primrose, then the colour of pale burnished brass. Then I saw a small bright fairy figure fly across from left to right, followed by a large black swallow-like creature. When the swallow reached the right edge of the picture it turned

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back (without turning round), moving towards the left, and presently the fairy came into sight, but turned round with its head towards the swallow and arms uplifted, as if beating it off. The swallow seemed smaller than before. But with a swoop, the swallow, huge as before, swept again to the right, pushing the fairy before it. I saw a faint light, like an evening sky, behind the tail of the swallow, and then all was black darkness.

I find it very difficult to say what size the pictures appear to me to be, as I have nothing to compare them with. They seem to me, however, not to be bounded by the size of the crystal, and they vary in the impression produced. But though the things certainly appear to me sometimes to be "large," and sometimes "small," I am quite unable to determine how such an impression is produced.

I have taken considerable pains to endeavour to trace connections between the pictures in the crystal and ideas or objects lately present to my mind, but there are only nine cases out of the thirty-three where I have perceived any possible connection between my thoughts and my visions. I will give these nine cases in detail. In seven cases the vision was possibly due to something in the thoughts or experience immediately preceding the crystal-gazing; in the eighth case there is perhaps a likeness between the vision and an object constantly seen during some days before and after the crystal-vision; the ninth case is difficult to classify.

Two of these seven (4, 10) have already been mentioned; they are the cases where written words appeared. In the next case (5) I had been wondering what people we should meet at a luncheon party to which we were going, and I saw in the crystal a human figure, that of "an old lady in black, with a veil or hood on," not a very likely guest, perhaps. In the fourth case (24) after "endless fleeting pictures, single figures, groups, sense of rush, figure with arm out," suddenly the whole became clear "and I saw a man in uniform and cap, with gold or silver braid, holding out his arm to signal, and a train rushing on full speed, and I knew there was an accident, though I saw none." I had been to town and back on that day. The next two (29, 30) were seen in immediate succession; I saw first the letter A in small bright stars, with a comet overhead, and on looking again, a pyramid dark against a red sky. I find a note in the book that we had been "noticing the red glow of the sky, and a star," just before I looked in the crystal. The last of these cases (32) is one already described; I need only add the suggested explanation, that I had been in the late afternoon at a lecture illustrated by lantern, and that this vision occurred about an hour after my return from the lecture.

In the next case I have to mention (15), the connection is not obvious, and possibly there is none at all, but I give the note and the comment as they stand in my book. I "saw a floating figure holding something outstretched in the right hand, which became defined as a wand. The figure faced me, had trailing robes. It was approaching a bright object, which defined itself gradually as a crescent moon with a face. The figure was dark; the outline of the figure was indistinct, and the general effect that of a dark, irregular cross; the crescent was very brilliant." Two days after this vision, as I took up a book which I had been reading aloud every evening for some days, I noticed on the cover a picture of a moon with a figure—not, however, a face

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—which reminded me of my crystal picture. On looking again I could see no close resemblance, but the book may have suggested the "vision," just as it certainly recalled it.

In the next case also (25) the actual sight of an object recalled a crystal picture which it may have originally suggested. On August 25th, 1890, I was at Brighton, where I had been for some time. I saw in the crystal, at 10.15 p.m., an "ugly clock in white alabaster, round face on hideous stand, dial black, letters gold." I made a rough sketch of the outline of this clock, but it suggested nothing to me at the time. On September 9th, immediately after returning to Cambridge, I went to the house of a woman I knew to inquire after a servant of mine who had been suddenly attacked with mania and removed to this house—her sister's—and thence to the asylum. On entering the room I noticed the clock, having some unexplained association with it. Then it flashed upon me that it was the clock I had seen in the crystal. It was, however, not perfectly like. The real clock is in shape like the visionary clock, and is of the same material. The dial, however, is white, not black, with gold letters; but there are in the real clock two round black ornamental spots on the stand, which did not appear in the vision. I had heard on August 22nd that my servant had been taken to this house, and had been thinking a great deal about both the servant and her sister. I had once been in the house, about a year before, and probably seen the clock, though I had no conscious recollection of it. I found, however, that they had had the clock when they went into the house, and that it had always stood on the mantelpiece, so that I must have seen it on my first visit. I have never since seen any clock at all like the "crystal clock," though I have taken special notice of my friends' clocks.

Two other incidents I have recorded in connection with crystal-gazing, but they are not included in the thirty-three cases mentioned above. On one occasion (14), while looking into the crystal, I had a sudden vision, not connected with any points of light in the crystal, and not in any way resembling a crystal-vision. I noted the exact minute of the appearance, which I have never done except in the case of what I may call external visions, such as I have sometimes seen when I have not been seeking to obtain them. I have had at least three such visions, once on looking up suddenly towards a window and twice on turning to a looking-glass. But they are quite unlike the crystal-visions, and I only mention this here to make the record complete.

On another occasion (18), I was reading and looked up towards the fire, when I saw in my crystal, which was on the mantelpiece as usual, a small figure spring up and run across the crystal. The figure was dressed in close-fitting green clothes and might have been a monkey or a man. It disappeared with a skip out of the right-hand side of the crystal. This vision differs from the usual ones, in that the figure was distinctly inside the crystal and disappeared when it reached the limit of the crystal. It was also spontaneous, as I had no intention of looking at the crystal.

I have not attempted to draw any inferences from the crystal visions I have had, but have only recorded them, classifying them roughly in order that they may be a little less unintelligible than the bare record of them would otherwise be. I hope to obtain some further results when I have time to look regularly in the crystal, but I find it of no use to look for

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visions unless I am fairly free from absorbing interests or occupations of any kind. I shall be very glad to receive any suggestions for experiments to be tried in future.

I may add that my health is usually good, and was good during the time of my experiments in crystal-gazing. I felt no fatigue, nor any evil or unpleasant result from the experiments.

M. DE G. VERRALL.

These experiments suggest several reflections

1. This is almost the only case where I have as yet found that the influence of *points de repère* was manifest to the experimenter herself. Such points or specks of reflection may sometimes have been influential even when not consciously observed. But in most cases the conditions of vision seem to make this unlikely;—the vision generally beginning with a bright light followed by a smoky cloud in the crystal. In fact the genesis of crystal pictures is apt to resemble the genesis of spontaneous, rather than that of hypnotically-suggested, hallucinations.

A Cambridge undergraduate known to me—another crystal seer, by the way, whom it would be difficult to suspect of hysteria—thinks that the first picture seen by him in the crystal, a mere *delta* of light, took its origin from a bright point of reflection. But with him the pictures almost at once followed quite another analogy; they became like very brilliant *illusions hypnagogiques*, and soon seemed to come close to the eye, wherever the crystal might be placed. I defer further account of this case (Mr. S. W. S.) until more experiments have been made.

2. Mrs. Verrall's subjective conviction that such and such an object was pink when no pink was visible, suggests two interesting parallels. In the first place it somewhat resembles the conviction of a blind correspondent of Professor W. James (*Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II., p. 323) that the coat, say, of a figure in his mental picture, or quasi-hallucination, was "pepper-and-salt," although he had no true visual memory of colours. And in the second place it reminds us of some of the subjects of *audition colorée* (see especially Professor Gruber's paper already referred to) who *know* that a certain sound is accompanied by a certain colour, but do not actually *see* the colour.

When the idea of a colour is thus cerebrally initiated we may expect that it will present various degrees of intensity. Below the point at which such an idea becomes (so to say) definite entencephalic[1] vision there may be a feeling of obscure subliminal connection between the one form of sensation and the other. The colours seen by "sound-

[1] I cannot avoid using this word, already suggested (*Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 341, Note), as correlative to *entoptic*. The "chromatisms" which the sound-seer sees "in his brain" are comparable to the phosphenes which we all may see "in our eyes." They are a quite different thing from imagination-images, or "mind's-eye" vision.

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seers" (a shorter term than "subjects of *audition colorée*") are often of a special indescribable shade.[1] The light in "photopsy from shock"—which shock, as Féré points out, need not necessarily affect the head directly—is also of a tint and quality hard to parallel in external vision. Professor James's absolutely blind correspondent, already mentioned, insists that he has sensations—for himself quite definite and *sui generis*—corresponding to the names of colours. If any fresh case were to occur of the restoration to sight of persons blind from infancy, it would be very desirable to get them to compare previous notions of colour with the reality. Our increasing knowledge of this entencephalic chromatopsy adds a fresh interest to the question,—important alike for the physiologist and the psychologist,—as to what is really involved in the "externalisation" of an inward picture. Are actual changes set up in the retina? such chemical or other changes as habitually induce retinal fatigue, and tend to induce complementary colours? In earlier writings on hallucinations Gurney and I assumed as probable that in the case of a completely externalised hallucination there was some retinal change. Féré takes this view as regards hypnotic hallucinations, and asserts that he himself can call up a mental image of a red spot so strongly that he gets a green after-image of the imaginary red spot. Wundt also takes such after-images as a proved fact, both in the case of *illusions hypnagogiques* and of hallucinations in general. "The phantasms of sight," he says, "which present themselves before falling asleep, are sometimes so vivid that (as J. Müller, H. Meyer, and others have observed) they may be followed by after-images. In such cases the excitation from the central sensory tracts seems to have extended itself to the retina."[2] And again: "Hallucinations do not only resemble ordinary sense-perceptions in all their directly-given subjective peculiarities but they may also be followed by positive and negative after-images, such as follow on the fatigue of the sensory apparatus."[3] A hint, however, kindly given by Dr. A. W. Waller, to the effect that we need that such cases should be "observed with full appreciation of the astonishing minuteness of excitation capable of acting as suggestion to certain subjects," has suggested to me to press my crystal seers to careful observation of their own experience in the matter. The result, briefly, is that of the four crystal seers whose cases I give at length two good visualisers believe that they *do* see complementary colours following on phantasmal images, while the third good visualiser, Mrs. Verrall, with Miss A., who is a bad visualiser, can see no such

[1] Féré, *Pathologie des Emotions*, p. 36.

[2] Wundt, *Phys. Psych.*, 3rd Edition, Vol. II., p. 432.

[3] Wundt, *Philosoph. Studien*, VI., p. 18.

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colours. Miss X's experience on this point will be found in the course of her own narrative. Mr. Keulemans writes :—

After calling up, mentally, a bright red, I can see (though not always) the complementary colour, when looking up to the ceiling immediately afterwards. Yet I have never succeeded in thus obtaining the complementaries of pale shades, such as lemon yellow and lilac, greys or browns.

Mrs. Verrall sends the following remarks, which are of interest on the whole question of the externalisation of images, and also as to the transformation into visual terms of a tactile impression subliminally received.

Since recording my experiments in crystal-vision I have been trying some further experiments of a different kind, with a view to testing my power of visualisation.

I find that I am able to call up a voluntary picture of an object or a scene with extreme distinctness ; indeed, in the case of a simple object, the visual image, as far as I can discover, differs from the actual object only in having no solidity—that is, it casts no shadow and appears to be all on the same plane. The form is as well defined and the colour appears as vivid in the visualisation as in the real thing. I have endeavoured to ascertain whether form and colour are equally well reproduced in the visualisation, and as far as my own impression goes there is no difference ; I never think of a coloured object without its colour, but I have not been able to produce complementary after-images from gazing at an imaginary colour. I may say that it is only after a prolonged gazing at a real colour that I can see the complementary after-image, and the colour of the after-image is never anything but very faint.

My visualisations usually, as I have said, have no solidity, but I am able at any time to invest them with solidity by imagining that I see the real thing and not a memory or imagination picture. In that case they cast shadows, and I am able to realise distance. I have much more control over them when once they are there than I have over crystal-visions.

At one time, some three years ago, I tried a longish series of experiments with cards with a view to seeing whether I could educate my sense of touch sufficiently to distinguish the cards after passing my thumbs once swiftly over the face of each card. I had some success, but the reason I record the experiment here is this : At first, while my attention was consciously directed to my fingers, I was aware that I could detect differences in smoothness of surface, which I learnt gradually to interpret ; but after a couple of hundred trials, when I grew more expert and more familiar with the experiment, I lost all consciousness of the means which enabled me to guess, and "saw" pictures of the cards which "determined" the particular guess. This experiment seems to show that conclusions arrived at by other means are presented to my mind in the form of visual images, and suggests that sudden visual impressions, spontaneous as well as induced, may in my case be projected visually after they have been produced in some other way.

3. Mrs. Verrall has on two occasions had spontaneous visions of scenes, not resembling the crystal-visions, but appearing to alter her

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whole surroundings. These visions she believes to have been veridical; to have conveyed a more or less accurate knowledge of what was passing or had passed elsewhere. If this be so, then in her case the experimental visions appear less profound than the spontaneous; which is in accordance with analogy. Once, after an apparently complete recovery from illness, she had a purely pathological hallucination, which she at once recognised as such and which was several times repeated.

The veridical visions represented scenes of no special or exciting character; but rather, as often in these cases, seem to have been flashed upon the percipient "by mere chance." I subjoin her account.

M. 48.

As supplementary to the pictures I have seen in the crystal, I add brief accounts of other visions I have had spontaneously, which may have been produced by causes somewhat similar, as I was in each case looking towards a looking-glass. The first was in 1885, some years before I had heard of crystal-gazing, and a few months after I had received an impression about my husband which seemed to be telepathic.

1885, *May 5th, Tuesday*, 8.45 a.m. This morning, about 8.10, as I was standing before my glass, after A. had gone down to breakfast, I had a sudden sensation of absolute stillness—cessation of sound—and looking up saw A. across the breakfast-table with papers in his hand, which he was reading. As he was not standing in his usual place, but on my side of the table, I inferred that it was my letters he was reading, and ran downstairs to see. He was standing as I had seen him (*i.e.*, opposite my place, not his own) with Trübner's catalogue in his hands; I told him of my vision as soon as I came down.

The second case occurred on July 29th, 1890. I was in my room in the afternoon, thinking about a paper I had just read in the *Proceedings* and of a friend with whom I had talked of the matter in question, when "as I turned to the glass I had a sudden impression of Mr. Y., in Swiss mountaineering costume, light dittos and hat, sitting astride on an arête, face downwards, with a stick or ice-axe across the figure. Some other man was standing below, looking up." The picture did not impress me as veridical, though it was very vivid. But the feeling in my mind was one of amusement, not alarm, nor interest—the attitude being obviously absurd, and impossible in an ascent of any real difficulty or danger. It suggested rather a person sliding down a stair rail, but I saw the snow and rocks of an arête quite plainly. I believed Mr. Y. to be in Dauphiné at the time.

I wrote to him later in the autumn asking him what he was doing on July 29th, at 4.15 p.m., and heard that it was an off day, and that he was probably loitering about in front of the hotel. When I saw him in November I told him what I had seen, and he then said that he had actually been astride of an arête for a moment on the day before, July 28th, but had not remained so long, thinking the attitude unnecessary. The guide had crossed first, sitting astride, and Mr. Y. was second, the whole number of the party being four. The arête did not, however, slope downwards, but was nearly level.

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I append a copy of the note of the possibly telepathic impression of my husband above referred to :—

"1884, *October 20th, Monday*, 2.45 p.m. I waited lunch to-day for A. [who was in College, as usual on Monday] till two o'clock, without thinking why he should be late, as he often is not home much before two. But at two o'clock [by the dining-room clock] I began lunch. Then, as I was thinking that A. had said he should be home at the 'usual time' [1.45] there suddenly flashed across me"—I was facing the window—"a picture of A. standing with papers in his hand and Mr. Z. sitting in a chair not quite close or straight to a square-cornered table. And there followed the thought 'Oh, yes; A. has left those proofs . . . with Mr. Z.' The next moment it struck me as odd that I should have had the impression first and the explanation after, so I looked at the clock. It was 2.5. I felt certain that A. would not be home for eight or nine minutes, which is the time it takes him to walk from College, and, indeed, when he rang the bell it was 2.14. As soon as he came into the room I said, 'Have you been to Mr. Z. to look at the proofs?' When he said 'Yes,' I asked again, 'Have you come straight from there?' And on his saying 'Yes' again, I told him of my impression."

My husband confirms this account, and adds that during the latter part of the interview with Mr. Z. he had been standing and Mr. Z. sitting at a table. The coincidence of time must have been pretty nearly exact. I ought to say that I knew that Mr. Z. had received the proofs to look over the night before, but neither A. nor I had the least expectation of their being so soon done, and A. would not have called on Mr. Z. that morning if he had not gone to A.'s rooms in the course of the morning to ask him to do so.

M. DE G. VERRALL.

XIV.—It may be further observed that the tendency of automatism to hypermnesia is shown in its nascent form in Mrs. Verrall's habit of remembering forgotten names, &c., by gazing into the crystal. And as it is on this point that Professor Janet's experiments have largely turned, I may here quote a report, revised by himself, of the remarks with which he followed this paper when it was read (in part) to the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, August 3rd, 1892 :—

M. 49.

Professor Janet, having been invited to speak upon the paper, said that he would content himself with certifying the reality of the facts described by Mr. Myers. In certain circumstances there were patients who could not look long on a shining surface without experiencing illusions and a kind of hallucinations. Sometimes those hallucinations possessed interest; sometimes they might furnish important information on the state of mind of the patient. He cited some of the hallucinations which he had studied. (1) It was known that after serious attacks of natural somnambulism there was a complete loss of memory of what had passed during the attack. Sometimes recollection could be restored easily, by divers processes, and in particular by suggestion. Too often it was impossible to restore recollection in this

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way ; and it was then necessary to use artificial means. That of which he had availed himself most often was the well-known process of automatic writing ; but other methods might be adopted. One day a young female patient had an attack of somnambulism, during which she had written a letter which she had afterwards torn up, and the contents of which she had forgotten. By causing her to gaze upon a shining surface he succeeded in making her read by hallucination the whole of that letter. (2) Many patients were tormented by fixed ideas. Some had full consciousness of those ideas and openly stated what they were. Others could not well describe them, and did not clearly know what it was which tormented them. Others had no notion of those fixed ideas, which provoked only states of emotion and impulsions in them. For example : a young man had continual fear, without being able to explain what he was afraid of. It was sufficient to make him gaze on a shining surface for some time for him to see the flames of a fire ; and after listening to a monotonous sound for some time he became aware of certain other sounds, those of the bugle of the fire brigade ; in a word, that process revealed the persistent idea of a fire which he had witnessed at some previous date. (3) Certain patients attacked by *aboulie* (loss of volitional power) needed to see from time to time a person who acted as the director of their conscience. When the patient had quitted this director he or she was well ; but at the end of a variable time again fell ill and needed, so to speak, to be wound up again. It was difficult to know what characterised the period of health. A patient of that kind had, at the time when she gazed steadily at an object, the hallucination of seeing M. Janet's portrait, which acted as a kind of moral direction which persisted unconsciously. As for the explanation of the facts, he agreed that Mr. Myers was right in suggesting very different causes according to the cases. It was impossible to explain all those complex phenomena by a single word. There was suggestion, certainly ; but there were also other very different things, such as the associations of ideas, the modifications of the state of consciousness, dreams, &c. As to the patients whom he had observed, he had always been struck by the phenomena concerning the power of attention. They were always weak patients, who were incapable of fixing their attention long on the same object ; when they were forced to do so for a long time they experienced every kind of psychological modification. In particular they lost the control of their movements and of their ideas. He had seen, for example, a child of that character who could not pay attention at school without having a kind of convulsion. With his patients the dreams which they had been made to undergo automatically manifested themselves easily when the conscious thought was almost suppressed by fatigue. In a word, it was an ingenious process for bringing to light dreams which had been dreamt without the knowledge of the dreamer.

With crystal-seers at an early stage confused reminiscences often supply the staple of the pictures. Thus Miss Z, a cousin of the Marquis of Bute, to whom pictures come slowly and obscurely, saw several scenes which to her seemed new, but which Lord Bute, with much probability, traced to memories of scenes well known to him, and which this lady knew less intimately. Somewhat similarly, I

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have watched an experiment in which Miss Z described the slow formation of a crystal-picture of a man's head, which only after a long time she saw to be almost certainly intended as a picture of Tito—the hero-villain of *Romola*, which she had just been reading. This slow and difficult vision was found somewhat fatiguing; nor should I recommend any experimenter to push the trial to a point at which any strain on mind or eyes is felt. I leave for comment on a future occasion several similar cases, which, though still at this early stage, seem likely to develop into more of interest.

XV.—With the experiments of my next informant, Miss X, readers of these *Proceedings* are already familiar. It is gratifying to know that it was her paper on Crystal-gazing in Part XIV. (to which all who have not read it should here refer) which led Professor Janet to undertake the interesting experiments above narrated. It will be seen that Miss X's phenomena continue pretty steadily, and that her earlier conclusions from them, although in several ways developed, have not needed any important modification. Her results increase, of course, in value with each year's continuance. As to the relation of the visions to health, for instance, Miss X's experience should now carry much weight. I will leave her to speak for herself, beginning with this topic of health, and gradually ascending the scale of intrinsic interest in the visions recorded.

CASE II.—MISS X.

M. 50.

Health.—In view of certain statements which are current as to the physical conditions of crystal-gazing, I wish to say, as emphatically as possible, that in my own case these experiments are neither the cause nor the effect of any morbid condition.

I can say positively, from frequent experience, that to attempt experiments when mind and body are not entirely at ease is absolute waste of time. The very conditions which might make crystal-gazing a fatiguing and exhausting process render it impossible. I can with equal certainty disclaim, for myself, the allegation that success in inducing hallucinations of this kind is due in any way to an *état maladif*. The four years during which I have carried on experiments in crystal-gazing have been among the healthiest of my life. I cannot describe myself as robust; and indeed I was for more than three years an invalid—the direct cause of my illness being a railway accident;—but my incapacity is for the endurance of vitiated atmosphere and late hours, and not for habits of early rising, systematic mental work, and a walk of from six to twelve miles a day in almost all weathers. I belong to no effete race, but to a family which for physique and longevity might challenge any in the annals of Mr. Francis Galton;—a family which has never lived in cities, and which, for many generations, has expended its energies and ambitions on horses and hounds.

Classification of Pictures.—I may divide my crystal-visions into three classes, which pass into each other by gradual transition. First and lowest I place the most numerous class, consisting partly of mere reproductions,

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which may be voluntary or may be spontaneous, of objects recently seen—arranged, perhaps, in some fantastic way; but more largely of pictures which are merely fanciful, and have, so far as I know, no actual counterpart in fact. These, of course, I discourage as mere waste of time. Such pictures plainly bring no fresh knowledge; they seem merely to objectify ordinary mind's-eye pictures, or the meaningless scraps of inward visions which float before one when attention is relaxed. These are quite as vivid as any other crystal-pictures, and will come at any time, if I am not over-tired. Above these comes a class of pictures which, though they may not communicate any new fact, yet impress me as containing some memory or some imaginative effect which does not come from my ordinary self. In this class I should place revivals of memory, and also illustrations of thought:—*e.g.*, pictures appropriate to a story of which I have thought, or to the sentiment of a piece of music, or to a place of which I have heard some mention. I feel that my ordinary self has not invented these pictures; and that they show a coherent intelligence; but that intelligence is working on data which I have at some time or other consciously acquired. The third class, which is the rarest, consists of pictures which are in some sense veridical; which bring me information as to something, past, present, or future, which I have no other means of knowing.

Class I.—I can generally, but not always, see in a crystal, or other clear depth or smooth surface, a life-like picture of some object which has lately occupied my attention—as a book which I have been reading, an advertisement in a railway carriage, &c. These pictures do not resemble the after-images which seem to blur my retina after I have looked at a bright scene. Those after-images are, with me, indistinct, and show no true colours, only a contrast of bright and dark. The crystal-pictures, on the other hand, show true colours, and are like memory-images, only more distinct. If, however, I only see images of this kind, I generally cease to look. Their only interest lies in the facility which they offer for optical experiments.

These experiments, however, have been for the most part unsatisfactory, as it is almost impossible to say how far the results are due to mere expectation. In no case thus far have I obtained an optical result which *surprised* me, nor a result capable of such exact measurement as to prove that it was either optically wrong, or more exactly right than my general knowledge could have made it. I mention a few experiments.

1. *Distortion.*—If I look in a spoon I see the image distorted in the familiar way. But I cannot say whether it is distorted precisely as a real image would be. For in the first place the picture does not always appear to be on the surface of the spoon or other speculum. For instance, in a globular crystal, or semi-globular ring-stone, the picture appears as on a flat surface. In the second place, I could not, at any rate in the short time allowed, draw the distorted picture accurately enough to admit of subsequent comparison with the reflection of the real object itself in the spoon.

2. *Reflection.*—If I see a picture under circumstances which suggest that it is a reflection, I see it reversed as in a mirror. Thus, in a railway carriage, I experimented with a small crystal and small mirror, both hanging at my châtelaine. I easily reproduced in the crystal *pictures* (not real *reflections*) of the advertisements on the carriage walls, and just as Lane's Egyptian

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magician told him that the crystal "made left appear right," so were these pictures reversed, and the print appeared as Spiegel-schrift. But I could then reflect the imaginary picture from the crystal into the mirror, and there the letters, "Compton's Hotel," appeared set right again, and legible in the ordinary way.

On the other hand I once suddenly entered a drawing-room where there was a large mirror, and saw a name for which I had been hunting in vain, printed as though on a visiting card fastened on the wall, and not reversed, in the middle of the mirror, which thus acted as a speculum. But note that when I saw the word I had for the instant forgotten that there was a mirror there, and I took the reflected wall in the mirror for a real wall. So that the picture conformed to my erroneous conception, and not to any true optical law.

3. *Magnification.*—I have used the magnifying-glass 11 times and it has always appeared to magnify. In one case already recorded (Vol. V., p. 513) the apparent enlargement of the picture enabled me to read significant letters, without which the picture would have been meaningless. But this, of course, may be classed as merely one form of the picture's development; that is to say, the letters *might* have become visible without the magnifying-glass, although they seemed to be vanishing and to be only just caught. I have three times used a bogus glass of similar size and appearance, and that glass did not magnify. However, I have never felt sure that I did not in some way distinguish between the true and the false magnifier even in the act of carrying them to my picture.

4. *Double Refraction.*—I once tried a flake of Iceland spar, an object which I had never before handled. I knew, however, its property of double refraction, so that the duplication of the picture which followed may have been due to expectation, although it looked to me rather more curious than I consciously anticipated.

5. *Colour Contrast.*—It is my impression that there is retinal fatigue, and consequent sequence of complementary colours, from gazing at crystal-pictures as much as from gazing at real objects. I never doubted this until the question was put to me, although I now find it difficult to prove that unconscious expectation may not account for this also.

I will first mention spontaneous, and then experimental instances.

I received one day a visit from a friend in a rather striking blue gown, which, some hours later, the crystal reproduced. This picture was followed by another of the lady's little boy, whom I had not seen lately, dressed in a bright orange garment, which I feel sure he does not possess.

Again, one afternoon someone was talking about Palissy ware. I was not specially addressed, and was staring aimlessly at a dark green, almost black glass scent-bottle. I observed in it a picture, all in pale green, of a man hastily tearing up some wooden garden palings; and before I had time to wonder what this meant, it was followed by another picture, all in red, of the corner of the library where as a child I kept my books, including one distinctly recognisable, which I have not seen these fifteen years, called *The Provocations of Mme. Palissy.* Then I remembered that one of this lady's provocations consisted in the fact that her husband fed his furnace with the household furniture, or even the fixtures of the house itself.

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These are the only spontaneous colour-sequences which I can recall, as the pictures do not usually show any one predominating colour. By experiment I find that if I tire the retina by staring at a red flower, I see a green one in the crystal; and conversely that if I summon up (as I sometimes can do) a red flower in the crystal, I then see a green patch on the wall. If I use two crystals there is a similar change of colour between the first picture and the second. Or if I merely *desire* a change of colour in a crystal-picture I find that blue is followed by orange, yellow by purple, green by red. But this may, of course, be due to unconscious self-suggestion, although I am not so familiar with the sequence of colours that I could without hesitation name the complement of any given colour.

The same result would occur if my blue picture were merely conjured up with closed eyes. On being transferred to the crystal—I, as it were, remaining entirely passive—it would appear as orange. When I first discerned this fact it was distinctly to my own surprise, and it required a moment's thought to assure myself that this was in the natural course of events. It may be worth noting that a distinct effort is required to convert a scene—lighted, for example, with red—to its natural colouring or even to a neutral tint. It is necessary to close the eyes or to look away for a moment; so that what follows is a second edition rather than a prolongation of the first picture. On the other hand, the mere desire for change will produce a green light rapidly alternating with the original hue.

6. *Size of Pictures.*—The pictures always seem to fit into the crystal, or to be seen within the limits of any larger speculum. They never appear larger than the speculum, nor lose their distinct location, though, if they are fairly simple in outline, I can generally reproduce them at will of any desired size, when I raise my eyes to any flat background,—as the wall, a screen, &c., in front of me.

7. *Rise, Duration, and Disappearance.*—I have looked at a picture for eight minutes without its disappearing. I then was tired and looked away. Generally the pictures last two or three minutes. If there is movement in the picture, *e.g.*, if it represents a street with carriages passing, it usually lasts longer than if it represents an inanimate object. Sometimes the picture is *there* suddenly and completely; others are built up by degrees, sometimes with grotesque results. These are generally fanciful pictures, partly shaped by my conscious mind. I do not, however, perceive that any use is made of *points de repère*. There is a similar variety in their departure. Some I can dismiss at will. Some disappear slowly; and the essential part, so to say, may disappear before the accessories. I once stood outside a door with a ground-glass pattern, waiting to hear news of a friend dangerously ill within. This scene, which I suppose had unconsciously impressed me as scenes witnessed in moments of emotion will do, reappeared on the same day in the crystal. Then all faded except the pattern on the door; and when I took the crystal out again at the end of a week the pattern still persisted.

I have mentioned these points, some of which belong equally to all my pictures, in connection with the first or lowest class, that of mere memory-images, brighter indeed and more permanent than those which I can summon up "in my mind's eye," but not otherwise very different.

Class II.—My second class consists of fanciful pictures, and of pictures

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of scenes once consciously known, but now forgotten by my ordinary self. The fanciful pictures much resemble *illusions hypnagogiques*, to which I am subject. I can, however, see the *illusions hypnagogiques* in the dark and with my eyes shut, while to see the crystal-pictures I need at least just enough light to make a bright point on the ring or crystal. These fancy pictures in the crystal often take the form of scenes in some little story which I have amused myself by composing. I have quoted in my previous paper one or two cases where the scene thus shown differed from what I had meant to happen in my story. But I have a habit of inwardly visualising imaginary scenes; and these developments in the crystal, though they may strike me as unexpected improvements, move within the ordinary limits of my thought, like ideas of my own, rather happier than usual.

Sometimes when crystal-vision recovers for me a memory which has not, so to say, sunk far out of sight, I get at it by a symbolic picture which shows that my unconscious self has gone through some chain of association, of a trifling but characteristic kind. For instance, I have been studying trees lately, and one day was annoyed by a vague impression of having made acquaintance with something new and interesting which I could not recall. In the crystal I recognised exactly the spot where I knew that I had seen this interesting tree; but I could see no trees, only piles and piles of indistinguishable dead leaves. Then the recollection flashed upon me. The tree I wanted was the "red-flowered buck-eye" *chestnut;* and the link between dead leaves and chestnut-trees lay in a line of Mrs. Browning's:

> "Not a grand nature. Not my chestnut woods
> Of Vallombrosa"—

which I had happened to notice a few days previously as a variety on the Miltonic picture of Vallombrosa as it looks when the leaves have fallen. Trivial as the incident was, it seemed to show that the same sort of verbal links are used in the association of ideas below as above the conscious threshold.

Here is a case probably due to forgotten knowledge. Some friends coolly sent me a letter addressed "Dr. Henderson" (I do not give the real names), with orders to look for the rest in the crystal. I looked, and was rather staggered to read, "Dr. Henderson, Taunton Gaol." I could assign no grounds for such a libel, but on consulting a relative as to what Hendersons we had ever known, she remembered that amongst others "there was a chaplain of that name at Taunton Gaol, but long before your time." In my pre-crystal days I could have *sworn* that I had never heard of this chaplain.

In this second class I may also count the cases where the crystal has brought a revival of some sight or word which might easily have reached my conscious attention, but has been prevented from so doing by distraction on my part.

I give four instances of this not uncommon type.

1. I saw in the crystal a pool of blood (as it seemed to me) lying on the pavement at the corner of a terrace close to my home. This suggested nothing to me. Then I remembered that I had passed over that spot in the course of a walk of a few hundred yards home from the circulating library; and that, the street being empty, I had been looking into the books as I walked. Afterwards I found that my boots and the bottom of my dress were stained with red paint, which I must have walked through unobservingly

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during the short *trajet* just described. I cannot tell which part of me it was that mistook paint for blood—whether it was my misinterpretation of the crystal-picture, or a mistake in the picture itself.

2. I saw in the crystal a young girl, an intimate friend, waving to me from her carriage. I observed that her hair, which had hung down her back when I last saw her, was now put up in young-lady fashion. Most certainly I had not consciously seen even the carriage, the look of which I knew very well. But next day I called on my friend; was reproached by her for not observing her as she passed; and perceived that she had altered her hair in the way which the crystal had shown.

3. Next as to sounds not attended to. I was writing at an open window and became aware that an elderly relative inside the room had said something to me. But the noise of the street prevented my hearing, and a wish to discourage conversation prevented my asking what had been said. My ink began to run low, and I took up the inkstand to tip it. Looking into the ink I saw a white florist's parcel as though reflected on its surface. Going into another room I *there* found the parcel in question, of which I had had no knowledge. I returned carrying it, and was greeted with the remark, "I told you half an hour ago to attend to those flowers; they will all be dead."

4. A relative of mine was talking one day with a caller in the room next to that in which I was reading, and beyond wishing that they were *further* I paid no attention to anything they said, and certainly could have declared positively that I did not hear a word. Next day I saw in a polished mahogany table, "1, [Earl's]-square, Notting Hill." I had no idea whose this address might be. But some days later my relative remarked, "H. (the caller aforesaid) has left Kensington. She told me her address the other day, but I did not write it down." It occurred to me to ask, "Was it 1, [Earl's]-square?" and this turned out to be the case.

Class III.—In these cases, and in the somewhat similar case of an announcement of death seen in the *Times*[1] (*Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 507) I cannot prove that I could not, if I had tried, have heard or seen the word or object which appeared in the crystal without having previously appeared in my consciousness. It may have been distraction, and not sheer sensory disability, which prevented me from noticing these details. But in some other cases—and with these I may perhaps begin my third class—I have

[1] I may here remind the reader of the large group of ill-understood phenomena at present grouped together under the name of *Dynamogeny* (Féré, *Rev. Phil.*, XX., 364, &c.) These are cases where either muscular power, as tested by grip of the dynamometer, or the acuteness of some one sense, is increased by a stimulus to some other sense. Thus the Viennese aurist Urbantschisch (James's *Psychology*, II., p. 29; Pflüger's *Archiv.*, XLII., p. 154) finds that "a tuning fork sounded close to the ear will sometimes increase acuteness of vision so that letters can be read at a greater distance. Conversely sounds became audible when lights were exhibited to the eye." Similarly Féré finds that in healthy subjects lost after-images can be recalled by the application of a tuning fork in vibration to the top of the head (*Pathologie des Emotions*, p. 29). So with hysterical subjects red light quickens perceptions of taste and smell. And, in many healthy subjects an increased acuteness of vision and other senses may be produced by hypnotic suggestion. It is the subliminal self, in my terminology, which has to supply this extra acuteness; and the crystal-vision is merely another way of getting at this reserve of power.—[F. W. H. M.]

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actually tried my best to see or hear something, but failed; and then the crystal has shown me that something within me has been able to see or hear at longer range than I knew.

1. From a letter, written July 1st, 1891, I take the following account: "I looked across the room this morning to a distant table, where I expected to see a book I wanted. It was not there, but my eye was caught by another book which I saw was strange to me. I tried, but could not read the title at that distance (I have since proved that, even now I know it, this is impossible); and turned away to resume my writing. On my blank paper —as in a crystal-scene—I read, 'The Valley of Lilies,' which I found to be the title of the book. I have no recollection of ever seeing the book before, certainly not in this house, though it *may* have caught my eye in a shop." On July 2nd I add: "The book was brought into the house in my absence, and placed [by a relative] on her special table, on which *my* things are never put, and which, therefore, I should not necessarily glance at on entering the room, as at my own table, for cards or letters. I did not enter the room till after lunch and, so far as I know, went straight to my own seat, not passing her table, which is in the opposite corner. The book is of rather peculiar appearance—an imitation of wood. If I had consciously seen it in a shop I should probably have bought it, for it purports to be by my favourite à Kempis."

2. I give another instance in which a similar slight extension of the power of *hearing* seems to be involved:—

In August, 1891, we went for a few weeks to a small country place, where we had taken a house for the autumn, and which I had never visited before, except once for a single day. One day a kindly neighbour called to offer us the use of his garden during his own absence from home. As he left the house he looked up in passing the window, and said something, of which neither I nor a girl who was staying with me could catch a single word.

The same evening I saw in the crystal a picture of some extraordinarily tall and bushy sweet-peas trained over wire fencing—a picture to which I could assign no meaning. The next day we met our friend's housekeeper, who referred to the invitation, and added, "Mr. P. says he hopes you heard his warning not to lose yourselves among the sweet-peas"! On visiting the garden, I found the fencing covered exactly as the crystal had shown, the sweet-peas, of which Mr. P. was justly so proud, having been arranged to intercept a view of the railway.

Next above these apparent extensions of faculty—though next with a great gap between—come the telepathic visions, where some fact quite out of my normal cognizance seems to be flashed upon me from another mind—a mind not necessarily thinking of me at the time. I have had several intimations of this sort otherwise than by crystal-vision since my last paper was published (S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. VI., p. 358); but I think only three by aid of the crystal.

1. A friend wrote to tell me that—acting on some suggestion of mine —she had secured an engagement on a newspaper, adding "that she was not obliged to fill all her columns with fashions." This phrase suggested the *Queen*, or some paper of the kind; but the crystal on being interrogated showed a magazine about the size of the *English Illustrated*, with

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the title *The Princess.* I took this for a cynical joke on the part of the crystal—a "not quite *Queen.*" But I have since found that there *is* such a paper, and that my friend is engaged on it. The look of the paper is different from what I saw, as though the name only had been transferred to me.

2. On October 12th, 1891, I was discussing the question of crystal-pictures with a gentleman to whom I had been but that day introduced, and of whose friends or surroundings I knew nothing whatever, and who was so deeply interested in the subject that I promised to look into the crystal with the definite hope of seeing something which he might find personally interesting. I was rewarded by three pictures, of which one was as follows :—

A room containing a high glass screen, round the end of which came, after a few moments, a lady, short, plump, dressed in blue serge dress, with a short jacket, in the pockets of which she rested her finger-tips : elbows stuck out, hair dark, dressed in a low, loose knot, fine dark eyes, and a white sailor hat. As she walked across the picture, she turned and seemed to look at me with some curiosity.

We had occasion a few days later to visit Mr. R.'s office on business, when I described my pictures. No. 2, the picture above-described, he recognised as representing his lady-secretary, though some female clerks in the office denied that she wore a sailor hat. She was not in at the time, but he was able to show me the glass screen in the room in which she habitually sat. I made her acquaintance later, and found that I was, for special reasons, an object of some curiosity to her, and also that she *had* had a white sailor hat, which, only a day or two before my vision, had been blown into the Thames, leaving her to walk down the Embankment bareheaded.

My other two visions Mr. R. regarded as also reflected from his mind and thoughts at the time, but I had not the same degree of proof as in the one which I have described.

3. On August 10th of this year D. went with her family to spend the autumn at a country house which they had taken furnished, and which neither of us had ever seen. I was also away from home, the distance between us being at least 200 miles.

On the morning of the 12th I received a pencil note from her, evidently written with difficulty, saying that she had been very fiercely attacked by a savage dog, from which she and our own little terrier had defended themselves and each other as best they could, receiving a score or so of wounds between them before they could summon anyone to their assistance. She gave me no details, assuming that, as often happens between us, I should have received intimation of her danger before the news could reach me by ordinary methods.

D. was extremely disappointed on hearing that I had known nothing. I had not consulted the crystal on the day of the accident, and had received no intimation. Begging her to tell me nothing further as to the scene of her adventure, I sought for it in the crystal on Sunday, 14th, and noted the following details. The attacking dog was a large black retriever, and our terrier held him by the throat while D. beat at him in the rear. I saw also the details of D.'s dress. But all this I knew or could guess. What I could not know was that the terrier's collar lay upon the ground, that the

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struggle took place upon a lawn beyond which lay earth—a garden bed probably—overshadowed by an aucuba bush.

On September 9th I had an opportunity of repeating all this to Mr. Myers, and on the 10th I joined D. at their country house. The rest of the story I give in her own words:—

"As we were somewhat disappointed that no intimation of the accident which had occurred to me had reached Miss X, she determined to try to call up a mental picture of the scene where it had occurred, and if possible to verify it when visiting us later on.

"On the night of her arrival at C——, we were not able to go over the whole of the grounds alone, and it was therefore not until the following morning that we went together for the special purpose of fixing on the exact spot. Miss X. was in front, as I feared some unconscious sign of recognition on my part might spoil the effect of her choice. The garden is a very large one, and we wandered for some time without fixing on a spot, the sole clue given by Miss X. being that she 'could not get the right place, it wanted a *light* bush.' I pointed out several, silver maples, &c., in various directions, but none would do, and she finally walked down to the place where the accident had occurred, close to a large aucuba (the *only* one, I believe, in the shrubbery), and said, 'This must be it; it has the path and the grass and the bush, as it should, but I expected it to be much further from the house.'

"I may add that I was not myself aware of this bush, but as I was studying them all at the time we were attacked by the dog, and as this one is close to the spot where I was knocked down, it seems possible that it was the last I noticed, and it may therefore have influenced me more than I knew."

[I understand that there are a good many acres of grounds round the house in question, and that the dog's attack was made within 50 yards of the house—plainly an unlikely place for a struggle so long protracted without the arrival of help.—F.W.H.M.]

There seems no *à priori* reason why the induction of manageable and instructive hallucinations should be confined to the sense of sight. Most of the visual phenomena which led up to crystal-seeing can be paralleled with auditory phenomena of the same types. Thus there are light-hearers as well as sound-seers; and *illusions hypnagogiques* sometimes take the form of auditory as well as of visual impressions. I will not pursue the subject further until I have more experimental cases to compare; but I am glad to be able to start my collection with the following communication from Miss X., whose example may I hope be followed by others in *shell-hearing* as profitably as in crystal-vision.

Notes on Shell-Hearing.

M. 51.

In the course of some widely varied reading on historical methods of divination I have found much that has seemed to me especially interesting and suggestive among the stories of voice oracles—not the articulate utterances of seer or priestess, which, possibly, find their modern counterpart in "trance mediums"—but the more mysterious Rumour of Homer, the vocal

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trees of Dodona, the Hebrew Bath Kol, the 'daughter of a voice.' Coming to a later date, the shell divination practised by the Thibetan Buddhists, and by the Chinese and Hindus, presents more detail, and brings to mind the shells of the Tritons, the shell on the Tower of the Winds at Athens, and the stories told of the reverence for shell-sounds among the South Sea Islanders.

But still, this all seemed too remote and mysterious to turn to practical account, and it was with a sense of special interest that I read in C. G. Leland's work on *Gypsy Sorcery* (Fisher Unwin, 1891), that to this day the gipsies of Hungary listen for the voice of the Nivasha, or Spirit of the Air, in the sea-shell. To read that interesting results were observed as lately as 1886 was more stimulating than even the weirdly suggestive "sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," which inspired the Israelites to war.

I have naturally exceedingly acute and sensitive hearing, which was developed by four years of scientific musical education, and it was with some hope that I possessed myself of a smooth-lipped cowrie of a size convenient to hold in the palm of the hand, applied it to my ear, and waited.

First came the monotonous murmur of the sea—familiar to childhood ; but after a few minutes of concentrated attention the ear grew accustomed to this sound, which, as it were, became a mere background for those more articulate which followed.

I find the experiment decidedly more fatiguing than that of crystal-gazing, and I did not persist on that occasion ; nor do I ever prolong the effort beyond six or eight minutes.

After twenty experiments, I was able to tabulate results as follows :—

1. On eleven occasions I heard human voices. These follow each other rapidly in the course of a single experiment, and may be divided into two groups.

(*a*) Those to a greater or less degree recognisable ; sometimes coming singly, sometimes rising out of a confused Babel of sound, with the effect with which we are all familiar at any large gathering. These were all probably recollections of something to which I had in fact listened, though often of a kind which might not have come to the surface in the ordinary way. Sometimes I have heard fairly accurate rehearsals of some conversation recently addressed to me, or still more often, which I have overheard. For instance, the shell is more likely after a dinner-party to repeat the conversation of my neighbours on the right than that of my lawful interlocutor on the left. This, I think, has its analogy in crystal-vision—the crystal more often presents what is unconsciously than what is consciously observed.

(*b*) Voices which are unrecognised and are without specially distinguishing characteristics, and which convey information or advice which my conscious self is—though possibly with an effort—quite able to supply, such as a quotation in verse or prose, a number, an address, or a monition to write a letter or send off a parcel.

2. On nine occasions I heard musical sounds, and I am certain that on five of these the shell definitely supplied an aid to memory—that my shell memory hearing transcended my ordinary memory hearing. I was able to distinguish and readily follow—as I commonly do in a concert-room—first one part and then another in the chorus or orchestra alternately, and

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changing these at will as I can seldom do without the score, even by a conscious effort, more than a few hours after listening to the symphony or concerto.

It may be worth while to note that the shell does not, happily, reproduce mere street sounds or unpleasant noise of boys and barrel-organs, though I am exceedingly impatient of such annoyance. May it not be that, as in crystal-vision, the fatigue or irritation which might be a source of danger in itself suffices to hinder the success of the experiment?

All this, however, might be attributed, in varying degrees, to expectation, and as such was disappointing. However, on June 3rd, a slight incident occurred which I found encouraging.

I had been out for a couple of hours, and on returning, let myself in with a latchkey, specially noticed that no letters or cards awaited me, and spoke to no one before entering the drawing-room, where my friend A. sat reading. It was close on luncheon-time, and I took up the shell as a momentary occupation. As I have noticed in crystal-visions, a definite fact does not wait to be built up, but is at once thrown out, and the shell lost not a moment in greeting me with a clear murmur of "Endsleigh-street—Endsleigh-street," which I found absolutely unmeaning. Presently A. looked up to remark that our friend, G. H., had called, and had waited more than an hour on the chance of my return. "Has he come up from Oxford for the day?" I asked, "or is he staying (as usual) near here?" "No," said A., "he has taken rooms in Endsleigh-street." So far as I know I have never been in such a street in my life, and I have absolutely no association with the name. I could hardly suppose the coincidence to be merely accidental.

A few days later I received further encouragement. On Saturday, June 11th, Mr. G. A. Smith spent some time with us attempting some thought-transference experiments, which were fairly successful, and interested me greatly. Mr. Smith left the house soon after seven. After dinner, I took up the shell which had played some part—not very successfully—in our experiments. What occurred is best given in the following extracts

"[*June 11th, 1892*] *Saturday Evening, 8.30.* [X to G. A. S.]

"Why—when the shell was repeating to me just now what you said about clambering over rocks at Ramsgate—did it stop suddenly to ask, still in your voice, 'Are you a vegetarian then?' . . . Perhaps you dined at [your next appointment], and declined animal food? Do tell me whether you are responsible for this irrelevance."

"*June 13th, Monday.* [G.A.S. to X.]

". . . Without doubt the shell spoke the truth. . . . As you know, I left you soon after 7. After walking some 15 minutes I suddenly met Mr. M. . . . I was thinking about points in connection with the experiments we had been engaged in, and am afraid I did not follow his remarks very closely . . . but he made some allusion to little dishes at a vegetarian restaurant somewhere, and immediately feeling an interest in the question whether he was a champion of the vegetarian cause, I interrupted him with '*Are you*

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a vegetarian then?' I believe these are the exact words I used. He will be sure to remember this, and must be questioned."

"*June 23rd.* [G. A. S. to X.]

"I have to-day walked over the course which I took on June 11th, from [your house] to the spot where I met Mr. M. It took just 11 minutes. If I left you at 7.15, it was probably about 7.30, or a very few minutes later, that I put the query to Mr. M."

Mr. M. was away from home, and though at once applied to for corroboration, did not send a written statement till June 22nd, when he writes to Mr. Smith (after failing to recall the exact particulars of the previous conversation):—

"The main fact remains that you asked me, to the best of my belief—bearing on my strong praise of the cooking at the Oxford-street Café—whether 'I was a vegetarian.' That is the core of the whole matter, and that is *sound*."

The very triviality and grotesqueness of the incident suggests points for speculation outside of its connection with shell-hearing, which, however, affords a curious example of a means of arriving at unexpected knowledge.

I have since recorded about fifty further experiments, but those already described may be taken as typical of the whole series. Not above half-a-dozen could be counted as evidences of telepathy, perhaps twenty may be classed among recrudescent memories which might never otherwise have been brought to light, and another dozen may be considered the result of mere expectation. The remainder have all consisted of musical sounds, some of which have been purely fanciful. These have been very definite in character, so much so that I have succeeded in reproducing them on the piano, or in scoring them at the moment, but they in no way differ from what I might extemporise in the ordinary way.

On two occasions only have I heard reasonable consecutive sentences for which I could not at the time account in connection either with memory or imagination, but in both cases I ultimately discovered their origin; the one in a book, the other on the fourth sheet of a letter which I had supposed to be finished on the third, but which I might conceivably have read in taking the letter from its envelope, though I cannot remember having done so.

I have as yet no other examples of the deliberate induction of auditory hallucinations by shell-hearing or any similar artifice. But this externalisation of inward auditions could doubtless be cultivated in the same way as crystal vision,—of which, indeed, it formed an accompaniment in the case above cited from Professor Janet. I should not wish at present to recommend the practice except to thoroughly sound and strong persons, as the frequency of *insistent voices* as an early symptom of insanity rather suggests that induced voices may be less easy to keep in check than induced visions have thus far proved to be. At the same time, I have known several sane and healthy persons who have experienced spontaneous externalised voices, either rarely or frequently, with no resulting injury. One of these was the late Rev.

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P. H. Newnham, so often cited in these *Proceedings*, and assuredly one of the sanest and calmest of men. Some discussion of this topic will be found in *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 305. I will content myself here with citing two cases,—the first curiously parallel to Miss X's case of the sweet-peas, given above, as implying a slight subliminal extension of the auditory field; and the second, as I construe it, illustrating that revival of forgotten memories of which mention has so often been made.

The first case consists of a letter from Mr. Newnham, written about 1884:—

L. $\frac{3}{C}$

Owing to my spinal malady, I am sometimes obliged to use two walking-sticks; and can only crawl up the steep hills of this parish with much difficulty and pain. One winter evening (probably in December, 1882) I was creeping home about 5 p.m., when I saw in the distance a lot of some 20 young apprentices from the boatyard in my parish coming home after the day's work. Instantly the voice said to me, "They are saying, 'Here comes old Four-legs.'" Sure enough, as they passed me, one said, "There goes old Four-legs." Now, I had never heard this nickname before, or imagined anything like it.

This last is, of course, simply a case of thought-transference, identifying itself with the voice as its vehicle. I am not *quite* sure whether the words were spoken to me *ab extra* in this case. My memory is not quite clear.

This may, as Mr. Newnham supposes, have been a case of thought-transference. But I rather incline to suppose that the boys were uttering the words just out of "earshot," but within the subliminal auditory field. I need hardly add that an incident so incapable of external corroboration derives its value from the known care and accuracy of the percipient—one of the best informants whom we have ever encountered.

The next case is from an informant of whom we know less, and has twice been printed in part; once in the *Blackburn Times*, soon after the event, and once in the *Review of Reviews*. We have now obtained an important corroboration; and the date of the incident has been approximately fixed in September or October, 1883. Mr. Wolstenholme writes to Professor Sidgwick from 62, King-street, Blackburn, December 3rd, 1891:—

P. 143.

A few years ago, at the time the following incident occurred, I was residing at 4 and 6, Preston New-road, Blackburn.

After explaining a call of business which summoned him to Preston, Mr. Wolstenholme continues:—

At that time I was keeping a pony "Fanny," and as I had not much

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work for her I determined to drive over to Preston, a distance of nine miles. On the morning of the trial I yoked "Fanny" to the trap in a passage behind my house. On each side of the passage is a wall about eight feet high, the wall on one side forming the boundary to the backs of the houses, the wall on the other side forming the boundary to a large wood yard. I had everything ready for starting on my journey, and had gone into the house for a knee-rug and my whip. When I returned with these articles, and was standing in the trap arranging the rugs, &c., I heard what sounded like the voice of a man speaking within a foot of my ears these words: "Put some string in your pocket." I immediately turned round to see who was speaking, but to my surprise there was no one in the passage or anywhere in the neighbourhood.

A cab-stand is in the open street at the bottom of the passage, and thinking it must be one of the "cabbies" who had spoken, I got out of the trap and went to the bottom of the passage to see who the person was. The cab-stand was empty, not a cab about, and the only person I could see was a lady who was 70 or 80 yards up the street on the opposite side.

There was no one about to account for the voice, neither was there any apparent cause that I was aware of why I should put the string in my pocket. I went into the house again and told my wife what I had heard. Her reply was, "Well, take some string with you, it will be no great weight to carry," so I put several yards in my pocket.

I arrived in Preston all right, and drove to the Dog Hotel, and gave "Fanny" into the hands of the ostler. After the trial was over we all returned to the "Dog" to tea, and at 20 minutes to 9 I commenced my journey home. The night was very dark, but as I had good lamps with me I did not heed the darkness. "Fanny" trotted along the road at a brisk speed, and all was going on well, when suddenly she stopped, and no matter how I used the whip or coaxed her she would not stir another step forward, but began to back until she backed the trap into the hedge on the road side.

I jumped out, and taking one of the lamps ran to her head to see what was the matter. I immediately found that the strap which stretches from the horse's collar, and is secured to the bottom end of the shafts, the trace by which the trap is dragged along, had broken inside a piece of metal which connected it with the collar. The defect being covered by the metal plate had escaped my observation, and I had no idea that any thing was wrong with the harness in any part.

I removed the broken strap, and I now saw a use for the string I had in my pocket. With it I rigged up a temporary arrangement by means of which "Fanny" was able to take the trap and myself home. Had I not taken the string with me I should have had to leave the trap on the road side and walk home a distance of six miles.

Who or what spoke I know not; all I know is that the "voice" sounded close to me, not more than a foot from my ears, and was a man's voice. The nearest person I could see was a lady, and she was 70 or 80 yards away.

You are at liberty to use this article if you think fit.

R. WOLSTENHOLME.

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62, King-street, Blackburn,
December 30th, 1891.

I was at home on the evening of Mr. M.'s lawsuit in 1883, and distinctly remember hearing my father tell my mother about the accident to the harness. The circumstance of the warning voice made the incident very remarkable, and one not easily forgotten; since then I have heard both of my parents on many occasions relate the circumstance and never have either of them doubted that my father heard the voice.

MARY JANE WOLSTENHOLME.

P.S.—I do not remember any accident to the harness before that time and had no reason to suspect one then. R. WOLSTENHOLME.

Mrs. Wolstenholme is now dead, so that Miss W.'s is the only corroboration now attainable.

This case is by no means unlike the subliminal discovery of hidden objects, of which we have had several examples. The weak place in the harness, although "hidden behind a metal plate," was, perhaps, not so completely hidden but that it may have been "unconsciously" noted.

CASE III.—MISS A.

XVI.—In the next case which I propose to give at length, crystal-vision forms but a small, and an ill-recorded, part of a long and complex group of phenomena centering in a lady who wishes here to be known as Miss A. I have had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with Miss A and her family for eight years, and have personally witnessed many of these phenomena. But it must be remembered that I am no longer dealing, as in the two previous cases, with records of experiments undertaken at my own request, and for a definite scientific purpose. On the contrary, I have here merely been invited to hear or to witness fragments of a continuous series of phenomena, which have been observed only for private interest and satisfaction, and to which Miss A and her family were long unwilling to give any kind of publicity. I have now to thank them for permission kindly accorded to print the following pages. But the material which has been preserved forms but a fraction of the whole, and was not originally selected with a view to scientific proof. In Miss A's case, as in that of Mr. Stainton Moses, with which I shall afterwards have to deal, it has been to the dogmatic content of automatically written messages that most attention has been given. That, also, is important in its way; but it belongs to a later stage of our inquiry. For the present I have confined myself mainly to crystal-visions, and have asked Miss A to reply to certain questions, and to give such instances of veridical visions as now admit of corroboration. For convenience' sake, I have interspersed between square brackets some notes made by the Countess of Radnor, the friend in whose presence many of the

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phenomena occurred, and who has revised these pages, and some unsigned notes of my own.

M. 52.

1. *Health.*—I do not know if my health affects the crystal-seeing; I am so seldom ill that I have not tried. If I have a headache I never look in the crystal; but I should imagine I should see equally well anyway.

2. *Visualising Power, &c.*—I see in the crystal *much* more distinctly than I could ever *imagine* things. I am a very bad visualiser; and when I think of people I do so much more by the sound of their voice than by their faces or figures. I don't think I ever imagined a group in motion in my life. I am very short-sighted, and seldom wear glasses; consequently, I rarely get a clear picture of any room or scene. But when I look in the crystal I see everything as clearly as though I had strong glasses on. I cannot be sure whether either my short sight or my visualising power is better in dreams than in waking hours; but I *think* both are better. Certainly, however, I never see in dreams any scene at all comparable in clearness to what I see in the crystal.

I have no artistic gift, although I have received a few lessons in drawing and painting. I have automatically drawn flowers, figures, a snake, &c., much better than I can draw by conscious effort. [These drawings will be described along with the automatic writings.]

3. *Visions Apart from Crystal or Other Speculum.*—I have sometimes, generally as the result of effort, seen hallucinatory figures—all of them, I believe, in some sense *veridical*, never mere subjective hallucinations,—standing or sitting in the room. And I have, once at least, seen the room itself alter. I saw a large modern room change into the likeness (as shown afterwards by independent record) of what it was 200 years ago; and I saw persons in it who apparently belonged to that date.

[The history of the room was known to Lady Radnor, who attests: "Miss A has, without looking into anything, described a room, whose history was unknown to her, as I have reason to believe that it was 200 years ago. It was the Long Parlour at Longford, which in 1670 was used as the chapel. —H. M. Radnor." Other visions of this kind will be dealt with later.]

4. *First Discovery of the Power.*—It is now some years since I first began to look in the crystal. I had already written automatically, but knew nothing of crystal-vision. I happened one day to be lunching with some friends who talked on the subject, and said that they believed that a glass of clear water acted in the same manner. Two or three of us looked in glasses of water, and after a little while I seemed to see at the bottom of my glass a small gold key. This was so distinct that I looked on the tablecloth, thinking that there must be a real key there. There was none, and nothing to explain what I saw.

5. *Speculum and Mode of Gazing.*—We bought a glass ball, and I gradually began to see a good deal in it. I have since seen in several crystals, in a moonstone in a bracelet, &c. [I have known her see things in a polished table.—H. M. Radnor.] It does not seem to matter much what the smooth surface is; but I have sometimes fancied that the scenes were brighter if seen

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in a real crystal. Occasionally I see things in a mirror, or even without any clear surface, as though I were in the midst of them.

I either take the crystal into a dark corner of the room, or wrap it up in black with only a little bit uncovered, or if it is small I hold it inside my hand and look right into it. I can see equally well in the dark. After a minute or two I seem to see a very bright light in it, which disappears after a few seconds, and then the surface appears cloudy and thick. This mist clears away, and I see sometimes views, sometimes faces, sometimes letters, and all kinds of things in it. They only last for a few seconds or sometimes minutes, and between each new picture I see the same light and then mist. I cannot look in the crystal for long, as it makes my eyes water with the brightness of the light and gives me a feeling as if a band were tied round my head; but if I only look a little while it does not hurt me at all. The crystal seems to become a globe of light. If a sunlit scene appears, the light may continue, or it may disappear before the figure shows itself. [Her eyes often stream with tears from "the brightness of the light."—H. M. RADNOR.] I am in a perfectly normal condition when I look; not sleepy, nor in a trance, nor unconscious of my surroundings.

6. *Magnification, &c.*—I have tried the magnifying-glass. The results are just the same as without it; only the glass being on the top I suppose I see in it instead of in the crystal. I cannot tell when people ask me whether the figures which I see are big or small; for I feel as if I were in some way close to them; so I cannot define their size. [I have often remarked that when Miss A looks in the crystal she describes things not as if she saw them in a picture, but as if she were actually there, and the places and people were round her.—H. M. RADNOR.] Before the figures come I see the crystal in my usual short-sighted manner, so that, for instance, I could not distinguish my own reflection in it. But the figures are quite clear; and I can follow a figure even if it appears to be walking to a great distance. But if I specially look at some detail in the picture, that detail generally seems to get clearer to me.

If I move my eyes from the crystal, or if I close my eyes, the picture disappears. If I move the crystal about I seem to shake the picture out of it. When the picture is once lost I can seldom get it again. Once or twice I have succeeded in doing so, but there have always been other pictures between.

7. *Verbal Messages in the Crystal.*—When I see writing in the crystal I see it only one letter at a time; and when the letters are put down they are found to be words spelt backwards.

[Each letter in turn seems to fill the crystal; and the letters succeed each other so rapidly that it is hard to take them down from Miss A's dictation. The words may come to explain a picture, or may form a message by themselves. The backward spelling is probably adopted in order to prevent Miss A's supraliminal intelligence from guessing at, and thereby disturbing, the message which is being given.]

8. *General Characteristics of the Pictures.*—Sometimes the things which I see are interesting, and sometimes just the reverse; sometimes true and sometimes not. If I wish to see a particular person, I cannot do so, but I probably see something quite different. I cannot tell if what I am seeing is

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past, present, or future. I do not think that the pictures have anything to do with what I read and see in the ordinary way.

[I can expand this statement from personal observation. When Miss A looks in crystal or ring there is almost always a continual series of pictures, each generally quite disconnected from its predecessor, although occasionally several scenes of the same story may follow each other. No complete record has been made of these pictures; and therefore in estimating the probability that the coincidence which some of them show with fact is not due to chance alone, we can make no exact calculation of percentages; but after making the largest reasonable allowance for the cases in which no coincidence has been observed, it appears to me that in many instances the details seen, and the verbal explanations automatically given, are so full and precise that accident cannot be invoked to explain them. The unintelligible pictures, on the other hand, remind one of a series of views thrown on the table of a camera obscura; but whether the views come from the macrocosm or the microcosm, from the solid world or from the subliminal imagination, there is generally nothing to show.]

9. [Let us consider the cases which have a *primâ facie* claim to be veridical. These may represent scenes past—beyond the range of hypermnesia,—scenes present—whether derived from another mind cognisant of them, or from some kind of direct extended perception; and possibly things future;—although (besides Lady Barnby's case given below) only one apparently clear case of precognitive picture—foretelling a death then absolutely unexpected—has been observed.

Inasmuch as telepathy and clairvoyance are ideas less unfamiliar than either retrocognition or precognition, it may be well to take first some pictures of events seen about the time of their occurrence. Such record of these as I can offer at present is unfortunately extremely incomplete. Miss A has never made a continuous series of experiments with a friend at a distance, and has no belief that deliberate experimentation of this kind would succeed. Yet, on the other hand, Miss A herself and her family have naturally been reluctant to test the accuracy of pictures which professed to relate to strangers,—who either might not exist or might dislike the inquiry. There is, nevertheless, no reason to suppose that the subliminal self is less regardful of others than the supraliminal; nor have pictures, I think, ever occurred whose possible verification could have caused pain. Just as in the hypnotised subject the feeling of the *bienséances* seems the most persistent element of character, so also among all the incoherences of automatic message by script or vision a certain control of this kind seems to be exercised by the hidden agency. Returning to the present case, the result of the limitations above mentioned is that I can hardly quote more than the few instances where Lady Radnor happens to have been able to identify the scene from her own experience or that of friends.]

A. Picture of scene probably passing at the moment.

Some time ago I was looking in my crystal and saw Lady Radnor sitting in a room I had never seen, in a big red chair; and a lady in a black dress and white cap whom I had never seen came in and put her hand upon Lady R.'s shoulder. It was about 7.30, I think. I immediately, that same evening, wrote to Lady R. to ask her to write down what she was doing at 7.30, as I

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had seen her in the crystal. Shortly afterwards I saw Lady R., and she said she had done as I asked her, and told me to tell her what I saw. It was quite right; she had been sitting in a red armchair, and Lady Jane E., dressed as I described her, had come in and put her hand on her shoulder. Afterwards, when I met Lady Jane E., I recognised her, without knowing who she was, as the lady I had seen. Also, when I went to the house I recognised the chair.

[This is perfectly correct. Miss A had never been to Longford when she described my room, which was right in every particular, even to the fact that my chair was quite touching the corner of the high fender.—H. M. RADNOR.]

[Lord Radnor tells me that he remembers the incident perfectly. The chair was of a kind unusual in a bedroom. The description of the lady entering was right as to personal appearance as well as dress.]

B. Second contemporaneous scene.

In one case I saw and described Mr. B (a well-known writer), whom I knew slightly, as hunting for a paper in the drawers of a writing-table. He used a particular pen, which I described, and with his hands ruffled his hair till it stood up in a kind of halo. A lady came in and pointed to his hair and laughed. Lord Radnor inquired of Mr. B, and all this was found to be correct. He was writing with a pen unusual to him (silver instead of quill, or *vice versâ*), and was looking for a paper which he wanted to send by post. His sister (I did not know that she lived with him, and had never seen her) entered the room, and pointed laughing to his hair, just as I had seen.

[Confirmed.—H. M. RADNOR.]

A group of cases may here conveniently be given together, as included in the same narrative. Case *C* is probably exactly contemporaneous. Case *D* also seems contemporaneous. Case *E* is retrocognitive, and case *F* seems precognitive.

C. Sir Joseph Barnby, the well-known musician, writes as follows:—

November, 1892.

I was invited by Lord and Lady Radnor to the wedding of their daughter, Lady Wilma Bouverie, which took place August 15th, 1889.

I was met at Salisbury by Lord and Lady Radnor and driven to Longford Castle. In the course of the drive, Lady Radnor said to me: "We have a young lady staying with us in whom, I think, you will be much interested. She possesses the faculty of seeing visions, and is otherwise closely connected with the spiritual world. Only last night she was looking in her crystal and described a room which she saw therein, as a kind of London dining-room. [The room described was not in London but at L., and Miss A particularly remarked that the floor was in large squares of black and white marble—as it is in the big hall at L., where family prayers are said.—H. M. RADNOR.] With a little laugh, she added, 'And the family are evidently at prayers, the servants are kneeling at the chairs round the room and the prayers are being read by a tall and distinguished-looking gentleman with a very handsome, long grey beard.' With another little laugh, she continued: 'A lady just behind him rises from her knees and speaks to him. He puts her aside with a wave of the hand, and continues his reading.' The young

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lady here gave a careful description of the lady who had risen from her knees.

Lady Radnor then said: "From the description given, I cannot help thinking that the two principal personages described are Lord and Lady L., but I shall ask Lord L. this evening, as they are coming by a later train, and I should like you to be present when the answer is given."

That same evening, after dinner, I was talking to Lord L. when Lady Radnor came up to him and said: "I want to ask you a question. I am afraid you will think it a very silly one, but in any case I hope you will not ask me why I have put the question?" To this Lord L. courteously assented. She then said: "Were you at home last night?" He replied, "Yes." She said: "Were you having family prayers at such a time last evening?" With a slight look of surprise he replied, "Yes, we were." She then said: "During the course of the prayers did Lady L. rise from her knees and speak to you, and did you put her aside with a wave of the hand?" Much astonished, Lord L. answered: "Yes, that was so, but may I inquire why you have asked this question?" To which Lady Radnor answered: "You promised you wouldn't ask me that!"

D. The day following was the day of the wedding, and at a dinner party held in the evening my attention was called by Lady Radnor to Miss A, who seemed to be listening to something. On inquiring the cause, Lady Radnor asked me "If I had not heard the raps," as she supposed Miss A "was receiving a message."

I had not heard the raps, but I begged to be made acquainted as soon after dinner as possible with the purport of the message.

On rejoining the ladies, I inquired at once what the message might be? Lady Radnor replied: "The message is somewhat mysterious and there is a portion of it we cannot make out, but the general purport is: 'There is danger in the —— reservoir belonging to the Liverpool Waterworks Company.'" About twenty minutes later the additional message was rapped out: "The danger is in the left-hand corner." Here I laughed the laugh of the scornful, and remarked: "There is a beautiful vagueness about that, seeing that it depends entirely upon which side of a parallelogram you stand before you can determine the left-hand corner!" Four days later [According to my recollection *two* days later only.—H. M. RADNOR.] a paragraph appeared in most of the London dailies to the effect that the inhabitants of —— were in a state of considerable alarm on account of some signs of weakness having appeared in the [Welsh] reservoir belonging to the Liverpool Waterworks Company. They had sent a deputation to the company requesting that an expert should be got down from London to examine the defect. Needless to say, Miss A had never heard of the name of the place, "an unpronounceable Welsh name," had no interest in that part of the country, and had never been in the neighbourhood.

E. Two days after the wedding I was driven by Lady Radnor and Miss A to Salisbury Cathedral to play on the organ, a magnificent specimen of cathedral organs. I was much interested in the instrument and became absorbed in my playing. At the end of two hours I rejoined the ladies, who had been sitting in the body of the vast church. On our drive back to Longford, Lady Radnor asked Miss A why she was so silent and thoughtful, to which Miss A

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answered: "I have had such strange experiences in the Cathedral during the time Mr. Barnby was playing." On being asked to relate them, Miss A begged to be excused until she arrived at the Castle, as the grinding of the carriage wheels over the newly metalled roads made it difficult to hear one another speak.

Whether this promise was forgotten, or whether callers put it out of her head, I cannot say, but I left Longford without hearing any more of the matter. Eleven months later Lady Radnor, during a call upon my wife, told me the following: "Miss A's statement was to the effect that she had seen vast processions of gorgeously apparelled Catholic ecclesiastics with jewelled crosses carried before them, gorgeous canopies and baldachinos held over them and clouds of incense filling the place. Amongst the dignitaries was one who came near them and gazed at them with a singularly sad expression of countenance. On being asked why he looked so sad, he said: "I have been a great sinner. I was greatly responsible for the beheading of Anne Boleyn. What adds to the sadness of it, her father and I were boys together, and our homes were in close proximity to each other." On being asked his name, he said: "My name is John Longland." On being further questioned he replied: "Mr. Barnby's music brought me here. I often hear it in Eton Chapel."

Lady Radnor then went on to say: "I was naturally desirous of finding out who this John Longland might be, but after several unsuccessful efforts I was beginning to despair of solving the mystery, when, five months later, I found it recorded in a long, thin, worm-eaten book [I found the book in an old lobby cupboard at Longford. It was there recorded that John Longland had been Dean of Salisbury in the reign of Henry VIII., and also that he had been translated to the See of Lincoln.—H. M. RADNOR.] containing the name of John Longland, Dean of Salisbury in the reign of King Henry the Eighth." This was sufficiently extraordinary; but on my inquiring what connection he had with Eton, her ladyship remarked that she had already told me all she knew. Thereupon I said, "I wonder if he is mentioned in Maxwell Lyte's *History of Eton College?*" and I rose at once to get the book. There I found he was mentioned on pages 103 and 124 as having been Dean of Salisbury and Confessor to King Henry the Eighth. He was soon translated to the more dignified see of Lincoln, which carried with it the appointment of "Visitor to Eton College." It appears that during one of his visits he called upon the Fellows to make up their number which had fallen from 10 to 7 (?) (See Maxwell Lyte's *History*.) This they explained they were unable to do as the value of their property had decreased and they were consequently unable to pay their full number. The Bishop came forward with the necessary funds. He likewise gave largely to the other members of the college, the ministers of the "queere," and even the bell-ringers were not forgotten; and by his will he left money for the annual performance of a requiem Mass on each anniversary of his death, and gave instructions likewise that his heart should be buried "afore the holy aultar in Lincoln Cathedral and his body in Eton College Chapel." All of which was done. His grave at Eton was covered by a magnificent brass, which, by an act of vandalism, was destroyed about 200 years ago. Here, then, is the explanation of his connection with Eton and his love of music.

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F. One more incident in connection with the extraordinary powers of this young lady remains to be noted. Whilst looking in her crystal during one of the days I spent at Longford, she described, amongst a number of things unnecessary to mention, a room which appeared to her to be a bedroom. She appeared to be viewing the room from just *out*side the *open* door, for she said: "If there be a bed in the room it must be behind the door on the left"; in any case the room was a long one and the end of it was occupied by a large window which formed the entire end of the room. She added: "There is a lady in the room, drying her hands on a towel." She described the lady as tall, dark, slightly foreign in appearance and with rather "an air" about her. This described with such astonishing accuracy my wife, and the room she was then occupying at an hotel at Eastbourne, that I was impelled to ask for particulars as to dress, &c. She stated that the dress was of serge with a good deal of braid on the bodice and a strip of braid down one side of the skirt. This threw me off the scent, as before I had started for Longford my wife had expressed regret that she had not a serge dress with her. My astonishment, therefore, was great on returning to Eastbourne to find my wife wearing a serge dress exactly answering to the description given above. The sequel to this incident comes some sixteen months later on, when my wife and I attended a performance given by the Magpie Minstrels (a society of musical amateurs) at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. We arrived early, and after placing my wife in a seat I moved about the room speaking to friends here and there. In the course of ten minutes or so, Lady Radnor and Miss A entered the room. During the greetings which ensued, Miss A called my attention to a standing figure, saying: "You will remember my seeing a lady in her bedroom while looking in my crystal; *that* is the lady I saw." *That was my wife!* I only need add that she had never seen my wife. JOSEPH BARNBY.

Lady Barnby writes as follows in corroboration of the incident relating to her own dress:—

9, St. George's-square, S.W.

Saturday, November 12th, 1892.

The account about me and my dress is remarkable as being out of the general course of things in this way: I had been remarking to Sir Joseph that it was a mistake to come to the seaside without a serge dress, that being a material particularly suited for wear at the seaside, but I added: "I do not think there is much use in ordering one now, as Madame D. will be gone for her holiday, it being August." Sir Joseph left the next day for Longford, and I wrote to Madame D., telling her to make me this gown. She got the letter *Tuesday* [August 13th, 1889], and in the marvellously short time by *Saturday*, I received my gown. Then again, it is not usual in an hotel to have one's bedroom door open when one is occupying the room, but the reason for it on this occasion was the fact that I was to meet Sir Joseph on his return from Longford [Tuesday, August 20th] (as a *surprise* in this new serge gown) and having no clock in our bedroom, which was at the *end* of the corridor, with my daughter's room at an angle to ours, where she slept with her maid, I—thinking I was somewhat late for meeting the train—opened the door to call to the maid to tell me the time as I washed

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my hands standing at the washhand-stand in a line with the open door. I do not suppose I have ever done such a thing at an hotel before or since.

EDITH MARY BARNBY.

[These dates have been confirmed by Lady Barnby from her diary. Lady Barnby also tells me that her nurse confirms the little incident of the wearing of the serge dress first on August 20th. The crystal-scene, therefore, seems to have anticipated a certain definite moment, which happens to have been well remembered. But, of course, each apparently precognitive case must be judged in connection with all the rest. See *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 288.]

E. In February, 1890, Lady Radnor gave me the following independent account of the Longland incident. Sir J. Barnby had not seen this account when his was written (in November, 1892) :—

"In August, 1889, when Mr. Barnby was here (from Eton College) Miss A had some writing of that kind which can only be read reflected in a looking-glass, and written in a curling, snake-like way, from John Longland, who said he was brought through the influence of Mr. Barnby, whose beautiful music he heard at Eton as he was buried there. He wished to say that he had written letters to his friend Anne Boleyn's father, and that it was owing to him in great measure that Henry VIII. divorced Catherine, married Anne, and afterwards beheaded her, &c. Unfortunately these papers were destroyed. As inquiries having been made at Eton, and no tomb of John Longland found, again we thought we had been misled. Next time, in August, 1889, he came *at the Cathedral*, announcing his presence by raps :

Q. Who are you ? A. John Longland. Q. What were you ! A. Dean of Salisbury. Q. When ?

3

A. 15(19) ? (39) ? Could not quite make out which.

"We could not find out anything about John Longland [by inquiries at Eton], and though he came many times we thought it unsatisfactory and would not listen to him.

"This morning, February 24th, 1890, I was looking through a list of the Deans of Salisbury Cathedral (*History of Salisbury Cathedral:* Dodsworth, 1815). I found [Appendix III.] that in 1514 A.D. John Longland *was* Dean of Salisbury and was made Bishop of Lincoln in 1521. [He was made Henry VIII.'s Confessor in 1519, according to Chalmers' *Biographical Dictionary.*] I then turned to Britton's *History of Lincolnshire* and found on page 623 that 'John Longland, Dean of Salisbury, was consecrated May 3rd, 1521. A man of learning, but generally blamed for taking advantage of his situation as Confessor to Henry VIII. to promote the divorce between that monarch and his Queen Catherine. . . . Dying at Woburn, *he was privately interred in Eton College Chapel.*'"

[These cases suggest a few remarks. *Case C* (Lord L. at prayers).—This incident has been independently recounted to me both by Lady Radnor and by Miss A herself. Another small point not given by Sir J. Barnby is that Miss A did not at first understand that family prayers were going on, but

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exclaimed: "Here are a number of people coming into the room. Why, they're smelling their chairs!" This scene may have been exactly contemporaneous. If we assume any intelligent guidance of all this subliminal cognition, this is one of the few scenes which seem to have been presented expressly for the purpose of verification; but the verification, of course, depended upon Lady Radnor's presence. Nor does it appear that any indication is given as to when a message will prove verifiable. The pictures seem to come at haphazard, and no wishing or asking for "tests" will secure them.

Case D.—The intimation of danger in certain waterworks was not given by crystal-vision and is only inserted here as forming part of Sir J. Barnby's account. The difficult question as to the nature of so-called "raps" may be deferred till the next chapter. But it must be noted that they have occurred at intervals throughout Miss A.'s experiences, and in close connection with crystal-gazing or automatic writing. The messages thus communicated do not appear to be in themselves either more or less trustworthy than those which are written or seen in the crystal.

Case E.—This case, again, I give here as forming a part of Sir J. Barnby's account. For the present we may assume that the scene or figure here presented was analogous to a crystal-vision, although seen without a speculum, and under the aspect of reality. I hope to discuss the possible explanations of retrocognitive scenes in a future paper, when we come to deal with retrocognitive written messages.

[Three more cases connected with Salisbury Cathedral may be added here.]

Aug., Sept., 1889, & Feb., 1890. In the presence of myself.—H. M. Radnor.

G. Retrocognitive Scene.

The first time Miss A went to the Cathedral she noticed standing in the door of the chapel opposite the "Cage" (or Hungerford Chapel), a monk, dressed in dull sort of muddy brown[1] with a knotted cord round his waist, a sort of tippet and hood, and something white, either cloth or flesh (?) where the hood or tippet was not drawn close. He carried in his hands a brown rosary and silver (?) cross hanging to it.

Subsequently she saw a good many of them apparently filing out of the door of the chapel, and back again, holding books and rosaries. The cross of the rosary was rather a peculiar shape.

She has seen these monks nearly every time she has been to the Cathedral, and one gave his name one day by raps, but owing to the fact that the Bishop and the head verger both said that no order of monks had ever been connected with the Cathedral, we thought that perhaps it was an hallucination. Yesterday, however, February 23rd, 1890, Miss A again saw the monks, and asked what Order they belonged to; the answers were by raps.

Q.: What Order do you belong to? A.: St. Francis d'Assisi. Q.: Do you mean Franciscans? A.: Yes. Q.: Did you live here? A.: No. Q. Where then? A.: Palace.

[1] In Steven's *Continuation of Dugdale's Monasticon* there is a plate of a Franciscan which exactly corresponds with what Miss A saw. We only found this *afterwards*.

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Having obtained this clue, on my return home I looked in Britton's *History of Wiltshire*, and found on an uncut page that there had been a Monastery of Greyfriars (Franciscans) at the S.E. corner of the Cathedral (where the Palace and grounds now are), and that Bishop Poore gave them the land.

The present Bishop has just unearthed from the cellars of the Palace a beautiful vaulted crypt room, which was supposed to exist in or previous to the time of Bishop Poore. This is a curious coincidence, and may have been where the Greyfriars lived. Sir Richard Colt Hoare mentions that there existed an Order of Friars taking their name from St. Francis d'Assisi, who were settled at Salisbury.

H. Retrocognitive Scene. (Brian Duppa.)

On February 23rd, 1890, Miss A and I were in the "Cage" and she told me she saw a grand ceremonial taking place. There appeared to be a tall chair which obstructed the view down the choir, and gradually the place appeared filled with clericals and others dressed in their best attire. Then she saw a tall big man, slowly walking up, dressed in red with white and lace over it, something that hung round his neck and down to his feet of broad gold embroidery, and a broad sort of mitre (but not peaked) more like a biretta, of beautiful embroidery.

Then there were three or four dressed very much like him, gorgeously dressed, and lots of little boys about in red and white and lace—holding candles, books, &c. The whole place was very full of people, and it was evidently a great occasion. After the principal figure had knelt in front of the chair—looking to the west for some little time—he stood up and ten little boys lifted up the chair, and carried it higher up and placed it in front of the altar, still facing west. Then the principal figure walked up two steps and faced the east. (The whole of the arrangements of the altar, &c., as Miss A saw them, are quite different from what they are now.) [It is here meant that Miss A.'s description was correct for that past date; as Lord Radnor explicitly told me was the case.] He had nothing on his head now. He knelt some little time, and then the most gorgeously dressed of the other figures placed something like a mitre on his head and retired, and the principal figure walked up to the chair, and sat down on it facing the congregation. Miss A said she saw him later dead in a coffin, with the Winchester Cross over him. She says he was tall, big, clean-shaven, a little curling hair, and blue-grey eyes.

Miss A asked what she was seeing, and the answer came by raps.

A.: The induction of Briant Uppa.

Then Miss A said: There can't be such a name; it must be wrong.

She tried again, and got—

A.: You are wrong. It is Duppa, not Uppa. Brian Duppa. Q.: Who was Brian Duppa? A.: Chister. Q.: What was he? A.: Bishop here. Q.: When? or what was his date? A.: 44-16. His researches would help you. Manuscripts should lay at Winchester.

On returning home, we were talking after tea, and I casually took up Britton's *History of Wiltshire*, and said to Miss A, laughing: "Now I will look for your Bishop." . . . The pages where the Bishops' names were were

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uncut, sides and top. I cut them, and to our delight we found on p. 149 :—

"Brian Duppa or De Uphaugh, D.D. . . . tutor to Prince Charles . . . . translated to the See of Chichester (Chister ?) . . . . Bishop of 1641 . . . . (deposed soon after by Parliament) . . . . preferred soon after the Restoration to the See of Winchester." He was at Carisbrooke with Charles I., and is supposed to have assisted him in the writing of the *Eikon Basilike*, which book Miss A had been looking at in my boudoir a few days previously, but which contains no mention of him nor his name.

J. Retrocognitive. (Rayne Stevens.)

In the "Cage" the same day that "Longland" came, August, 1889, there were loud raps. Miss A asked who it was and got the following :—"Rayne Ste(v-ph ?)ens. He was the first metz-tenor in 1796. He went to Canterbury in 1805. He received a watch from William Bouverie, Lord Folkestone's—(?)—because he perilled his limbs to stop his horse in Salisbury."

I have been unable to verify this entirely at present, but I found an entry in the old account-books (the first Viscount's) in 1755 :—

"Dr. Stephens for teaching Billey the Harpsichord, etc."

"Billey" was grandson to the first Viscount. The said "Billey" was M.P. for Salisbury, and I find that according to Britton (p. 182), John Stephens, Mus.Doc., was organist of the Cathedral, and was buried there in 1780. He was possibly the father of Rayne, but that I have not yet made sure of.

K. Retrocognitive Scene. (White Webs.)

I was looking in the crystal a year or two ago at Longford Castle. Lady Radnor was in the room with me. I saw amongst other things a large carved fireplace with a coat of arms in the middle and curious serpents entwined. There seemed to be a secret passage, which opened on touching one of the serpents' heads. I seemed to follow this path until it led out by a river, and I saw figures pass along it in old-fashioned dress. The name Edwye de Bovèry was then spelt out in the crystal ; and Lady Radnor said that the vision must be all wrong, as the name had never been spelt like that. The name "White Webs" was also spelt out—a name of which I had never heard. A few days afterwards, when I was looking at some books in the library I saw a curious old book with crests and coats of arms, drawn by hand, not printed ; and in this book I found one of the coats of arms which I had seen in the crystal ;—only the one in the book was quartered with another, and the one I saw in the crystal was quite by itself. Lady Radnor found that it was the coat belonging to an heiress, a Miss Smith. A little while afterwards, in an old church register or account-book or something, the name of Sir Edwye de Bovèry was found. [It was in an extract from a parish register at Britford Church, in which parish Longford is.—H. M. Radnor.]

[Sir Edward des Bouverie, Kt., whose name I have since found spelt in old deeds de Bovery, though he signed it himself des Bouverie, lived at the Red House, Cheshunt, Herts, and died there 1694. His son, Sir William, sold the house, and lived partly at the Parsonage of Cheshunt. There is a place called White Webs in that neighbourhood. Sir Edward's grandson, Edward des Bouverie, sold the property and settled at Longford in

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1717. In 1718 he married Mary Smith, daughter and co-heiress of John Smith of London, one of the first Governors of the Bank of England. There were many secret passages leading to and from the Red House at Cheshunt; but I have not tried to identify the house at White Webs.—H. M. RADNOR. June 9th, 1892.] [Miss Porter reports that she cannot find a list of the owners of White Webs. "An old historical mansion with secret passages, and mysterious underground accommodation, was taken down towards the end of last century."]

L. Retrocognitive Scene. ("Jolly Dick Scrope.")

On June 28th, 1892, Miss A met for the first time the Hon. Percy Wyndham at Lady Radnor's. A scene and then writing appeared in the crystal, which was repeated to me verbally by Lord Radnor on July 1st, 1892, with the ambiguity between Prince and King below mentioned by Lady Radnor. A scene of festivity appeared, with persons in old-fashioned dress; and then the message (as written by Lady Radnor, July 8th) "Jolly Dick Scrope with his Prince (or King) bluff Harry, at the wedding of his daughter Nell." "Then thinking that it might have taken place in Wiltshire [where Scropes are neighbours of Wyndhams] we asked 'Where is it taking place?' and the answer came, very quickly, KROY (York).—H. M. RADNOR."

[In the hope of clearing the matter up, I begged Miss Porter, who is accustomed to research in the British Museum, to search for any trace of a Dick Scrope with a daughter Nell, at whose wedding at York Henry VIII. was likely to have been present. Miss Porter replied (July 6th, 1892): "Yorkshire and Wiltshire were the haunts of the Scrope family. I spent some time at first with the pedigrees of the Wiltshire branch, but found no 'Dick' with daughter 'Nell.' [Enclosure with pedigree confirms this.] Then I turned to Yorkshire, the Scropes of Bolton, and found the following facts.

"Controversy between Sir Richard Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor.

SIR N. HARRIS NICOLAS.

London, 1832.

II. Pedigree of the Family of Scrope of Bolton.

60 Sir Richard Scrope, Knt., 2nd son of Sir Henry Scrope, 4th Baron Scrope of Bolton. | Eleanor, dau. of Norman Washbourne, of Worcestershire, Esq. She marr. secondly, Sir John Wyndham, of Felbrigge, co. Norfolk. Will dated 11 Dec. 1505: proved Jan. 1506. Buried in the Austin Friars, Norwich.

Elizabeth	Eleanor Scrope, dau. and co-heir, living Dec. 1505 (Will of mother)	= Sir Thomas Wyndham* of Felbrigge, co. Norfolk. Will dated 21 Oct. 1521; proved 4 March 1522.	Marg

See Lansdowne MS. 205.
Harl. MS. 1074. § 65

* Son of Sir John, by Margaret daugh. of John Duke of Norfolk.'

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My next step was to look up the Wyndhams of Felbrigge, and I found a satisfactory connection between Sir Thomas and King Henry VIII. :—

Blomefield's *Norfolk.*

IV.

7 Tombs in Norwich Cathedral.

The figure (6) shows the place where the tomb which now stands in Jesus Chapel, marked with figure (7), was removed from; it was erected to the memory of Sir Thomas Windham, who was knighted by Sir Edward Howard Lord Admiral of England in the 4th year of King Henry VIII. at Croitou Bay in France, in which expedition he was very serviceable, doing much towards the winning of Tournay, Turenne, and other places; he was Privy Councellor to that King, one of the knights retained for his bodyguard, and vice-admiral, being son of Sir John

8 Windham of Crownthorp in Norfolk; he was buried between his two wives, Eleanor, daughter and co-heir of Rich. Scroop of Upsale, Esq., and Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Wentworth of Letheringham (widow of Sir Roger Darcy of Danbury in Essex. VIII., p. 113) and died about 1521.

The following entry was found on consulting the "Letters and Papers in the reign of Henry VIII."

J. S. Brewer, London, 1863.

I

54 4 Aug. 1509 (399) For Elizabeth Darcy, widow of Roger Darcy, and Thomas Wyndham. Licence to marry. Sunninghill, 1 Aug., 1 Hen. VIII. Del. Oxford, 4 Aug.

Eleanor Scrope was dead *before* Henry was king, for in 1509 Thomas Wyndham obtained a licence to marry his second wife, Elizabeth Darcy. And from the *Testamenta Eboracensia* (Durham, 1865: Surtees Society) III., 297, cxxii., it appears that Richard Scrope's will was proved in 1485, before Henry VIII. was born. The sentence, therefore, given in explanation of the picture contains an error. On the other hand it is the case that Henry VIII. showed various favours to the Scrope family.

"As a Scrope of Bolton it seems probable that Eleanor was married at York. But the registers of marriages in the Minster do not extend so far back as Tudor times, and the marriage licences filed at the Diocesan Registry do not commence till 1661."

From these documents it appeared that the conjectured connection between the Scrope family and Mr. Percy Wyndham depended not merely on neighbourhood in Wiltshire, but on the fact that Nell Scrope's husband was a Wyndham. I wrote to Mr. Wyndham asking as to his connection with Sir Thomas, and received reply dated Clouds, Salisbury, July 12th, 1892 :— "Sir Thomas was my direct ancestor. There has never been but one family of the Wyndhams, and beyond one or two actors and actresses who have taken the name, it has never been usurped." [The *Windhams* are a different family altogether.]

This case is remarkable because the theory of unconscious memory on the seer's own part is practically excluded. On the other hand it is of course probable that Mr. Wyndham had at some time known of the Wyndham-Scrope marriage, *temp.* Henry VII., although he had so completely forgotten the fact when the message came. We cannot positively assert that the

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knowledge may not have passed from Mr. Wyndham's subliminal self to Miss A's, and assumed the dramatic form of "Jolly Dick Scrope," &c. In the pedigree of the A family, given in the history of their county, there is mention of the marriage of the 5th Baron Scrope (of Bolton) to the widow of Sir Robert A, a collateral ancestor. But even assuming (as we are bound to do) that this fact, although not consciously remembered by any of the A family, may have at some time been known to Miss A, this brings us little nearer to Dick Scrope, who is not mentioned in the pedigree, and whose relationship to Lord Scrope is only to be seen in the Scrope pedigree. I will add that Miss A has never shown any sort of interest in genealogical or antiquarian research.

The origin or origins of these retrocognitive scenes can only be gradually guessed at by comparing many instances. In order that the reader may at once realise their frequent element of *inaccuracy* I introduce here a message given not by the crystal but by automatic script.

Case of Jack Creasy.

On June 27th, 1891, Miss A took pencil in hand. The following notes were made directly after the sitting, and the automatic script is in my hands. The handwriting of the *soi-disant* Jack Creasy is barely legible and of an uneducated type.

Much scribbling. At last, very illegibly, and many times, was written "*Jack.*'

"*Jack*" who? Miss A said "I daresay 'Jack the Ripper,' or some one of that kind."

"*Jack Creasy.*"

What do you want? "*Help pore Mary.*"

Where did you live? (Very illegible) "*Fillers*" (or) "*Tillers Buildings.*"

Where? "*Greenwich.*"

Are you in the flesh? "*No—flesh all burnt.*" Then a rude drawing not recognisable.

Were you burnt? "*Yes—piche kitl.*"

In Fillers' Buildings? "*In Blackwall Road.*"

When? "*Long—perhaps twenty month.*"

Was it an accident? "*Awful. Mister Lennard put us to shift the mixter; Bob Heal put the light for me the pitch vat cort.*"

What works? "*Tar.*"

At Greenwich? "*Yes, Blackwall Rode.*"

What kind of works? "*Abot.*'

Do you mean Abbot's works? "*Abots—yes--yes—Blackwall.*"

Were many killed? "*I know nothin.*"

What help do you want for Mary? "*Dont know nothin—find her—and help her--ask after pore Jack Creasys Mary.*"

Is she at Greenwich; can you give her address?

"*Cant tell—cant see—she was there.*"

Where? "*Fullus* (or *Fillers*) *Buildings—bless you.*"

Could get no more.

From the Registry of Deaths it was found that Jack Creasy died from an accident, July 4th, 1889. Mr. G. A. Smith reports as follows :—

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July 22nd, 1891.

"The reports of the accident appeared in the *Kentish Mercury*, *The South Eastern Herald*, *Greenwich and Deptford Observer* for July 12th, and accounts of the inquest appeared in the same papers for August 2nd, 1889. Other papers would probably contain accounts, but it would be almost impossible to discover them, I think; the above-named are local papers. These accounts are all practically alike, and there is much detail of the accident and subsequent official inquiry; but there is no mention in any of them of 'Pore Mary,' 'Fullers (*?*) Buildings,' or 'Bob Heal.' Creasy's address is given as 28, Lethbridge-road, Lewisham."

July 23rd.

"I went to the tar-distilling works of Messrs. Forbes, Abbot and Lennard to-day at Ordnance Wharf, Greenwich Marshes, and saw Mr. Lennard, who took a good deal of interest in the matter. He said Creasy had a wife who is still living, he thinks, at 28, Lethbridge-road, and he (Lennard) had met her and corresponded in arranging to get her boy into an orphan's asylum. He did not know whether her name was Mary or not. He could throw no light on Fullers (*?*) Buildings, nor could the workmen amongst whom he caused the inquiry to be circulated; nor can I after searching the directory and asking the police.

"The works are bounded on one side by Blackwall *Lane*.

"The statement about Mr. Lennard putting Creasy to 'shift the mixter' is altogether wrong. Mr. Lennard did not put him to the job—it was a part of Creasy's routine, and there was nothing to shift. No man of the name of Bob Heal was ever on the works. There was no question of anyone 'putting the light,' though the explosion was certainly caused by Creasy breaking the rule by having an *uncovered* safety lamp. There is no such thing as a pitch vat, so it could not get 'cort.' The accident was an explosion caused by an escape of vapour from defective pipes becoming ignited by a naked flame in the vicinity, viz., Creasy's uncovered Davey lamp." G. A. Smith.

[The description of the accident in the *Kentish Mercury* says that "The night watchman told Creasy to get a little fire off the still, there being too much heat. Twenty minutes after there was a report; the place was in flames, and the deceased was found fifteen or twenty yards from the still." The verdict of the Coroner's inquest (before Mr. E. A. Carttar) gives as cause of death: "Burns from ignition of vapour from a tar still through defective condition of plant."

A pitch kettle is not a tar still;—though perhaps it comes as near to it as Piche Kitl comes to pitch kettle. And someone certainly "put the light" where it caught the vapour, only that someone was not the mythical Bob Heal, but Creasy himself.

One other point is worth notice. Long names of firms are generally abbreviated in common speech; but there seems nothing in the reports, so far as we have seen them, to indicate that the middle name was thus used in this case. I asked Mr. G. A. Smith what name was most used on the spot, and he replies: "In finding out the works, those who directed me generally spoke of 'Forbes and Abbot's' works, and the wharf attached to the place

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seemed better known as Abbot's Wharf than by its proper title, Ordnance Wharf. On the whole I should say that the works *are* commonly known as Abbot's."

M. Retrocognitive Scene.

Mrs. A gives the following account: "In October, 1886, my daughter saw in the stone in her bracelet a scene which considerably impressed me, as it was one which I at once identified, while I was absolutely sure that I had never mentioned it to her or to any of my children. She saw a man in a barge-like boat with a very large gun fixed in it, the object of which she could not understand. The man was alone and lying in the bottom of the boat, and this also puzzled her. Waves seemed to get up, and the man rowed extremely hard, as though trying to get to shore. Then she saw him throw himself down motionless on to the low beach, as if dead. Now this plainly refers to a sad crisis in my father's life. He went out duck-shooting alone on a Norfolk Broad, with an opening to the sea. A storm got up and he was all but blown out to sea. He was a very strong man, and by great exertion he got to land. Then he threw himself down absolutely spent; and the exhaustion of that day was the beginning of an illness which ultimately killed him."

N. Retrocognitive Vision. (Strafford.)

Lady Radnor writes, February 23rd, 1890, from Longford Castle, Salisbury: "[Miss A] has been with me now for three weeks; but the fact is she sees and hears so many things that we really can't keep pace with them all in the matter of chronicling. The most interesting thing we have had, I think, is that she has several times seen in the crystal and at "sittings" a figure purporting to be Lord Strafford (the one executed by Charles I.), who declares that a paper signed by Henrietta Maria about himself is hidden in this house. He keeps on saying, 'Find the Queen's seal.' Oddly enough, since this occurred I have found a scrap of paper in the late Lady Radnor's handwriting, mentioning the things in Queen Elizabeth's cabinet, and amongst others there is a deed or document signed by Henrietta Maria and the great officers of her household, including the Keeper of the Queen's Great Seal. This paper is nowhere to be found now, though the other articles are all there as named in the list. The figure says the paper had to do with his (Strafford's) release."

In reply to my questions Lady Radnor further writes, February 25th: "*By no possibility* could [she] have seen the list I refer to [of objects in the cabinet]. It was locked up among a lot of old papers that I knew nothing of; and as I had forgotten the fact myself I could not have mentioned it."

[Another case, which in one sense at least is retrocognitive, is supplied by the Hon. Eric Barrington, and confirmed by Mrs. Barrington. I have also received a concordant account of the crystal-message from Lady Radnor, the hostess on the occasion alluded to.]

O. 62, Cadogan-place.
November 21st, 1892.

Two years ago I met Miss A, I think for the first time, at dinner at a friend's house. She told my wife that she had seen standing behind my chair a figure which from her description, though somewhat vague, seemed

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to be that of a very great friend of mine, an officer who had died about seven years ago on active service. She referred particularly to the attitude assumed by the figure, which was like the one in a photograph I possess of him, but which she had never seen. She knew nothing of this friendship, and the name of the officer was not mentioned to her.

Last summer we met again at the same house, and although in the interval we had become better acquainted with Miss A and her family, I am not conscious of having ever said anything to her on the subject of my friend. On reaching the drawing-room after dinner I found her looking into a crystal and dictating with extraordinary rapidity a number of letters of the alphabet which were passing before her, and were being taken down by the lady of the house, who had the greatest difficulty in keeping pace with her. When the letters ceased, it was discovered by marking them off from the end that they formed a complete message, of which each word was spelt backwards. Before the letters began to show themselves Miss A saw in the crystal the same figure that she had seen two years before, dressed in what appeared to be a dark uniform, and in the same peculiar attitude, but I was not in the room when this occurred. As soon, however, as the message was deciphered by our hostess, it became evident that it purported to proceed from the person whose likeness had just been reproduced. It was addressed, not to me, who was absent from the room when the letters first appeared, but to my wife, and was to the following effect :—

"Ask your husband whether he still remembers T. T. Tell him that I am constantly with him, and that death makes no difference in friendship."

The full surname was given, preceded by a nickname which had been dropped when he grew up, and was only known to those who, like myself, had been intimate with him from childhood.

It cannot be suggested that Miss A had been in any way impressed by my thoughts, for it was not until I sat by my hostess and helped her to spell out the words of the message that I realised from whom it came, when I was able to explain the meaning of the nickname that had completely puzzled her, though she had been well acquainted with the bearer after he entered the army. ERIC BARRINGTON.

This entirely agrees with my recollection of the circumstances. The moment Miss A described the figure on our first meeting, I felt a very peculiar sensation, accompanied by a certainty as to the identity of the person she saw. CHRISTINA BARRINGTON.

[There is a privately printed life of the officer in question, in which an early nickname of his is given. But I find that this nickname is not the same as that shown in the crystal, which was appropriate for recognition by friends of boyhood only.]

The possible sources of retrocognitive messages will be discussed, I hope, more fully in a subsequent paper. At present I will only observe that, assuming the probity of the seer, which does not in this case need my testimonial, the danger is of unconscious memory of some book or conversation read or heard unheedingly, and perhaps long ago. In a case discussed in the S.P.R. *Journal* for July, 1891, I considered that explanation of the messages probable. Here, in my judgment, it

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is improbable in the extreme. But, apart from the discussion of such chances, the evidential value of retrocognitive scenes is of course greatly strengthened if (as in the present case) the same percipient has seen contemporary scenes also, and has had veridical visions or messages which could not by their very nature have been derived in a normal manner from any existing source.

Case IV.—Mr. Keulemans.

XVII.—My next witness, Mr. Keulemans, has been known to me, personally and by correspondence, for ten years. He has contributed several cases, mentioned below, to our *Proceedings*. Mr. Keulemans, as the world of naturalists well knows, is a scientific draughtsman, especially strong in Ornithology. His works may be seen in the *Proceedings* of the Zoological Society, in the Catalogue of the British Museum, in the *Ibis* (Journal of the Ornithologist's Union), &c., &c. He has illustrated many monographs, and some large treatises. See article "Ornithology," in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, pp. 13, 16, 17.

M. 53.

"*Health.*—My health is excellent, and has always been so. I was once ill with yellow fever when in Sierra Leone; but owing to my robust constitution I recovered, whilst about forty per cent. of the other victims died. I have also had rheumatic fever. But as a rule I never suffer from any derangement whatsoever. Perfect digestion, good sound sleep, and a happy home-life are my special blessings. But perhaps the French *savants* may suggest that though my physique is normal, my nerves or brain may be wrong. I do not think there is anything abnormal in any of my functions or faculties. I have a very strong memory for names, &c., but no great power of mental calculation. I have a rare ear and memory for music. I know about twenty operas by heart, and could reproduce the most striking parts of about fifty more. I have a strong feeling for 'harmony' of all kinds—in sound, movement, colour, and form. I take a great interest in Nature, and am perpetually making observations and experiments, and have, besides, produced over 20,000 original drawings of birds and animals. All this sounds very much like 'brag,' but as you ask me the questions I cannot but state all particulars that may have a bearing on the point.

"*Visualisation.*—[Mr. Keulemans' power of visualisation is, as his artistic work indicates, very strong.] I am not subject to *illusions hypnagogiques*, but have often very vivid dreams of towns and other beautiful scenery. I rarely dream of anything horrible; perhaps because I do not sup or dine late.

"*Mode of Sensory Automatism.*—I can sometimes become aware of certain events that are taking place, or have already taken place, at a distance, by means of what is usually called 'clairvoyance.' But my clairvoyance is passive; it is not the *active* clairvoyance, as I may call it, which enables some people to start in search of events occurring elsewhere—by crystal-gazing, &c. In my cases there was actually something happening elsewhere

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which came to me; and if I became aware of it this was owing to my having, at first unconsciously, placed myself in a pseudo-hypnotic state.

"My profession is that of a scientific artist. I draw a good deal on stone; and my principal subjects are birds and animals. It so happens that the eye of a bird, during the slow process of drawing it, forms a capital point for concentration of the mind and consequent distraction from ordinary flows of thought. I noticed that whenever strong impressions had got hold of my mind they had a tendency to develop themselves into a vivid mind-picture as soon as my eye and attention were concentrated upon the eye in the drawing; and that whenever I began darkening the iris, leaving the light speck the most prominent part, I would slowly pass off into a kind of dream-state. The mere act of drawing the eye is not enough to bring me into this state, or I should experience such a state at least once a day, which I do not. But if a strong mental impression takes hold of me I begin drawing an eye, since I know from experience that such an impression means that something has occurred which, so to say, comes within reach of my centre of mental attraction. The drawing will then convey to me the news, either in the form of a vague, imperfect representation of the person indicated in the impression, or by a correct hallucinatory picture of the event as it actually occurred, both as regards the person and the surroundings. Sometimes I cannot get at the vision at once; other thoughts and scenes interfere. But when I begin to feel drowsy I know I shall have it right in a second; and here I lose normal consciousness. That there is an actual loss of consciousness I know from the fact that on one occasion my wife had been in the room talking to me, and not receiving a reply thought that something was wrong with me and shook my shoulder. The shake brought me back to my waking state.

'*Telepathic Instance.—A.* Last summer, in Paris, I experienced a picture of the vaguer class. I first had a strong notion that something was wrong somewhere, affecting a near relative. As the notion kept disturbing me, I resorted to my bird's-eye experiment, and saw my wife and mother-in-law moving hurriedly in my bedroom here at Southend. I then heard my child, little Marie, scream; not a painful outcry, rather an outburst of temper. This happened at about 1 p.m. I wrote home asking for particulars and posted the letter at 4 p.m. At 9 p.m. I was with a friend at Montreuil, near Paris. The family were finishing their dinner, and I walked into the garden, when I saw hallucinatorily, without any experimental means, a picture of our bedroom, and little Marie in sound sleep. I heard my boys laugh. It was all right again at home, said the telepathic 'message.' Two days later my wife wrote that I had been correct in my perception of little Marie's condition. She had been very ill during the day—a kind of fit caused by the presence of thread-worms; but by nine o'clock, after vigorous treatment, was better, and went to sleep. Here the message was correct so far as the person was concerned; but there was a flaw in the visualisation of the surroundings, since Marie had not been in our bedroom, but in the nursery.

"*Clairvoyant Instances.—B.* Some three years ago I experienced what I believe to have been a correct representation of actual facts. I saw in my mind's eye one of my aunts walking in a room, with her right side bent, as

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though in pain. I saw the room, even to the pattern of the wall-paper. By my 'bird's-eye' experiment I *went into* the room, and saw it just as I had visualised it a few moments before, but more distinctly. The sensation was akin to a dream, not of the most vivid kind. But I woke up from it; I found, that is to say, that I had actually lost normal consciousness.

"I wrote to my father, not asking whether my Aunt Marie was ill, but simply stating that she was so, as though I had heard it as a piece of news. In fact, I had not seen this aunt, nor heard from her, for over twenty years. My parents had not seen her for several years. But she died a few days after my father received my letter. She lived in a little village in Brabandt, and I have never seen her house; but one of my sisters knew a room in her house very like that which I described. My father has not preserved my letter. He laughs at clairvoyance, and finds it funny that I should practice 'conjuring.'

"*C.* About five years ago I had a similar experience. I was drawing an animal on stone, and when I came to the eye I saw my grandmother sitting in her room, knitting stockings. The same visualisation returned whenever my chalk passed over that same part of my drawing, until at last I 'went off,' and was in the room. I noticed clairvoyantly the pattern of the American cloth covering the table. I had been in the room in person some years previous. Two days later my brother wrote that our grandmother was very ill, and not likely to recover. About a week after this—again when drawing the eye of an animal or bird—the sound of an *aria* from the opera 'La Dame Blanche' strongly affected my mental ear. I heard it just as though it was actually being played upon a musical-box just outside my room. I then remembered that my grandmother had a clock playing that tune. I heard the tune at about 7 p.m., and my grandmother died some five hours later on the same day."

It may be remembered that Mr. Keulemans has already contributed five coincidental experiences to *Phantasms of the Living*.[1] In referring to one of these cases (*Proceedings*, XIV., p. 516, note) Miss X remarked that "Mr. Keulemans seemed able to get definite pictures transferred from the unconscious region of the mind without needing a crystal to aid in their fixation." This set Mr. Keulemans upon more careful observation, and he says: "I have since discovered that all my cases of seeing happened while I was doing some kind of work like the gradual 'graining-in' of part of a drawing."

He adds another case which, although very remote, stands out so definitely in Mr. Keulemans' memory that it may be briefly given here.

D. Mr. Keulemans, when a boy, was to be taken by his uncle on a fishing expedition. There was a mistake about hours, and the boy, running hurriedly to the boat, found that he was there before the rest of the party. He sat down to rest, with head on hands, and fell into a dream or state of changed consciousness. In this state he saw a man unknown to him trying to strike a fowl with a walking-stick in a known country-lane, completely out of sight and hearing. "I heard him laugh, and noticed how a lock of his long, fair hair

[1] Cases numbered 21, 38, 56, 184: and see case in note Vol. I., p. 256.
See also Vol. I., p. 444 note, and Vol. II., pp. 33, 34, for cases somewhat similar to Mr. Keulemans' experiences.

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fell over his face, and how he tried to remove it by throwing back his head." This man was in fact one of the uncle's fishing party, and had acted just as described a few minutes before. He charged the boy with having followed and watched him, and run round some other way. But the boy's pulse was found tranquil, and the boatman testified to his having rested there for some time.

We have, therefore, nine cases, more or léss well-evidenced, and all of somewhat similar type, which Mr. Keulemans regards as certainly coincidental.

Mr. Keulemans adds, however, that between 12 and 17 he had almost daily cases of "ecstasy," which he believes to have often contained true clairvoyance but which he kept to himself and rarely endeavoured to test. He still has these ecstasies occasionally; and some of his non-coincidental cases should be read in order that his faculty should be estimated from data as full as possible. I abbreviate from a letter of January 11th, 1891 :—

"Last year, when sitting outside a London omnibus, I noticed what I thought to be a 'darting spider' sitting on a dark board. I closely watched it, expecting to see it make a sudden dart, when, strange to say, both spider and board vanished—and *I* was in Paris. There was the Rue de Lafayette—I passed the Opera—down the Rue du 4 Septembre, when a real person asked me a question which I had just sense enough to understand to be in English, and I found myself, to my great surprise, at the Mansion House."

"Last winter I had been ill of rheumatic fever, and, although at work before my easel, still felt pain all over. My mind was clear, but with an inclination to get into the comatose condition in which real clairvoyance has often manifested itself. So I gave in, like an hypnotised subject, and purposely forced my eyes upon some particular spot in my picture, trying different colours alternately. *Red* gave me a headache, and I had to avert the influence. Very dark spots had no effect whatsoever. Then the comatose sensation went off until I was again at work at some particular spot requiring but mechanical labour. Blue-grey and light yellow seemed the most likely to send me off. I was looking intently at a blue-green line bounding a grey one, when gradually I found picture and surroundings go in a mist, which cleared up, and I was now looking at some two or three children climbing over a gate. They were very indistinct, but the landscape on their right now became very clear and beautiful. It represented a lovely farmyard scene, which I recognised as a place known to me between Southchurch and Wakering, in Essex. I was *there*, as really as I am now writing at my desk—nay, more really than in the normal state, for all my pain was gone in the genial temperature and under the beautiful summer sky. I felt perfectly happy, healthy, and more than usually vigorous. Also I seemed conscious of possessing a far greater knowledge of things in general than in normal life. But there was here no actual clairvoyance. I saw a familiar landscape in its summer aspect, whereas, had I been transcendentally present there, I should have witnessed a winter scene with falling snow, for it was on a dirty January day that I saw the vision. I have always thought that there may be some affinity between the conditions in which non-veridical and those in which veridical or clairvoyant impressions are experienced."

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It is noticeable that in this case the hallucinatory sensation pervaded the percipient's whole being, giving a sense of extraordinary *bien-être* and of unwonted insight into reality. A similar case is cited by Professor James (*Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II., p. 120), where the informant had a single experience of the same ecstatic and exhilarating kind. "I had only just sat down and become interested in the circular when I seemed to lose myself for a minute and then found myself in the top storey of a high building, very white and shining and clean, with a noble window, through which I looked out upon a marvellous reach of landscape entirely new. I never had before such a sense of infinity in nature, such superb stretches of light and colour and cleanness. When I began to come to, so to speak, sitting in that other world, I debated for three or four minutes more as to which was dream and which was reality. Sitting there I got a faint sense of C. [the town in which the writer was] away off and dim at first. Then I remembered thinking, 'Why, I used to live in C., perhaps I am going back.' Slowly C. did come back, and I felt myself at my desk again. The whole experience was perfectly delightful—there was such a sense of brilliancy and clearness and lightness about it."

Cases like these (of which I have heard some others) should not, I think, be confounded with ordinary dreams; nor with cases where a series of day-dreams, at first voluntary, gradually becomes involuntary[1]; still less with the vague, uncomfortable sensations of "being somewhere else" which form a frequent element in epileptic auræ. They are more akin to the sensory automatisms discussed in this paper, and it will be remembered that Miss A has often the feeling that she is *in* the scene which she sees. But the change in subjective sensation recalls rather the experiences of Dr. Wiltse and M. Bertrand[2] at the moment when they were apparently dead. The fittest name for all such experiences is *ecstasy*, for they involve a "standing forth" from the habitual environment—the environment of corporeal sensations as well as of material surroundings; and they carry with them "that thoughtless sense of joy bewildering" which, as I have elsewhere noted, seems the frequent, the unexpected accompaniment of these profound shocks to waking personality. It is obvious that in these modern and, so to say, secular cases of ecstasy we need not expect to find the special theological colouring familiar in the ecstasy, for instance, of S. Theresa.

A curious illustration of the connection between these ecstasies and telepathy is afforded by a recent experience of Mr. Keulemans' at or about the moment of his father's death. His father died at Rotterdam, 3.30 p.m. Rotterdam time, 3.12 p.m. English time, on August 29th, 1892. This event was preceded for Mr. Keulemans by several externalised auditions (of the "Demon of Socrates" type) and by a symbolical vision; to him significant, though hardly definite enough for citation as evidence. On August 29th he was aware of his father's dangerous illness, and expecting to return to Rotterdam in a few days; but an immediate end was not looked for. "On Monday, August 29th, at 3.10 p.m. by my watch, whilst I was in the garden holding a little trowel in my hand, there suddenly came over me a strange feeling, like a call from the unseen to be *attentive*, to be prepared for some

[1] See Féré, *Pathologie des Emotions*, p. 347.

[2] *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 180, *sqq.*

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strange occurrence. I stood upright in answer to the call, and stood looking upon a lane of summer beans. They looked heavenly beautiful; my garden seemed all glorified. I felt my father's influence. If I had held both his hands and looked him in the eyes I could not have felt his influence more strongly than I did at that moment. But there was no vision of him. This lasted perhaps six seconds. Then it seemed that the garden had resumed its normal aspect, and I felt the influence gone; and with it all the sad gloomy thoughts about my father which had occupied my mind. 'This means that father is gone,' I said to myself. I therefore noted the time (3.10 p.m.), went indoors, and told my wife what had happened to me. I thought of telegraphing to my brother in Holland, but changed my mind, as it might have seemed to my relatives that I treated my father's death as a subject for experiment.

"Next day I heard from my brother that my father had died peacefully at half-past three on Monday afternoon."

Mrs. Keulemans confirms as follows: "The above, as far as the main points are concerned, is quite correct; but I have no recollection of my husband describing the garden scene as appearing more beautiful to him than at other times."—A. KEULEMANS.

Here again we have the points so often noticed,—the entire removal of sorrow from the moment when the departed friend has got his hold, so to say, on the survivor's mind;—the association of joy and ecstasy with these deep upheavals of personality, and with the upheaval which we call death.

I must not here pursue this topic. But one further remark may be made as to Mr. Keulemans' habit of mind, or type of intelligence, with reference to the view which would make of such experiences as his an indication of "mental disintegration," an approach to hysterical incoherence or lack of well-controlled personality. My contention is that although a weak personality may be subject to such disintegrations against its will, it is characteristic also of a strong personality to be capable of using concealed resources; or say, altering its focus of crystallisation with more readiness than is possible to an ordinary man. I have claimed this in the case of various forms of genius, and I note that Mr. Keulemans' vigorous and eager versatility is accompanied by a marked power over memory and capacity for forming and separating mnemonic chains. Thus he has a stronger tendency than most men to form a continuous *dream-memory*, going on from one night to another. And, leading a busy life divided between Paris and London, he has a tendency to form two memories for these two lives, and to forget when in Paris the incidents of his London life. This tendency to a certain extent exists in all of us; but in Mr. Keulemans it would, if not controlled, lead far towards a duplication of consciousness. He can, however, by voluntary effort, control it completely. There is, therefore, no reason to regard it as disadvantageous; rather, it effects automatically that act of putting away from the mind needless encumbrances which is one of the first needs of the busy man. In my view, therefore, Mr. K.'s intellectual history illustrates the interest and knowledge added to a healthy and capable man by a slightly increased power of sitting loosely to the bonds of supraliminal personality—of altering the focus of mental crystallisation to suit a change in environment.

The cases which I have thus far cited have come, with hardly an

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exception, from the limited circle of persons already independently known to me, and the experiments recorded have for the most part been undertaken at my request.

XVIII.—I will add a few detached cases of crystal-vision for which the authority seems good. In the first case the seer, now married to an Englishman, is known to me, and the witnesses, Colonel Wickham and his wife, Princess di Cristoforo, (whose acquaintance I made in consequence of their publication of the following incidents in *Light*), have assured me that the following incidents, although now the only ones which can be clearly remembered, were paralleled by several others during the time of Ruth's possession of the power which seems now to have left her. She has never been in any way a professional clairvoyant, and is, so far as I can judge, a trustworthy person. The value of the following case, however, does not depend upon her trustworthiness, but on the recollection retained by Colonel Wickham and his wife of incidents, which, even if we suppose errors of memory as to details, were of a very definite type.

M. 54.

Early in the spring of the year 1885, I was living at Colaba with my husband, a major of the Royal Artillery. Colaba is the Royal Artillery station, and is situated about two miles from Bombay. For some little time I had been studying Gregory's *Animal Magnetism*. The subject possessing a peculiar fascination for me, I had experimented occasionally, with varying success, on the different servants (Indian for the most part) of my establishment. Over one girl, a half-caste, my children's nurse, I possessed great influence, and used frequently to magnetise a tumbler of water, so that by making her look therein I might learn what my friends at a distance were doing.

This girl was no ignorant native, but a well-educated young woman, able to read and write, who spoke English nearly as well as I do myself, having been educated in the Protestant training school at Belgaum. Many things which this girl told me I have since discovered to have actually occurred: others I have never yet been able to verify.

One day, the morning Lord Reay was expected to arrive in Bombay, the Royal Artillery (of which my husband was then in command) was, together with the other European troops quartered at Colaba, ordered to line the approach to the landing-place at the Apollo Bunder, all officers having to appear in full regimentals. We were still sitting at breakfast when my husband called to his orderly to get out his uniform and place it ready for him to put on. The man soon returned, and, with a bewildered air, stammered, as he salaamed before his master: "Sahib, me no can find the dress pouch-belt."

"Don't talk nonsense, you must be blind as a bat," ejaculated the Major, as, rising impatiently from his seat, he walked into his dressing-room. Soon, his voice, raised in angry exclamation, burst on my ears. From what I heard I gathered that the dress pouch-belt was really not to be found, and further that my enraged husband was accusing each and all of his servants of having

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appropriated it. Piteous cries of "Not me, sahib, me very good man, me not tief," filled the air. The jabbering, yelling, and hooting was perfectly deafening. My husband returned to the breakfast-room. "Now then," he said, "here is a brilliant opportunity of testing the verity of Ruth's clairvoyance. Get her up here and ask her to find my pouch-belt." I called Ruth, who appeared pale and trembling, half imagining we suspected her of the theft.

When I explained to her what I required of her she at first begged to be excused, declaring that her fellow servants would never forgive her should the thief be discovered through her instrumentality. I quieted her fears by promising her that should she see the face of the thief in the tumbler she need only reveal the fact to me; that I would not tell the Sahib, but would speak to the pilferer of the belt myself, and on his restoring the missing article would condone the theft, not letting my husband know who had purloined the belt.

Filling a tumbler with water, I placed my left hand under it, and made passes with my right over it. I then bade Ruth taste it. "It is bitter enough, I think," she said. "If Mem Sahib pleases to mesmerise me, I think I can see now." Perhaps it may be as well to mention here that Ruth always declared the mesmerised water acquired a bitter flavour after being operated on. I have frequently mesmerised one tumbler of water and placed another, similar in appearance in every respect, beside it. I have then called Ruth and asked her which was the mesmerised and which the untouched water; she would taste both and each time invariably detected the difference. Strange to say, also, when I at one time purchased a powerful magnet (thinking that perhaps it would prove a more powerful magnetiser than my own hand), Ruth declined to look into the water so magnetised, declaring that she saw flames in it, and that they leapt up as if they wanted to scorch her face! It was of no use my trying to deceive her—she invariably knew which was the "condemned tumbler" (as she called it).

Having made this lengthy, though somewhat necessary digression, I will now proceed with my story. We left Ruth just ready to look in the tumbler. She bent her head over it, and a silence of a few seconds' duration ensued. "Can you see anything, Ruth?" at last I said. "No! Mem Sahib—nothing." "Look for the thief," I commanded firmly, making fresh passes over her head and the back of her neck, but all to no purpose. Ruth persisted that she saw nothing. I began to think that she was an impostor and had humbugged me systematically throughout.

Suddenly an idea struck me. We would try another way. "Ruth," I said, "look for Sahib the day he last wore the dress pouch-belt." Silence again. Then, "I see Sahib," said the girl dreamily. "He is dressing, he puts on his uniform, now the pouch-belt. Ah! he has left the room." "Follow him," I said firmly. "Sahib is getting on his horse: he is riding away." "Don't leave him a moment," I cried. "Ah! but he goes so fast. I am tired," gasped the girl breathlessly. "Go on," I said. "Sahib is with other Sahibs, and there are many soldiers and people. It is a grand Tomasha; some great person is going away. They all stand near the water." "Then rest," I, said "but don't take your eyes off Sahib." She was silent

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for a brief space, then said, "Sahib has gone into a big house by the water. He goes into a dressing-room. He changes his clothes, all his regimentals are put in his tin case, but the pouch-belt is left out. It is hanging on a peg in the dressing-room of the house by the sea."

"The Yacht Club!" cried my husband. "Patilla" (to his orderly), "send someone at once and see if the belt has been left there."

Patilla salaamed and retired, followed by the rest of the servants.

"I wonder," mused my husband, "if I really left it at the Yacht Club after all? The last day I wore it was when Lord Ripon left for England."

"We shall soon learn," said I, triumphantly. I, for one, had no doubt whatever that the belt would be found there.

In as short a time as was compatible with the distance to be traversed the messenger returned. The rush of many feet and the jabbering of many voices convinced me before we saw him that his quest had been a successful one.

He ran panting up the stairs, the belt held high above his head. He had found it as Ruth had seen it—in the house by the sea, hanging on a peg in a dressing-room of the Yacht Club.

Ruth could have had no idea where the belt was left. She had been with me a very short time, and entered my service long after Lord Ripon's departure from Bombay.

In the spring of the same year I was much interested in a polo tournament about to be held at Meerut.

A then great friend of mine was to take part in this, and as he was addicted to falling off occasionally, though in reality a splendid rider and player, I was feeling rather anxious on his account. I again called Ruth to my assistance. We shut ourselves up in my room and I mesmerised the water as before, Ruth, however, requesting me to place a piece of brown paper under the tumbler of water, declaring she could see more plainly when that was beneath it.

She placed her hands round the glass to exclude the light.

"Go to Meerut," I said, steadily.

After impatiently waiting for about ten minutes, Ruth said. "I am there."

"Find Sahib ——" I said, mentioning the name of my friend.

"I see a tall, dark man, dressed in blue and white; he has a slight black moustache, and is thin, with large, fierce eyes."

"Follow him and tell me how he gets on."

"*He* gets on all right; but the other side is winning. Ah!" she cried out, piteously, "a gentleman has been bitten by a horse in the leg. He is in great pain."

"Not my friend?" I inquired anxiously.

"No! not Mem Sahib's friend; this is a fair gentleman, red faced, with very light hair."

"Ask his name," I said, fixing my eyes intently on her, and exerting my will-power to its uttermost.

"I can't; how can I?" she said, doubtfully.

"Do as I bid you," I replied firmly.

"I will ask his syce," she said, "if you can make me visible to him."

I tried with all my might. All to no use!

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"Stop! I hear his name, it is Captain ——."

I almost jumped out of my chair with delight. My friend, I thought, she might have recognised from his photograph; but this other man she had never seen, never heard me mention. Indeed, I had never even thought of him since I left the up-country station in which my husband's battery and his regiment had previously been quartered.

I don't remember now which side it was that eventually won the tournament, fully five years having elapsed since that time; but this I *do* remember, however. When my husband returned in the evening, I asked him if he had any news of the polo tournament. "No," he said, "we shall not hear until to-morrow."

"I can give you some news, though," I said. "Ruth asserts that Captain ——, of the 17th Lancers, has been bitten in the leg. —— is all right, though, but from what Ruth saw I fancy our friends were losing." My husband laughed. "We shall see to-morrow if Ruth is again right," he said.

He told the officers of the Royal Artillery mess of my last "tumbler-telegram," as they called them, and I believe much merriment was excited at my gullibility. Let those laugh who win, though. The telegrams the next day proved Ruth's story to be perfectly correct in every particular.

Soon after this a friend of my husband's came to see us. This gentleman was the cantonment magistrate at Assigurgh. My husband was telling him about Ruth and her strange powers, when he asked me if I had any objection to his testing them, to the end that he might recover some valuable property he had lost.

"I must tell you, however," he said to me, "that I am an utter sceptic; and it will require strong proof to convince *me*." I felt rather offended; for if the girl was a humbug, I was a dupe or worse. I sent for Ruth, who was as indignant as myself. At first she distinctly refused to do the Sahib's bidding, but I impressed it upon her that the credit of both of us was at stake, on which she at length unwillingly consented. The usual preliminaries having been gone through, he questioned her through me, as follows:—

"Go to Assigurgh and describe my bedroom in it."

This she did, correctly too, as he at once acknowledged.

"Now tell me what I have lost."

"I see a box, not a large box. It is a tin one, it contains money and a roll of papers."

"Right you are," exclaimed the astonished Major. "Now tell me where that box is now."

"It is in a small room. Shall I open it?"

"Yes, and tell me what is in it."

She paused a little.

"Only papers, Sahib, the money is gone."

"Describe the man who took it."

"He is not there, the room is empty."

"Look for him."

"He is in Sahib's room. He is a little dark man with a pleasant face; his dress is white; he has a scarlet cummerbund, and a scarlet and gold turban. He has a scar on his left hand."

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"My butler, by Jingo! The very man I suspected, too," cried the Major.

* * * * * *

A few days afterwards, when Major —— had returned to Assigurgh, he wrote to me and told me he had found the box, as described, in his servant's house, or rather cabin; but that no papers remained in it. It was empty. This was the only thing that was not correct in Ruth's statement.

I conclude she saw the box before the papers were removed from it. I often found that she did not seem to have much control over *time*, as regarded *past* events, though she would describe the actual occurrence rightly enough.

At another time I lost a piece of pale pink satin embroidered with silver. It could be found nowhere. I was unwilling to believe that either of my servants had taken it, for they were devoted to me, and had one and all been in my service a long time, with the exception of my Dirzee.[1] I could not suspect him of having taken it, as he never, by any chance, so far as I was aware of, had access to my rooms. However, through Ruth he was detected as the thief, and returned the missing article, though he spread the report that I was a witch afterwards on hearing how the theft had been discovered.

In this case, as will have been observed, the visions are of the retrocognitive type. Of the same class is the incident that follows, which I quote from a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, called "Trace," signed with the pseudonym of "J. M. Soames." Its writer, as I am allowed to state, is Major Schreiber, a retired officer, known to me.

M. 55.

We arranged an afternoon for our experiments on the crystal, and after tea was over we set to work. My wife was placed in a very comfortable chair, and the lights were turned down—not out by any means, but so as not to dazzle the eye, while at the same time everything was distinctly visible in the room. I put her to sleep, and gave her the crystal. The effect was instantaneous. She commenced speaking at once, and said:—

"Oh, what lovely flowers, and what a perfume!" And she began to draw her breath through her nose, as if inhaling the scent of flowers. I asked her then where she was. She said, "I am in the most lovely garden I have ever seen. It is not in England. I am standing in a broad pathway; on one side is a hedge of white azaleas, and on the other pink. They are about six or seven feet high; between these hedges and the path there are broad borders, in which are planted these sweet-smelling flowers. There are beautiful trees all about the garden, such as I have never seen before; and at the end of the path is a little black and gold house, with such a funny little man sitting outside."

This dream I ordered her to remember when she awoke, and there is a sequel to it that I will relate further on.

She resumed: "I can see now a small shop at the junction of two streets, with a door opening on to each street. In the middle of the shop is a glass

[1] A native tailor.

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case like those one sees in a jeweller's. There is a tall man, very like a Jew, with a long black beard. He is bargaining with another man."

"What is the other man like?" I asked.

"He is about the middle height, and he has grey hair and moustache, a plain face. I know him. I have seen him, but I cannot tell you his name. The funny little man has come down from the garden, and is sitting outside. He seems very much interested in what is going on in the shop."

Then followed a few more details that I do not remember. I then asked:

"Can you describe the situation of the town in which this shop is?"

"The town is a seaport, standing in a large bay. The coast seems nearly to join at the mouth of the harbour. On the land side it is backed by mountains covered nearly to the summits with the most luxuriant vegetation."

Then came a pause, and she continued: "I am on board ship. The man I recognised is here too. Oh, such a dreadful storm; the ship is rolling about most fearfully. I cannot go on. I must go and lie down. I feel so ill."

My wife exhibited all the symptoms of sea-sickness, and as I feared a full realisation of the malady might follow, I woke her up, thinking we had obtained sufficient information for what we wanted.

The member of the society who had brought the crystal took it back next day to the owner, who was the man with the grey hair and moustache, and gave him the information we had obtained the evening before. He told our friend the name of the town; and, although he would not own up to the truth of the story, it was easy to see that the information we had obtained was true in every detail. People of his sort are very unsatisfactory to deal with.

The curious sequel that I alluded to lies in the fact that my wife and myself were one day, some months afterwards, going through one of the big museums in London. I was looking at a case of curiosities, and my wife was some little way from me, when I heard her exclaim:

"I have been here; I know the place quite well. That is where the little man was sitting, and there is the little black and gold house."

"What nonsense are you talking?" I said. "That is impossible."

But then I remembered the experiment with the crystal, and upon going up to see what my wife was looking at, I found it was a model of the garden in the town where our grey-haired friend had owned to having obtained the crystal.

XIX.—Enough, perhaps, has now been said to suggest to the reader that this crystal-vision, which has so long been disregarded as a mere superstition, may in reality be used with profit as an empirical method of educing from the subliminal self a number of pictures—very unequal, indeed, in value—but of which some, at least, appear to imply a telepathic or clairvoyant extension of ordinary knowledge.

Stated, then, in its most general form, the lesson which sensory automatism teaches us is that our centrally initiated sensations may

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convey instruction as to the external world as veritable as that which peripherally initiated sensations convey. Internal percepts—arising independently of evident sensory stimuli—are of course just as normal as external percepts—consequent upon known peripheral stimuli. I here contend that those internal percepts may bring to us actual knowledge which external perception could never reach. It may, of course, be replied that this so-called extension of ordinary knowledge is a farrago of error and triviality which can never be of practical service, and to which, such as it is, only a few favoured individuals can, on my own showing, hope to attain. "Is it reasonable," it will be asked, "to attribute so much importance to phenomena extremely rare and absolutely useless?" I reply that to my argument it is no disadvantage that the phenomena should be rare, and it is a positive advantage that they should be useless. I am trying to discover the furthest limits of human faculty; and I have already endeavoured to define and unify this scattered experimental inquiry by a wide hypothesis—the hypothesis, namely, that the evolutionary process of which we men are the result is not a terrene process only, but a cosmical; and that our supraliminal faculties, our specialised sensitivities, are but a selection from those which we potentially possess—a selection determined by our race's terrene history, and the capabilities of organic matter. My end, therefore, will be attained if I can render it probable that here and there in humanity we discern powers which terrene evolution as we conceive it could in no way have produced. The rarity of these powers is no drawback to the theory, if only we find sufficient instances of them to make us certain that they exist at all. No one will suppose that in matters so fundamental we men are built on differing plans.

Again, if powers in one sense so transcendent are from a terrene point of view unmanageable and ineffective; if this unsteerable balloon of supernormal faculty is less practically serviceable than the humblest pony-carriage of common-sense;—this surely is in itself precisely the indication which I desire that such faculty has not been developed on earth by the struggle for earthly existence, but must rather date from some earlier and foreshadow some later evolution; even as the rudimentary organs of the imago within the larva indicate that it has sprung from a free-flying insect, and will thereto itself return. And in the same way as we use artifice to help us to realise the detail of our external or optical percepts, so also ought we to use artifice to realise the detail of our internal percepts. To speak paradoxically, the eye is not our only means of seeing, nor is the world around us the only thing that we see.

XX.—Let me try to explain my meaning by a brief review of the forms of vision known to us, so arranged as to show the two diverging lines of visual perception; the one tending outwards, the other in-

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wards; but both alike starting from a perceptivity whose primary or central seat I must here place vaguely in "the brain."

A. The whole group of synæsthesiæ, of which so-called coloured audition—better named "sound-seeing"—is merely the most conspicuous member, stand as it were on the dividing line or watershed between external and internal percepts. I speak of the synæsthesiæ of specialised senses; of the response given by one sense to a stimulus capable of exciting the end-organ of another sense alone. We seem here to have a kind of vestige of that undifferentiated continuous sensitivity from which we suppose our existing senses to have been specialised in the struggle for life. And such repercussions or irradiations of sensitivity, when they take a visual—I can hardly say an *optical*—form in the chromatisms of the sound-seer, can scarcely be called a purely mental phenomenon. For in some subjects they seem to be determined before birth, and to precede all conscious mentation. Nor, on the other hand, can we exactly class them as external vision, since it is probable that in some other individuals they are developed only as the result of mental associations. As above suggested, it may be safest merely to call them *entencephalic*—on the analogy of *entoptic*—since they seem to be due to something in brain-structure somewhat in the same way as entoptic percepts are due to something in the structure of the eye.

B. From these entencephalic photisms, at any rate, we seem to pass by an easy transition to the most inward form of entoptic vision—which is therefore the most inward form of all external vision—the flash of light consequent on electrisation of the optic nerve. Next on our outward road we may place the phosphenes caused by pressure on the optic nerve or irritation of the retina. Next Purkinje's figures, or shadows cast by the blood-vessels of the middle layer upon the bacillary layer of the retina. Then *muscæ volitantes*, or shadows cast by motes in the vitreous humour upon the fibrous layer of the retina.

C. Midway, again, between entoptic and ordinary external vision we may place *after-images;* which, although themselves perceptible with shut eyes, presuppose a previous retinal stimulation from without; —forming, in fact, the entoptic sequelæ of ordinary external vision.

D. Next comes our ordinary vision of the external world—and this, again, is pushed to its highest degree of externality by the employment of artificial aids to sight. He who gazes through a telescope at the stars has mechanically improved his end-organs to the furthest point now possible to man.

E. And now, standing once more upon our watershed of entencephalic vision, let us trace the advancing capacities of internal vision. The forms of vision now to be considered are virtually independent of the eye; they can persist, that is to say, after the destruction of the eye, if only the eye has worked for a few years, so as to give visual

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education to the brain. We do not, in fact, fully know the limits of this independence, which can only be learnt by a fuller examination of intelligent blind persons than has yet been made. Nor can we say with certainty how far in a seeing person the eye is in its turn influenced by the brain. I shall avoid postulating any "retropulsive current" from brain to retina, just as I have avoided any expression more specific than "the brain" to indicate the primary seat of sight. The arrangement here presented is a psychological one, and can be set forth without trespassing on controverted physiological ground.

We may take *memory-images* as the simplest type of internal vision. These images, as commonly understood, introduce us to no fresh knowledge; they preserve the knowledge gained by conscious gaze upon the outer world. In their simplest spontaneous form they are the *cerebral* sequelæ of external vision, just as after-images are its *entoptic* sequelæ. And we have seen that in some cases these two classes of vision are confounded. But we have seen also that into the cerebral storage of impressions one element habitually enters which is totally absent from the mere retinal storage, namely a psychical element—a rearrangement or generalisation of the impressions retinally received.

F. And by this imperceptible transition we pass from *memory* images to *imagination*-images—voluntary or involuntary recombinations of retinal impressions which, although they do not bring us new statements of external fact, do, nevertheless, bring us new *ideas*—new explanations of the observed facts, and, in short, the greater part of our power of controlling Nature. Among the more marked and peculiar developments of this class are *illusions hypnagogiques*, and some of the hallucinations of disease.

G. And here, a generation ago, our categories of inward visualisation would have come to an end. Our ordinary consciousness takes us thus far and no farther; and we should be inclined to say that Watt, lying in bed in a dark room and conceiving the steam-engine, illustrated the utmost limit to which internal visualisation could go.

But somewhat as physical artifice came to the aid of external vision, and showed us through telescope and microscope external objects which were in their own nature visible, but which our clumsy end-organs could not reach; so here also psychological artifice has come to our aid, and has shown us internal images, capable of visual presentation, but which our clumsy supraliminal consciousness could not reach. We come to *subliminal* visualisations, rendered supraliminal by various empirical methods.

The simplest case is that of post-hypnotic suggestion. The entranced subject is told to see a cat when he awakes, and sees it, without remembering the suggestion, or knowing whence that cat really comes. Here we have a simple subliminal picture—in itself belonging

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to the class of imagination-images, but increased in intensity, and changed in psychological import, by the fact of its transference from one stratum of the personality to another. It has become what I have called a *message;* a new piece of knowledge (in this case fictitious) introduced into the ordinary flow of waking life, but not directly from the external world. Or, if preferred, suppose that a real cat has been shown to the entranced subject, and that this special cat is then recalled to him as a post-hypnotic hallucination. Here is a memory-image—a piece of real knowledge—introduced into ordinary waking life; but not directly from the external world. That cat's image has been cerebrally stored in a different compartment from that in which the memories of waking life are stored; in a compartment whose key can only be turned (by the subject himself or by his hypnotiser) during the temporary abeyance of the supraliminal self. And if, indeed, the retina is used at all in the perception of this hallucinatory cat, it obeys a retropulsive current, an impulse not from without but from within.

H. This last described class of visualisations, so significant, and as yet so imperfectly understood, forms, as I have already implied, the most recent addition to the categories of vision which established Science recognises. But the next category in my scheme is one for which I hope ere long to obtain recognition. I allude to that class of visual presentations which are not only subliminal in origin, but *hypermnesic* in content. In my last paper, on "Hypermnesic Dreams," and in this present paper, I have tried to show that both dream and crystal vision occasionally bring up into supraliminal consciousness visual facts which provably were not observed by the supraliminal self, although they were within the range of ordinary vision. A typical case of this kind is when someone hunts for a ring, fails to find it, and then dreams of it in a spot over which he has searched in vain—and finds it there. In such a case the ring has lain within the field of vision, but has provably not been noted by the supraliminal self. It has, however, been subliminally noted, and dream or crystal vision brings to the surface this hidden knowledge. To this class also many spontaneous hallucinations belong.

J. I have said that this hypermnesic faculty, although not as yet commonly recognised, is nevertheless likely, in my view, to be recog nised before long; for it involves nothing which can be reckoned as antecedently very improbable. But from this category we slip almost insensibly into another which soon introduces us to novelties of a more startling kind. From hypermnesia we pass into hyperæsthesia; and hyperæsthetic visualisations are soon indistinguishable from clairvoyance. Thus, I have spoken of cases where some subliminal message, as by dream or crystal vision, presents to the supraliminal self a picture of an object which, though never "consciously" noted, has yet come

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within the range of ordinary vision. But we have seen also that there are cases where the object thus subliminally depicted has *not* come within the range of ordinary vision. Up to a certain point we can explain this by assuming that some such hyperæsthesia as is often noticeable in the hypnotic trance may be, in fact, habitual in the subliminal consciousness. But this will not carry us far. A point comes at which we can no longer explain the far-reaching perceptions by any excitement of the end-organs, but are obliged to fall back upon the hypothesis of telæsthesia[1] instead of hyperæsthesia; and to ascribe the supernormal knowledge to some central perceptivity, apparently of a less specialised kind. In short, we here reach *clairvoyance*, for which some evidence is given in the present paper, but more in the articles of Mrs. Sidgwick, *Proceedings*, Vol. VII., p. 30, and p. 356.

K. It is plain that when we have reached this point of generalised perceptivity our series of *forms of vision* has reached its close. Just as, when we follow the development of sensitivity in an *outward* direction, we come to ever increasing *specialisation;* so when we turn *inwards* we come to ever increasing *generalisation.* That is to say, while our outward progress in perception consists in recognising, by ever more elaborate end-organs, an ever wider range of external facts, so does our inward progress consist in recognising, by increased facility of transmission from the subliminal to the supraliminal strata of our consciousness an ever deeper range of forms of knowledge not thus specialised, but acquired by a subliminal perceptivity which, though it may send up its messages in visual or auditory terms, does not itself depend upon any optical or acoustic mechanism.[2] Various kinds

[1] This word, which I originally suggested, along with telepathy, in 1883, still seems to me a better term for perception at a distance, assumed not to come directly from another mind, than (for instance) *telopsy* or *telakousia*, which I have seen proposed. For it is desirable to bring out the fact that such distant perception is *not* effected in accordance with *optical* or *acoustic* laws;—is not conveyed by light-waves or sound-waves acting as we know them to act.

[2] Specially good illustration of this mode of generalised perception, only gradually attaining to definite visual symbolism, is afforded by a long case published by Professor Royce, of Harvard, in No. 4, pp. 397-400 of the *Proceedings* of the American S.P.R. (now a branch of the English S.P.R.). I quote the description given by the percipient "N," a lady physician. The experience was a *veridical* one—that is to say, the friend who was thus supernormally discerned, a Boston gentleman well known to Professor Royce, testifies that an interchange of letters at the time proved conclusively to him that "N's" vision was coincident with a moment when he had in fact thrown himself face downward on his bed, in a large square room at a hotel, at 2 p.m., in great mental distress. There have been other telepathic communications between the same two persons.

"N" writes to Professor Royce, August 16th, 1886:—

"In the convalescence from a malarial fever, during which great hyperæsthesia of brain had obtained, but no hallucinations or false perceptions, I was sitting alone in my room looking out of the window. My thoughts were of indifferent trivialities; after a time my mind seemed to become absolutely vacant; my eyes felt fixed, the air seemed to grow white. I could see objects about me, but it was a terrible effort of

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of cognition may be thus visually presented,—as apparitions of living or of dead persons, retrocognitive or precognitive pictures. But although the methods by which these various forms of knowledge may be originally reached may be widely different, these differences are not necessarily differences of mode of vision. The visual form (so far as we can tell) is merely the form in which the message is sent up from the subliminal to the supraliminal strata, and the mere mechanism of these messages may be the same, whether, for instance, the message be the telepathic announcement that our fellow experimenter is at this moment looking at the ace of diamonds, or the retrocognitive announcement (as in a case given above) that many years ago a grandfather was all but blown out to sea when duck-shooting

XXI.—If this be so, is there reason to hope that any experiment which we can make, any artifice which we can use, will be able to extend our internal vision, as telescope and microscope have extended the external? Such artifice, it would seem, must be directed to improving,—not the supernormal presensory perceptivity itself, which we cannot hope directly to reach,—but the facility of transmission of the visual symbols of that unknown perceptivity from a subliminal to a supraliminal strata. And the crystal vision described in this paper is an empirical artifice of precisely this kind. It aims not at extending the purview of the subliminal self, but at eliciting visual messages from that self in a clear and convenient form. Some such messages it does provably and undoubtedly obtain. Many men, indeed, will deny this, just as many men denied the reality of the cognate phenomenon of automatic writing when I first urged that method of experimentation upon the attention of readers of these *Proceedings*. But just as I then felt confiden —with a confidence which the event has justified—that so soon as sufficient experiments should be tried, the reality and

will to perceive anything. I then felt great and painful sense as of sympathy with someone suffering, who or where I did not know. After a little time I knew with whom, but how I knew I cannot tell; for it seemed some time after this knowledge of personality that I saw distinctly in my brain, *not* before my eyes, a large, square room, evidently in a hotel, and saw the person of whom I had been conscious, lying face downwards on the bed, in the throes of mental and physical anguish. I felt rather than heard sobs and grieving, and felt conscious of the nature of the grief subjectively; its objective cause was not transmitted to me. Extreme exhaustion followed the experience, which lasted forty minutes intensely, and then very slowly wore away. Let me note:—

"1. I had not thought of the person for some time, and there was no reminder in the room.

"2. The experience was remembered with more vividness than that seen in the normal way, while the contrary is true of dreams.

"3. The natural order of perception was reversed, *i.e.*, the emotion came first, the sense of a personality second, the vision or perception of the person third.

"I should be glad to have a theory given of this reverse in the natural order of perception."

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importance of automatic script would become evident, whatever view might be taken as to the limit to which its revelations extended; so now also do I feel confident—and Professor Janet's experience has already confirmed my confidence—that so soon as sufficient experiments have been made in crystal vision, its reality and importance will become evident, whatever view may be taken as to the limits to which its revelations extend.

It is to the rising generation of experimental psychologists—to the students in psycho-physical laboratories—that my appeal is in the first instance made. But so scattered is the capacity of sensory automatism, so unknown its conditions, that I am anxious that *all* my readers should try my suggested experiments, and should send to me at Cambridge full reports of the results obtained.

It is this need of wide co-operation which must be my excuse for the bold and comprehensive way in which I have set forth the hypotheses to which this experiment points. If there is to be widespread effort there must be widespread interest; and such interest can only be evoked by an understanding of the vast importance of the discovery to which these small and scattered inquiries do manifestly, although remotely, tend.

The question is of nothing less than the possible establishment of a cosmic law of the first order—a law which shall lie at the root of Psychology, in the same way as the law of Evolution lies at the root of Biology, and the law of Conservation at the root of Physics, and the law of Uniformity at the root of Science itself. The possible law of which I speak is that of the Interpenetration of Worlds;—some statement in terms as scientific as may be possible of the ancient belief in a spiritual universe, co-existing with, and manifesting itself through, the material universe which we know;—somewhat as our hypothetical ether, neither material nor spiritual, co-exists with, and manifests itself through, our world of ponderable things.[1] I believe that the

[1] Or if the interstellar ether be in itself a conception too remote and disputable to serve as starting-point for speculations more remote and disputable still, let us embody in a short apologue the attitude of mind which might have existed on the eve of a much simpler discovery. I quote a stray paragraph from the *Cosmic Gazette*; but I beg the reader not to suppose that I identify myself with the hero of the tale.

"Soience among the Planetaries; an Aphrodisian's Lucky Hit.

"Our readers are doubtless aware that the inhabitants of the small planet *Venus*, although civilised, and endowed with a degree of mathematical insight very creditable to planetaries, have never possessed the sense of sight. It appears that that sense has recently been evolved amongst them, at a singular moment in their scientific history. It has long been the first principle of Aphrodisian science that the material organism could be affected only by stimuli propagated through material media; as in the senses of touch, taste, and smell. Heat they explained as propagated by atmospheric conduction from some indiscoverable but intra-atmospheric source. The sense of hearing was long a difficulty, and the ignorant were fond of

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future of Experimental Psychology—to say no more than this—lies in the question whether she can prove this law or no. If she fails, her knowledge must needs remain for ever superficial and fragmentary. If she succeeds, then indeed she may claim that all other Science is but the *ancilla psychologiæ*, and all other quests the preparation and preliminary for this quest which knows no end.

Mark, then, the inward pictures; for now we see, as St. Paul has it, "in a mirror, darkly"; and to pierce deepest into the universe it may be needful to gaze within. To these messages perchance, we have been slowly tending, through all the tidings borne to us on air-wave or ethereal ray. For it may be that our outward senses have been leading us towards a sense profounder than they all;—have been shaping the symbolism, piercing the channels—*cæcæ fores et pervius usus*—whereby these sensory and motor automatisms of script and voice and vision shall guide us among the inward palace-halls which hold the hope of our race. *Adparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt;*—who shall inventory Priam's wealth within? or prophesy from those secret bride-chambers what truth shall yet be born?

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

quoting it as a miraculous exception to the settled order of things. But when a leading Aphrodisian *savant* proved that sound was transmitted by material atmospheric waves, the triumph of orthodox Science was complete, and the doctrine of 'molecular transmission' was inculcated as self-evident truth.

"It happened, however, that on one of the days of clear sky so rare on that planet, a random experimenter observed that the heat passing through a glass bowl of water stung his hand at a particular point. He proved that no conduction could thus concentrate the heat; he assumed a new form of energy, which he called radiation; and he attempted to show that his so-called rays need not be transmitted through a material medium at all. Continuing his experiment for years, whenever the climate allowed, he gradually plotted out the apparent path of his imaginary source of radiant heat; and even located it at a distance far outside atmospheric limits. He was naturally censured as flying in the plain face of reason in order to solve the puzzle of a useless toy. Gradually, however, certain Aphrodisians developed pigment-spots, which received a vague but novel sensation when turned in the direction from whence the intensest heat came. These men felt with uneasiness that there was something odd about the workings of Nature; but they joined, nevertheless, in the outcry against the innovator; remarking with force that to revolutionise the Laws of the Universe in order to explain a few paltry residual phenomena was like invoking Satanic agency to explain how the guinea-pig got into the conjurer's hat. Evolution, however, pursued its wonted course; and at last a number of Aphrodisians found themselves possessed of eyes. Some excuse was then made for the long-deceased innovator's eccentricity, for it was evident that this blind observer had, in point of fact, discovered the Sun."

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I.

THE SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

By Frederic W. H. Myers.

Chapter VI.

The Mechanism of Hysteria.

The survey of human personality on which we are now engaged;—involving as it does the discovery and discussion of such intimations as upraise themselves in many quarters from the hidden or submerged strata of our being into the consciousness of ordinary life;—is a survey of which no single section can be complete until the whole field has been passed under review. On the other hand, fresh problems present themselves in each department as fresh phenomena are noted in other departments, and closer interrelations discerned or divined. And besides this increasing *complexity* there is an increasing *marvellousness* in the phenomena gradually encountered, which must needs send us back again and again in search of phenomena analogous, but less startling in character.

It is reasonable, therefore, that before we pass on from the complex and marvellous phenomena described under the head of sensory automatism to the no less surprising facts of *motor automatism*—especially of automatic script and speech—we should pause and consider how far our definition of motor automatism is to extend, and what earlier or simpler phases thereof may point the way to those highly-developed telepathic motor messages with which we are mainly to be concerned.

In the first place we shall observe once more—what has often been already manifest—that the simple partition of nervous action into sensory and motor does not suffice as a logical scheme for the arrangement of subliminal messages. We are not, indeed, entitled to assume that what we call sensory or motor qualities are inherent in these messages, either as received telepathically from others, or as initiated in the depths of our own being. Such qualities may be the mere translation into terms intelligible by the supraliminal self of impressions for which we possess no specialised term;—impressions which we should be obliged to describe vaguely as "organic";—although, for aught we know, they may in reality be themselves specialised in categories of

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which we have at present no conception. This seems to be the case with many even of those subliminal messages which are ultimately clothed in the most definite sensory form. An apparition or a phantasmal voice may be the exteriorisation of a telepathic impact which has first shown itself in a mere sense of apprehension or *malaise*. Such an apparition is no simple optical presentation; we may call it if we please an internal vision, but its deeper initiatory processes are as yet unknown.

Still more markedly is this the case with *motor* automatisms. The telepathic transmission of a message directly prompting to a motor act (as of writing) has no even apparent parallel in ordinary life. For I cannot directly prompt my friend to a motor act; I can so prompt him only by first producing upon him some sensory impression. I can tell him to write; I can stir him to answering speech; but my volition cannot touch his motor centres of hand or throat except through some such indirect road. All the harder, then, is it to conceive from what form of initial impulse these motor automatisms spring; all the more are we bound to study such vague, organic, internuntial messages as we can detect in their passage from one stratum of our psychical being to another, before we deal with the full-blown motor messages, telepathic or otherwise, which are conveyed by automatic script or voice. In other words, and using my old metaphor, before we follow motor automatism above the psychological end of the conscious spectrum, we must trace its beginnings below the physiological end. We must analyse the influence of motor and quasi-motor messages upon the organic functions before we analyse the intellectual contents of such messages, or discuss the source of such definite knowledge as they may contain.

To some extent this has been already done in previous chapters. Discussing the *Mechanism of Suggestion* (Chap. II.), we encountered many vaso-motor and trophic changes over which, in my view, the hypnotic stratum of the Self exerts habitual control. Again, the *Inspirations of Genius* (Chap. III.) were seen to have their motor side, both in the plastic arts, in music, and in oratory; although the greater definiteness of mathematical achievements led us to dwell mainly on a form of genius whose results are conceived and expressed mainly in visual terms. *Dreams*, which were next touched upon, involve obscure forms of motor as well as of sensory excitation; and the very name of somnambulism points to a pitch of dream-intensity at which its motor impulses translate themselves into more or less coherent action.

On these topics, then, I must be content to refer my readers to what has already been briefly and imperfectly said. But there is one cognate topic of great importance—one repertory of subliminal messages especially of the vaguer organic types—on which I have as yet

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touched so meagrely that I must needs here discuss its lessons at some length before proceeding to those more specialised and intellectual motor messages of which automatic writing is the familiar type. I allude to the whole range of *morbid* interchanges or interactions between one section of the personality and another,—those "self-suggestive maladies," or "diseases of the hypnotic stratum," as I have termed them (*Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 309), "whose differentia is an irrational self-suggestion in regions beyond the powers of the waking will;—a morbid or uncontrolled functioning of powers over the organism which effect profounder modifications than the empirical self can parallel." For convenience' sake we may continue to give to all these perturbations the meaningless name of "hysteria";—trusting that the reader will divest his mind of those popular notions of hysteria which merely reflect and misinterpret some superficial symptoms of a group of maladies which are among the most formidable, and the most instructive, disturbances to which human minds and bodies are exposed.

To define hysteria in nosological terms, by cataloguing and connecting its symptoms, is well known to be an impossible task. In our ignorance of the physical genesis and interrelation of those symptoms we cannot predict from one day to another what evolution the disease will follow, or what new phenomena may occur. If we would attain to a comprehensive view, we must seek it from some psychological standpoint. And we must begin by distinguishing all ordinary diseases, taken together, from their hysterical simulations, as profoundly as we distinguish all placental mammals from the marsupial parodies which by some freak of evolution so strangely mimic placental forms.

On the one hand we have a series of definite, objective lesions, inflicted upon the organism by some external injury, or by some internal operation of microbes, malnutrition, heredity disease, or senile decay. On the other hand, and side by side with this series, we have another series of what I may term *phantom lesions*, depending, of course, ultimately upon some cerebral conditions—hereditary, self-developed, or traumatic;—but so depending in an indirect rather than in a direct fashion, not as incapacities anatomically following on injury to definite nervous centres or tracts, but as the apparently capricious manifestations of an injury presumably affecting some unknown seat of highest co-ordination; in short, as *perturbations of personality*, which work themselves out through some morbid process of self-suggestion, according to laws of association cognisable by us, if at all, from the intellectual rather than from the anatomical side.

These phantom lesions, I say, are not like anatomical injuries, but like some ignorant patient's objectified dream. Hysterical patches of anæsthesia do not correspond with any true areas of ordinary sensory

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innervation; they seem to follow the patient's crude notions of where his limbs begin and end; they are "anæsthetic bracelets," "anæsthetic boots." The eye-troubles of the hysteric affect not the optical mechanism alone, but all that the ophthalmic patient would call his "eye";—all that occupies or surrounds the orbit. Nay, certain well-known syndromes—as the so-called hysterical "astasia-abasia," or inability to walk and stand—are, if I may so say, unblushingly intellectual in character, are the mere abolition by some profound self-suggestion of one special set of co-ordinated movements deeply rooted, first in the supraliminal, then in the subliminal life. The "rhythmic chorea," or "danse de S. Guy," on the other hand, so common in mediæval Germany, is an *intensification* of an acquired synergy, a helpless prolongation of a set of co-ordinated movements which the patient is unable to arrest, as the boy in the fairy tale was unable to arrest the *mill*, whose controlling charms he had forgotten, and which is still grinding out salt at the bottom of the sea. On these points all will agree. And I may suggest that from my own special point of view hysterical "allocheiria"—the confusion or reversal of motor conceptions of left and right—is but the *degenerative* counterpart of that *ambidexterity* which I regard as now accompanying the *evolutionary* process in man; and, moreover, that hysterical *attaques de sommeil* are but that reversion to our primitive state of personality which is natural, which was even predictable, amid the upheavals of this psychic storm.

It is, then, this fundamentally psychological character of hysteria, as a perturbation of personality, which excuses, or rather compels, its study not only from the clinical, but from the psychological standpoint. But before we discuss symptoms which show us perturbed personality as an undoubted evil, I feel bound once more to disavow a view which, though it be taken for granted, for instance, by all writers on hysteria, I cannot but regard as erroneous. I mean the view that *any* perturbation of the ordinary personality is necessarily and in itself an evil. Such perturbations, no doubt, disturb the "normal man"; but the "normal man" represents in my eyes no true ideal, no stable synthesis, but rather a transitory and shifting compromise between the Sage and the Dement. The Sage,—if I may thus use the name of the imaginary Stoic hero with a new implication—would be the man who fully controlled all faculties immanent within him;—who (for instance) could voluntarily receive and transmit telepathic impressions; who could remedy by self-suggestion his body's remediable ills, and exempt himself at last from any painful perception of its inevitable decay. The Dement, on the other hand, has suffered the almost complete obscuration of personality. His organism retains barely so much of unity as suffices to protect it from piecemeal disin-

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tegration. Between these two extremes—the one imaginary, the other real,—lies an almost infinite series of combinations and permutations of the elements of human personality. Combinations superior to the habitual combination which makes the normal man of the time being are wont to arise slowly by evolution, and may be hastened by deliberate experiment. And high among such improved plans of psychical structure I reckon the condition of those sensitives who, without injury to normal health or capacities, can exercise an easier commerce than is open to most of us with their own subliminal selves.[1] Of course I am not saying that members of this type are individually superior to men of the "normal" type any more than all persons who are "immune" against influenza are individually superior to all who catch it. Mr. Keulemans (on whose experiences we dwelt in the last chapter) is not wiser than Charles Darwin; but he nevertheless belongs, in my view, to an advanced, a forward-pointing type; he is wiser than he would have been if, with the same character and intelligence, he had been constructed on the physical pattern of the normal man.

But, nevertheless, among adjustments so complex and delicate as those of our psychical being, any perturbation will naturally be injurious more often than beneficial. For the most part it will indicate no progress towards a new ideal, but a mere incapacity of maintaining the practical compromise which has been found needful for terrene well-being. To all troubles of this kind, where no discernible organic lesion is suspected, the name of hysteria is loosely given. But what a difference between the various cases massed under this head! "Great wits" have at least never been supposed to be "near allied" to blank imbecility; yet we are content to include in the same class of "hysterics" at once such intense and epoch-making spirits as St. Theresa or Rousseau, and some dead-alive inmate of the Salpêtrière, who cannot vary the pattern of wool-work on which she started years ago, nor leave the hospital ward for the garden without bewilderment and alarm. "Les hystériques mènent le monde," says the French proverb. "It is the fact," say Breuer and Freud, "that among hysterics we find the clearest-minded, the strongest-willed, the fullest of character, the most acutely critical specimens of humanity."[2] Can these things be true of the same class which contains all those poor Lucies and Marcelles who seem to exist flabbily for the mere purpose of moral vivisection,—"the

[1] It may, of course, be the case that the subliminal Self of the sensitive is not only more easily reached but also more capable or better-informed than with ordinary men. But since different degrees of facility in intercommunication seem enough to account for difference in results, I refrain from touching on that other (obviously insoluble) question.

[2] *Neurologisches Central-blatt*, January 15th, 1893, p. 44.

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frogs of the experimental psychologist"? There is need, I venture to think, of some such generalisation as I propose, if definitions apparently so discrepant are to be brought under a higher unity. On the view here taken, the characteristic both of St. Theresa and of Marcelle is a perturbed personality. But there may be many different forms of such perturbation, leading to almost opposite results. Two leading types of possible derangement will at once suggest themselves. It is the business of the supraliminal Self to maintain the empirical span of consciousness and faculty both *unimpaired* and *uninvaded*. "Just in this fashion," has that Self decided, "is it needful for terrene prosperity that man should feel, and should react upon the world outside him. There may be faculties deeper down in him which can perceive more, and can react more profoundly. Let these faculties keep to their proper business of superintending the organic processes, whose mechanism I, the supraliminal Self, have never known or have long since forgotten. I do not desire the casual incursion of powers which I am unable to control. Nay, I must needs keep the threshold of consciousness stable, the psychical diaphragm impermeable, if I am to secure my own preservation. If that partition be too easily traversed, I shall fear that knowledge and faculty essential to my own well-being may sink into subliminality and pass beyond my control. I must not risk such losses. I need to be able to catch, retain, digest, the impressions from without which subserve practical life; to mix them in healthy association with each other, and to excrete them from memory when they have ceased to be of use and are becoming cumbersome or even noxious."

We shall find, I think, that in most cases of hysteria these two correlative dangers—of insurgence and of subsidence—are represented, but are represented in varying proportions. With "the hysterics who lead the world" there is no marked loss of supraliminal grasp or span, but there is irregular uprush of subliminal faculty—an uprush like that of genius, but less wisely directed—depending upon a lack of liminal stability, an excessive permeability, if I may so say, of the psychical diaphragm which separates the empirical from the latent faculties of man.

With the confirmed and often hereditary hysteric of the hospitals, on the other hand, the leading phenomenon is not the uprush but the down-draught. It is the gradual sinking of one supraliminal faculty after another—sensation, memory, will—into a subliminal region where indeed experiment or inference may show them to be still existing, but where they are useless for the purposes of common life. This is for the human spirit "that vast Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk"; where its powers are absorbed without annihilation, and rot beneath the treacherous surface in an unseen decay.

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We must now come to concrete examples. And first let me remind the reader that there is nothing unique or isolated about these hysterical disturbances of personality. The personality of each of us is in a state of constantly shifting equilibrium, and the healthy person, under the influence of various intoxications, or from mere changes of trophic condition, undergoes shiftings of the threshold, uprushes and subsidences of many kinds, which bear to hysterical phenomena somewhat the same relation which those in turn bear to the more permanent psychical changes of actual insanity. Alcoholic intoxication simulates in its various stages a strange variety both of hysterical and of insane symptoms. Hunger, fatigue, slight poisoning by impure air, produce a well-known group of disturbances of memory and sensation. A very small degree of fever is enough to produce a transient perturbation of personality of the most violent kind. Familiar though all this may be, there is yet, I think, some interest in the following account of a feverish experience, sent to me by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, from Samoa. For in Mr. Stevenson's paper on his own *dreams*, elsewhere alluded to, we have the most striking living example known to me of that helpful and productive subliminal uprush which I have characterised as the mechanism of genius. It is, therefore, interesting to observe how under morbid conditions this temperament of genius—this ready permeability of the psychical diaphragm—transforms what might in others be a mere vague and massive discomfort into a vivid though incoherent message from the subliminal storm and fire. The result is a kind of supraliminal duality, the perception at the same time of two personalities,—the one rational and moral, the other belonging to the stratum of dreams and nightmare.

Vailima Plantation, Upoho, Samoan Islands.

July 14th, 1892.

DEAR MR. MYERS,—I am tempted to communicate to you some experiences of mine which seem to me (ignorant as I am) of a high psychological interest.

I had infamous bad health when I was a child and suffered much from night fears; but from the age of about thirteen until I was past thirty I did not know what it was to have a high fever or to wander in my mind. So that these experiences, when they were renewed, came upon me with entire freshness; and either I am a peculiar subject, or I was thus enabled to observe them with unusual closeness.

Experience A. During an illness at Nice I lay awake a whole night in extreme pain. From the beginning of the evening *one part of my mind* became possessed of a notion so grotesque and shapeless that it may best be described as a form of words. I thought the pain was, or was connected with, a wisp or coil of some sort; I knew not of what it consisted nor yet where it was, and cared not; only I thought, if the two ends were brought together the pain would cease. Now all the time, with *another part of my mind*, which I venture to think was *myself*, I was fully alive to the absurdity

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of this idea, knew it to be a mark of impaired sanity, and was engaged with *my other self* in a perpetual conflict. *Myself* had nothing more at heart than to keep from my wife, who was nursing me, any hint of this ridiculous hallucination; the *other* was bound that she should be told of it and ordered to effect the cure. I believe it must have been well on in the morning before the fever (or *the other fellow*) triumphed, and I called my wife to my bedside, seized her savagely by the wrist, and looking on her with a face of fury, cried: "Why do you not put the two ends together and put me out of pain?"

Experience B. The other day in Sydney I was seized on a Saturday with a high fever. Early in the afternoon I began to repeat mechanically the sound usually written "mhn," caught myself in the act, instantly stopped it, and explained to my mother, who was in the room, my reasons for so doing. "That is the beginning of the mind to wander," I said, "and has to be resisted at the outset." I fell asleep and woke, and for the rest of the night repeated to myself mentally a nonsense word which I could not recall next morning. I had been reading the day before the life of Swift, and all night long one part of my mind (*the other fellow*) kept informing me that I was not repeating the word myself, but was only reading in a book that Swift had so repeated it in his last sickness. The temptation to communicate this nonsense was again strongly felt by *myself*, but was on this occasion triumphantly resisted, and my watcher heard from me all night nothing of Dean Swift or the word, nothing but what was rational and to the point. So much for the two consciousnesses when I can disentangle them; but there is a part of my thoughts that I have more difficulty in attributing. One part of my mind continually bid me remark the transrational felicity of the word, examined all the syllables, showed me that not one was in itself significant, and yet the whole expressed to a nicety the voluminous distress of one in a high fever and his annoyance at and recoil from the attentions of his nurses. It was probably the same part (and for a guess *the other fellow*) who bid me compare it with the nonsense words of Lewis Carroll as the invention of a lunatic with those of a sane man. But surely it was *myself* (and myself in a perfectly clear-headed state) that kept me trying all night to get the word by heart, on the ground that it would afterwards be useful in literature if I wanted to deal with mad folk. It must have been myself, I say, because *the other fellow* believed (or pretended to believe) he was reading the passage in a book where it could always be found again when wanted.

Experience C. The next night *the other fellow* had an explanation ready for my sufferings, of which I can only say that it had something to do with the navy, that it was sheer undiluted nonsense, had neither end nor beginning, and was insusceptible of being expressed in words. *Myself* knew this; yet I gave way, and my watcher was favoured with some references to the navy. Nor only that: *the other fellow* was annoyed—or *I* was annoyed—on two inconsistent accounts; first, because he had failed to make his meaning comprehensible, and second, because the nurse displayed no interest. *The other fellow* would have liked to explain further; but *myself* was much hurt at having been got into this false position and would be led no further.

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In cases A and C the illusion was amorphous. I knew it to be so and yet succumbed to the temptation of trying to communicate it. In case B the idea was coherent, and I managed to hold my peace. Both consciousnesses, in other words, were less affected in case B, and both more affected in cases A and C. It is perhaps not always so: the illusion might be coherent, even practical, and the rational authority of the mind quite in abeyance. Would not that be lunacy?

In case A I had an absolute knowledge that I was out of my mind, and that there was no meaning in my words; these were the very facts that I was anxious to conceal; and yet when I succumbed to the temptation of speaking, my face was convulsed with anger, and I wrung my watcher's wrist with cruelty. Here is action, unnatural and uncharacteristic action, flowing from an idea in which I had no belief and which I had been concealing for hours as a plain mark of aberration. Is it not so with lunatics?

I have called the one person *myself*, and the other *the other fellow*. It was myself who spoke and acted; the other fellow seemed to have no control of the body or the tongue; he could only act through myself, on whom he brought to bear a heavy strain, resisted in one case, triumphant in the two others. Yet I am tempted to think that I know the other fellow; I am tempted to think he is the dreamer described in my Chapter on Dreams to which you refer. Here at least is a dream belonging to the same period, but this time a pure dream, an illusion, I mean, that disappeared with the return of the sense of sight, not one that persevered during waking moments and while I was able to speak and take my medicine. It occurred the day after case B and before case C.

Case D. In the afternoon there sprang up a storm of wind with monstrous clouds of dust; my room looked on a steep hill of trees whose boughs were all blowing in the same direction; the world seemed to pass by my windows like a mill-race. By this turmoil and movement I was confused, but not distressed, and surprised not to be distressed; for even in good health a high wind has often a painful influence on my nerves. In the midst of this I dozed off asleep. I had just been reading Scott's Life of Dryden, had been struck with the fact that Dryden had translated some of the Latin hymns, and had wondered that I had never remarked them in his works. As soon as I was asleep I dreamed a reason why the sound of the wind and the sight of the flying dust had not distressed me. There was no wind, it seemed, no dust; it was only Dryden singing his translated hymns in *one direction*, and all those who had blamed and attacked him after the Revolution singing them in *another*. This point of the two directions is very singular and insane. In part it meant that Dryden was continuously flying past yet never passing my window in the direction of the wind and dust, and all his detractors similarly flying past yet not passing towards the other side. But it applied, besides this, both to the words and to the music in a manner wholly insusceptible of expression.

That was a dream; and yet how exactly it reproduces the method of *my other fellow* while I was awake. Here is an explanation for a state of mind or body sought—and found—in a tissue of rabid, complicated, and inexpressible folly.—Yours very sincerely, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Let us now turn to cases of definitely hysterical uprush from sub-

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liminal —and, as I have maintained, specially from *hypnotic* strata. It will begin by some citations from one of the best recent German sources, that the English reader may see that these observations are not peculiar to the French school.

In an important essay contributed to the *Neurologisches Centralblatt*, for January 1st and January 15th, 1893, Dr. Joseph Breuer and Dr. Sigm. Freud, of Vienna (in which capital there has already been much fruitful study of hysteria), give a preliminary account of a long series of observations on "The Psychical Mechanism of Hysterical Phenomena," especially with regard to the nature of the incident which has originally started the train of symptoms. That incident, they say, cannot usually be discovered by examination of the patient in his ordinary condition. He will not realise its connection with his present trouble, he may even have forgotten it altogether. But hypnotise him, and he will clearly remember the incident itself, will fully realise its perturbing effect on his psychical equilibrium. In fact he will usually tell you that this very incident reproduces itself with distressing vividness in every attack which he undergoes. This close connection between some initial lesion and the subsequent troubles is observable not only in cases of so-called *traumatic* hysteria, where the effect of the primary shock—the rupture (if I may so call it) of the psychical diaphragm—is marked and obvious, but also in cases where the complex and persistent troubles are commonly regarded as spontaneous and idiopathic hysterical symptoms. Among such symptoms which have been found on analysis to be reproductions, more or less *symbolical* in character, of some definite original shock, are neuralgia, contractures, tic, persistent vomiting and anorexia, troubles of sight, hallucinations, &c. A momentary accident at the time of maximum shock may determine the character of years of malady; much as in certain cases of aphasia (*Cf.* the "come on to me" case, to which I have often alluded) the last sentence healthily spoken will dominate the aphasic utterance ever after. Thus a German girl, endeavouring to pray in a moment of bewildered anguish, could think of nothing but an English child's prayer; somewhat as men, piously reared, when in danger of shipwreck, have been heard muttering "What is your name? M. or N.,"—the first words of the English Church Catechism. Hysteria developed itself, and for a year and a half this German girl could speak, write, and understand nothing but English. In other cases the connection between the original psychical lesion and the subsequent symptoms is dreamlike or symbolical in character; as when a shock of moral disgust is followed by persistent hysterical vomiting. The distressing idea which caused the original lesion seems to continue to keep up irritation like a foreign body lodged in the organism, say a thorn in the finger. It must be brought to the surface and extruded;—the painful

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memory must be diagnosed in the hypnotised patient and then brought back to his waking consciousness and freely discussed, and thus reduced to its due proportions. "A mere unemotional recollection," say Drs. Breuer and Freud, "is generally useless; the psychical process which caused the trouble must be again set on foot, brought down to its *status nascendi*, and then worked out (*abreagirt*) and talked away." The neuralgia or the hallucination will thus recur once in full intensity and then disappear for ever. The act of thus luring the hypertrophied idea up from the hypnotic into the supraliminal stratum is quite analogous to the "bringing out" of an eruption, or the re-establishment of an arrested secretion. The benefit of tears in emotional shock—"*she must weep, or she will die*"—comes just midway beween the benefit of auricular confession and the benefit of getting out a good crop of measles.

"It is not in the normal memory of the patient," continue our authors, with emphasis, "but in his hypnotic memory, that the recollection of the operative psychical lesion is to be found. The more we busy ourselves with these phenomena, the surer becomes our conviction that that sundering of consciousness which is so striking in certain classical cases of duplex personality exists in rudimentary fashion in every case of hysteria. The tendency to this dissociation, and consequently to the appearance of abnormal states of consciousness, which we propose to include under the term *hypnoid*, is the fundamental phenomenon of the hysterical neurosis. . . . Beside the well-known saying, 'Hypnosis is an artificial hysteria,' we would set this somewhat different dictum: The foundation and condition-precedent of hysteria is the existence of hypnoid states. Amid all their differences these hypnoid states agree in this;—that the images which in them rise to the surface (*auftauchen*) are of a very intense character, but are partitioned off from the rest of the contents of consciousness. . . . The intimate nature of these hypnoid states, and the degree of their separation from the remainder of consciousness, vary as widely as the hypnotic trance itself, which includes all conditions from light somnolence to somnambulism, from full recollection to complete forgetfulness."

And here it is noticeable that Drs. Breuer and Freud, who come to this discussion unpledged to any hasty theory, fully recognise the gravity—nay the insolubility under present conditions—of that problem of the unique effectiveness and power of hypnotic suggestions, and of hysterical self-suggestions, for which so many pseudo-solutions have been based upon so much hypothetical cerebral physiology.

"The question," they say (p. 44), "why it is that the pathological associations which form themselves in hypnoid states are so stable, and influence organic processes so much more profoundly than do the

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ideas or presentations of our ordinary experience ;—this question forms a part of the general problem of the efficacy of hypnotic suggestion in any case whatever. Our observations throw no new light on this problem ; rather they bring into relief the contradiction between the dictum 'Hysteria is a psychosis,' and the actual fact that amongst hysterics we find the clearest-minded, the strongest-willed, the fullest of character, the most acutely critical specimens of humanity. In the cases to which we refer those characteristics hold good for the man's waking consciousness, but in his hypnoid states he is insane—as we all are in dream. But whereas our dream-insanities have no influence on our waking life, in his case the products of his hypnoid conditions break in upon his waking life as hysterical symptoms."

I need not point out the independent coincidence between these views and those already expressed in my chapter on "The Mechanism of Suggestion," and elsewhere.[1] But I may repeat my conviction that this problem can only be solved by continued research into what I deem the healthy and orderly functioning of those subliminal faculties which hypnotic suggestion reveals to us acting blindly as in a dream, and which hysteria reveals to us acting wildly as in a nightmare.

"In hysteria," say our authors once more, after citing further examples of these disturbed messages, these explosive uprushes from subliminal strata,—"in hysteria we are confronted with groups of formed images which have been developed under hypnoid conditions, which are cut off from interchange and association with the rest of the patient's mental imagery, but are capable of association amongst themselves, and thus constitute a more or less fully organised rudiment of a secondary consciousness, a '*condition seconde*.' Thus a chronic hysterical symptom corresponds to an incursion of this 'secondary condition' upon a tract of innervation previously governed by the normal consciousness, while a 'fit of hysterics' indicates a more organised development of the 'secondary condition,' and marks by its first onset a moment when this hypnoid consciousness (*Hypnoidbewusstsein*) has made itself master of the whole existence, as acute hysteria. . . . During such an attack the control over the whole bodily innervation has passed to the hypnoid consciousness. Yet the normal consciousness, as some well-known experiments show us, is not always entirely set aside. It can itself take note of the motor phenomena of the attack, although the psychical conditions-precedent of that attack lie outside its cognisance altogether."

I could not wish for a more emphatic support, from wide clinical experience, of the view of hysteria to which my own observations on different branches of automatism had already, by mere analogical

[1] See *Proceedings*, Vol. VII., pp. 309, 349, 353, &c.

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reasoning, directed my thought.[1] What I would fain *add* to the exposition of Drs. Breuer and Freud the reader may have already divined. That extraordinary potency of subliminal action, which they frankly present as insoluble by pure physiology, is part and parcel of my scheme of man; and its occasional appearance in this disordered form is to me but the natural concomitant of its habitual and inevitable residence within us; in readiness—if we can contrive to summon it—to subserve our highest needs.

For I have urged that we men here incarnated are in very truth "clausi tenebris et carcere cæco"; —that in this darkness and imprisonment our terrene faculties represent merely such fraction of our preterrene faculties as the struggle for existence has compelled the organisms from which our bodies spring to conserve and develop. And I have claimed that the potential faculties which terrene evolution has not thus developed do none the less make themselves manifest from time to time in terrene life; that gleams of a wider perception, a truer insight, may flash into the darkened and narrowed chamber of consciousness which our earthly brain allows. Apart from such supernormal visitings, the evolutive process consists, in my view, of a constant expansion of the span of supraliminal consciousness; a constant re-selection of faculties and perceptions to suit an ever more extended purview, a wider *present* which opens upon man. We add the higher artistic and moral faculties—drawing these from their latency in the depths of our subliminal being;—and at the same time we lose the power of repairing injuries which our remote ancestors possessed, the acuter sense of smell which our near ancestors possessed;—and who knows what other faculties which existed somewhere in our long ancestral line? We widen, deepen, and select. The spectrum of empirical consciousness grows both longer and brighter; but some dark lines appear in places which once were bright.

A process thus involving our own selves may be as difficult to examine directly, and by our own sensations, as it is to examine directly, and by our own sensations, the rotation of the earth. Or, to recur to our earlier metaphor, if we would study solar physics we do not only watch for changes in the spectrum of our noonday sun; we look for the spectrum of a sun in the making, or of a sun eclipsed, or of a sun

[1] Conceptions of what I have called *stratified* consciousness are now coming to the front in so many places that it may be of interest to remark that (so far as I know) such a conception first presented itself independently to three observers, as the result of three different lines of experiment. Mr. Gurney was led that way by experiments on hypnotic memory; M. Pierre Janet by experiments on hysteria; and to myself the observation of various automatisms neither hysterical nor hypnotic,—as automatic script and the like—brought a still more developed (I do not say a better established) conception of the stratified nature of our psychical being, of the higher faculties discernible in the deeper strata, and of the unity which comprehends them all.

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already darkening down into the night. The animal world still exists to show us our sun of terrene consciousness in its nebulous making; sleep and trance show that sun eclipsed; and the subliminal uprushes, seen more clearly when waking consciousness is obscured, are for us what for the astronomer are the rosy prominences, upleaping from the hidden flame.

But where shall we get our spectrum of a sun going out? Where, in plain words, shall we come upon a process dissolutive of terrene personality which may be the nearest approach to a precise reversal of the evolutive process which our hypothesis has assumed? For this we need some slow, functional brain-degeneration, not dependent upon any localised lesion or any specific intoxication. The process through senile decay to the coma of imminent dissolution has already furnished us with some observations strongly corroborative of the scheme of personality here proposed. Of vivid, supernormal messages received or transmitted at or about the moment of death,—and of the inferences which such facts suggest,—my readers have heard much and often. But for the detailed study here desired we need to find a narrowing of the field of consciousness at once more definitely progressive and more persistent under our prolonged experiment.

Now, surely, is the moment to remember that other result of hysterical loss of liminal stability to which we have as yet barely alluded. We have said that when the psychical diaphragm has once given way there is down-draught as well as uprush. Besides the incursions from the hypnotic stratum of which we have been speaking, there are losses from the supraliminal stratum;—narrowings of empirical consciousness which may look like absolute abolitions of familiar powers, but which often turn out to be the mere subsidence of those powers to a level where the empirical will can no longer reach them. Such are indeed the main phenomena of advanced, of chronic hysteria; and to these we must now turn; seeking whether in this disintegrative process there are traces of the original mode of integration; whether, when the stratum which remains supraliminal is thinned to a shell and straitened to a speck, there come to it upward messages from its own lost wealth and submerged powers,—simulating in that *misère psychologique* the gifts once sent upwards to its affluence from the still richer treasure-house below. In this inquiry we can have no better guide than Dr. Pierre Janet, whose recent work, *L'Etat Mental des Hystériques*, is full of precisely such observations as must either confirm or altogether discredit the theory with which we are now concerned.

What then, to begin with, is M. Janet's general conception of the psychological state of the advanced hysteric?

"In the expression *I feel*," he says (*Etat Mental*, p. 39), "we have two elements; a small new psychological fact 'feel,' and an enormous

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mass of thoughts already formed into a system 'I.' These two things mix and combine, and to say I *feel* is to say that the personality, already enormous, has seized and absorbed this small new sensation; . . . as though the *I* were an amœba which sent out a prolongation to suck in this little sensation which has come into existence beside it." Now it is in the assimilation of these elementary sensations or affective states with the *perception personnelle*, as Janet terms it, that the advanced hysteric fails. Her field of consciousness is so far narrowed that it can only take in the minimum of sensations necessary for the support of life. "One must needs have consciousness of what one sees and hears, and so the patient neglects to perceive the tactile and muscular sensations with which he thinks that he can manage to dispense. At first he could perhaps turn his attention to them, and recover them at least momentarily within the field of personal perception. But the occasion does not present itself, and the *psychological bad habit* is formed. . . . One day the patient—for he is now veritably a patient—is examined by the doctor. His left arm is pinched, and he is asked whether he feels the pinch. To his surprise the patient realises that he can no longer feel consciously, can no longer bring back into his personal perception sensations which he has neglected too long—he has become anæsthetic. . . . Hysterical anæsthesia is thus a fixed and perpetual distraction, which renders its subjects incapable of attaching certain sensations to their personality; it is a restriction of the conscious field."

On just the same principles may the amnesia and the akinesia or pseudo-paralysis of hysterics—which last is really an aboulia or defect of will and not a paralysis—be explained. In each case there is a dropping out from attention of groups of recollections, which through enfeebled attention (aprosexia,) the patient is no longer able to grasp. The life has shrunk to the smallest needs of the actual moment; it has ceased to look before and after; its threshold of consciousness has mounted higher, so that the waking consciousness of the hysteric embraces only a shallow and narrow layer of what was the waking consciousness of the healthy man. "*O dear spirit, half-lost In thine own shadow*"; —surely the words which the poet addresses to the man-soul undergoing its descent into generation gain a fresh significance if we apply them to the man-soul thus shadowed anew; his normal terrene consciousness shrinking into a fragment, even as into a fragment had shrunk already at earthly birth his memory of "the glories he had known, And that imperial palace whence he came."

Let us see if there is more in this analogy than a poetic fancy. I have urged—and the idea draws its descent from philosophers as well as poets—that amid our normal terrene life we trace incursions of a subliminal consciousness, with obscure pre-terrene memories, frag-

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mentary pre-terrene powers. And I now ask whether any like incursion of *pre-Salpêtrière* faculties, any obscure traces of the freer, more potent life of old, are discernible amid the narrowed life of hysterics, and show to those who watch them from a larger existence that amid all their dimness and bewilderment those imprisoned spirits yet "are greater than they know"?

Let us take first a question as definite as may be possible;—the question of field of vision and subsequent visual memory. I have contended that what we know that we see is not really all that we see, and that what we know that we remember is not really all that we remember. I have urged that it is at least possible that whatever has once fallen within our actual field of vision may be perceived by the subliminal self and permanently registered in the subliminal memory, and I have adduced cases where dream or crystal-vision has brought to the surface some fact thus subliminally observed, but which provably has never come within the cognisance of the supraliminal self. And I have suggested that albeit the messages or reports of unobserved objects thus cast up from the subliminal storehouse—"the treasure of the heart"—were often casual-seeming and trivial, yet sometimes also they seemed to show selective choice, and to indicate a guardianship subliminally exercised over the ignorance and folly of the empirical self.

Can we, then, find any parallel phenomena in hysteria? Are there any cases where the narrowed and shallowed field of hysterical consciousness receives messages from the *normal* perceptive faculty, still persisting, though in what has now become a subliminal fashion? and are such messages ever made useful as warnings of danger, or as guidance to a fruitful end?

Thanks to the delicacy of modern experiments on various anæsthesiæ, and especially on optical defects, it is now possible to distinguish between the range of perception (visual field, &c.), of which hysterics have conscious control, and the range of perception (visual field, &c.), from which a certain amount of information reaches them in an unconscious fashion. Thus, for instance, it has now long been known that a hysteric might assert himself to be totally blind of the right eye, while yet, if he was made to look at a given object with his right eye, while believing that he was looking at it with his left, he could see the object perfectly well. This anomaly was naturally supposed to be due to mere simulation. Similar anomalies were soon observed in hysterical colour-blindness. The green (for example) which the hysteric said he could not see did nevertheless affect the retina and induce a complementary after-image. A still more naïve attempt (as it might seem) at deceit was exhibited by one of Professor Janet's subjects, who, when her head was placed behind a screen and the two

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sides of her body—that on which she *could* feel and that on which she could *not* feel—were pinched at intervals, replied, "I feel," whenever the sensitive side was pinched, and "I don't feel" whenever the pinch was on the *soi-disant* insensitive side.

But in truth,—although I must refer my readers to Professor Janet's book (see especially pp. 35-7) for the proof of what I here summarise,—in truth we are dealing in the great mass of these cases not with deceit nor with recklessness, but with a condition of things which, since it has till lately entirely baffled medical interpretation, may well have been puzzling enough to have bewildered the sufferers themselves. We are dealing with a fluctuating constriction of the conscious field; with a shifting faculty which can at one moment embrace some given stimulation within the range of "personal perception,"—as something which the "I" cognises as "my" sensation,—and then at the next moment loses grasp of the stimulation, which thus falls back into the condition of an "elementary sensation," in some sense still existing but no longer comprised in the conscious personality. Or the difference may be, not between one minute of wider and the next of narrower purview, but between one mode and another mode of perceiving the stimulus;—the colour green, for instance, remaining unnoted when the subject endeavours to apply a voluntary act of choice among colours, but still manifesting itself to the more deeply-lying, more automatic perception which feels the red blur when the retina is exhausted by prolonged gazing on the green spot.

These phenomena, which to readers unfamiliar with the subject may look so dubious, are phenomena common both in incipient and in established hysteria; and their reality derives a stern confirmation from the cases in which their slow advance—still on the same lines of contracting personality, shrinking power of attention—lands the sufferer at last in worldly ruin, in compulsory seclusion, in insanity and irremediable decay. For ourselves every stage of this process is rich in parallels with our larger conception of pre-terrene personality submitting to, and reacting against, the limitations of the flesh. The internuntial messages which for us reach the normal terrene field or stratum of personality from profounder strata are paralleled for the hysteric by the messages which reach the shallowed hysteric stratum from the remainder of the normal terrene field. In each case such messages may be frequent or rare, trivial, or apparently purposive and designed to guide or restrain. They are frequent and trivial in the crystal-seer who can summon up a picture almost at will; and in the hysterical girl who, with her ordinary field of vision contracted almost to a point, is yet able to play at ball with her companions; the slight excitement of the exercise widening the visual field sufficiently to allow her to follow the ball's flight through the air. Again, the messages are rare

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and monitory in such incidents in healthy lives as that (already published) of the hurrying lady who saw the figure whose presence checked her from falling through the open door of the elevator;—or of that other lady whom a sense of a touch on the arm hindered from heedlessly throwing her banknotes into the fire. And in like fashion they are rare and monitory in the hysteric who has long lost all feeling in the hands, but who nevertheless in some way avoids the burns on the hands characteristic of that profound insensibility which follows on the nervous lesions of syringo-myelitis.

Again, we have printed several instances where the nearness of some object, not cognisable by the ordinary senses (as the dried body of a baby in the roof, the buried body of a murdered man in a field), has apparently caused a distress or alarm which the supraliminal self has been unable to explain. Somewhat similarly we find that when an object which specially stimulates the hysterical fears of a given subject (as a lighted match, a stuffed mouse,) is brought within what would be the normal visual field of a hysteric, the alarming object starts a hysterical attack, although an indifferent object fails to be discerned until brought within the very much narrower visual field over which alone the hysteric is aware of having any sight. The parallel is maintained as to subliminal calculation. "When I count," said a hysteric, "I write the result, but I know that I have not really worked the sum. I no longer understand my own ideas; they seem to come of themselves; it is as though they were written on a great roll of paper which unwinds itself before me." Compare the "mental blackboard" of the "calculating boy." Did space allow it, we might follow out these analogies in further detail. It must here suffice to say that this great mass of hysterical phenomena seems explicable only by the very conception which we have elsewhere advanced on a larger scale,—the principle of a restricted personality reinforced by intimations or messages proceeding from a wider personality subjacent but habitually unreachable;—yet, meantime, more or less cognisant of the proceedings of the empirical self.

Turning from sensory to motor automatism, the more special topic of this paper, let us again consider what phenomena our theory would lead us to expect.

Do we find that beneath the kinesthetic obtuseness, the confused ataxia, the impotent aboulia of these miserable women there are any indications that the complex movements once acquired are not really forgotten? that there is still a will which can rule the organism in the old way? If so, we shall have a fresh parallel to our conception of a more potent and profounder personality, underlying for us normal persons also the personality which we know. When the hysteric is in an "aboulic" state—has lost the power to will any action which

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presents novelty or difficulty—do we find that she can still perform such actions without conscious will, and as though by help of a motor message transmitted from the self which for her is now subliminal but which in health was the self which was habitually in conscious play? Have we parallels of this kind to the automatic writing or drawing of the normal man? or to his automatic speech? or to those inspirations of genius which transcend the fruits of conscious toil? I leave it to one of Prof. Janet's hysterics to reply :—

"I cannot in the least understand what is going on," said Maria, when she entered the hospital; "for some time past I have been working in an odd way; it is no longer I who am working, but only my hands. They get on pretty well, but I have no part in what they do. When it is over I do not recognise my work at all. I see that it is all right; but I feel that I am quite incapable of having accomplished it. If anyone said, It is not *you* who did that! I would answer, True enough, it is not I. When I want to sing, it is impossible to me; yet at other times I hear my voice singing the song very well. It is certainly not I who walk; I feel like a balloon which jumps up and down of itself. When I want to write, I find nothing to say, my head is empty, and I must let my hand write what it chooses, and it fills four pages, and if the stuff is silly I cannot help it."

"The curious point is," continues M. Janet, "that in this fashion she produces some really good things. If she makes up a dress or writes a letter she sometimes shows real talent, but it is all done in a bizarre way. She looks absorbed in her work, but yet unconscious of it; when she lifts her head she seems dazed as if she was coming out of a dream, and does not recollect what she has been doing. Her way of acting recalls what is said of men of genius who obey their inspiration without being themselves aware of accomplishing their masterpieces. . . . To take a humbler comparison, she acts as we occasionally do when we let our hand write of itself a word which we have forgotten how to spell. But what with us is accidental is with her perpetual; although she has still activity she has no longer the personal consciousness of this activity, and her acts therefore can no longer be called voluntary. . . . Some patients, on the other hand, will not or cannot abandon themselves to this automatic activity. They try to perform the actions consciously and voluntarily, and then they fail altogether."

I pass on to one of M. Janet's most acute observations [1];—a case where the difference between the faculty still at the command of the supraliminal personality and the faculty transmissible only by automatic impulse from the self now subliminal reaches its maximum point, and suggests some reflections of novel import.

"If we tell hemiplegics or amyotrophics to squeeze the dynamometer, we get such figures as 5 and 10,—very much what these hysterics manage to reach. But with the truly paralysed such figures do not surprise us. We know that we are dealing with impotent persons, whose every action shows their weakness. But our hysterics who mark

[1] *Etat Mental des Hystériques*, p. 171.

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5 and 10 are by no means impotent; they sew, they work, they carry burdens without any apparent trouble. Célestine, for instance, is a robust country girl, accustomed to hard work, and still asking as a favour to be allowed to sweep and rub the floors. She is quick-tempered, and when things do not go just as she likes she shakes the beds, changes their places, and lifts with one arm the wooden armchairs. She has terrible fits of passion; and in some asylums where she has been she has soundly thrashed strong men. Well;—I stop this young woman in the middle of her work, and give her the dynamometer to squeeze. To begin with, she is absolutely anæsthetic on both sides of her body, and must needs *look* at the instrument in order to be able to squeeze it at all. I have tried this experiment often; and the dynamometer generally marks 9 with the squeeze of her right hand, 5 with that of her left. Now I repeat that such indications of feeble muscular power are in complete contradiction with what I see her doing every minute. I have made the trial myself, and although I can squeeze the same dynamometer up to 50, I cannot lift and move the chairs and beds as Célestine does. . . . It is clear that in the hysteric there is a special modification of muscular power when she is made the subject of an experiment;—when she is told to pay attention, and to squeeze an instrument with *personal will* in order to show her *personal strength*. She can then no longer get at her strength; she cannot use it in this fashion; albeit the strength is really there and is lavishly expended in all the acts of common life, when the patient is not thinking of it. What we have here is a defect not of muscle but of will."

I venture to make such a case as Célestine's the starting point of a s range speculation. Suppose that it becomes necessary to form a conception of what really happens when a "spirit" is said to move an object lying near a "medium," but beyond his normal reach; suppose that we come to think that here, too, as in hysteria itself, there is something beyond the fraud and beneath the confusion,—will these hysterical phenomena afford us any analogy, however remote? We see these hysterics with the strength of a mere baby at command, the strength of a strong man latent and operating through another stratum of the self. We see them with only vague and feeble movements under their conscious control; while strong and definite movements are still evocable by suggestion coming from without.

And now let us suppose that each man brought with him into earth-life a force or will capable of a far more exhausting (and a far less useful) form of activity than that on which he usually employs it. He uses it to act somehow upon the brain, and somehow upon the nerves, and so to move heavy objects in contact with his muscular organism. But it is also (on our hypothesis) capable of moving small objects

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which are near his person, but not actually in contact with it. Now if for a long time he should fail to discover this power of his, that need by no means surprise us. Until a few years ago he had failed to discover that he could affect matter at a little distance from him in a far more striking way; namely, that he could light a fire with his fingers. Yet how to light a fire was the most essential discovery which man ever made; and no one knows how many thousand years it took our ancestors to make it. If the cave-man, and Aristotle, and Bacon together could have seen the summer-boarder at Colorado Springs lighting the gas with his fingers, would they not have exclaimed, "*Ou supercherie, ou miracle!*" in absolute unison? Yet all that the summer-boarder needed to do was to rub his feet on the floor.

Suppose, then, that man is born in virtual possession of this *telekinetic* power,—this capacity of acting upon ponderable objects at a short distance from his person in some way not wholly different from the way in which he acts upon his own limbs. And suppose that this latent power is not called forth and developed by natural selection, but remains unobserved and unsuspected in the subliminal strata of his being. He can now move by voluntary effort only objects in contact with his periphery; just as the hysteric by voluntary effort can only squeeze the dynamometer with a baby's strength. But sometimes that power, less deeply subliminal in some of us men than in others, crops up in some "spontaneous physical phenomenon," or movement of an object at a small distance in accordance with no known law. So also with Célestine, the muscular strength—now for her *subliminally* controlled,—crops up sometimes in sudden action, when the hands that can scarce deflect the little brass index thrash the strong man. Or sometimes it may be that some other fuller intelligence, possessing man's terrene faculties in their entirety, and knowing that the hysteric does in truth possess those faculties too, will evoke by suggestion and artifice the latent power which the hysteric herself could never reach. Even so does M. Janet, who knows that Isabelle's co-ordinating power is really intact, tell her to touch her face, and she succeeds in doing so; although if she tries to do this without his command her hands go helplessly astray. If we men also have lost by disuse and forgetfulness some pre-natal power, can we conceive that intelligences who consciously possess that power, and who discern it in us also, may by suggestion and artifice bring it to the surface, and startle us as M. Janet startles the confused hysteric by the seemingly impossible resurgence of what is her Self indeed?

One more reflection, and I have done. I would call attention to the hysterical *indifference;* to the apathy or frivolity of these wretched sufferers; to their unconsciousness of their own lost powers, of their paralysing disabilities;—of what we feel, in spite of all

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that apathy, to be their pitiful and bewildered woe. Is it a question of anæsthesia, or of contraction of the visual field? To the ordinary man even slight losses of cutaneous sensation are distressing and unforgettable. In graver disturbances,—to sufferers, for instance, from the "tabetic mask" of facial insensibility,—the affliction is no less than terrible. So likewise a retrenchment of the field of vision when caused by pigmentary retinitis will induce a sense of distressed confusion quite disproportionate to the actual loss of self-guiding power. But the hysteric, on the other hand, will support with absolute indifference sometimes an almost punctiform retrenchment of the visual field, sometimes an anæsthesia of half or of all her body.[1] She will not even be aware of her complete incapacity to distinguish objects by touch. Sometimes, indeed, she will save from the wreck of her sensibility some pre-hysteric reminiscence, some knowledge which—to adapt again the poet's description of man's limitation by earthly birth—she has "trailed" after her, "not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness," from that common world of humanity from which she is now exiled. She will still know by touch a comb, an earring, the feel of her own fringe of hair. She will dwell fondly on these recognised objects, and play with the shells which she has thus picked up upon the shore of the ocean of truth.

Is it loss of will, of memory, from which she suffers? If no demand is made upon her, no stimulus applied, she will pass days in re-reading the same newspaper, re-knitting the same pattern, with no apparent desire for progress, nor outlook beyond the present hour. Sometimes indeed there will be "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things": "Is all this *true?*" said Marcelle at a concert;—"the music, the dances;—it seems not true, it must be a dream." The same patient, allowed to pass from the hospital ward into the garden, found her "shadowy recollections" too much for her peace. "Where am I? What is this?" she cried;—with "fallings from her, vanishings," she felt with anxious feet whether the earth was solid beneath her; and, "moving about in worlds not realised," her whole outlook merged into the dark.

Might not this tale be told, *mutato nomine*, of the whole race of mortal men? What assurance have we that from some point of higher vision we men are not as these shrunken and shadowed souls? Suppose that we had all been a community of hysterics; all of us together subject to these shifting losses of sensation, these inexplicable gaps of memory, these sudden defects and paralyses of movement and of will. Assuredly we should soon have argued that our actual powers

[1] See Janet, *op. cit.*, p. 18, &c. Charcot, Pitres, and many other observers have dwelt on the same phenomena; but here as elsewhere Janet's statement is the best from the psychological side.

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were all with which the human organism was or could be endowed. We should have thought it natural that nervous energy should only just suffice to keep attention fixed upon the action which at the moment we needed to perform. We should have pointed out that our lack of sensation over large tracts of the body rarely led to positive injury;—but by what means such injury was averted, by the action of what subjacent intelligence our skin was saved from steel or fire,—of this we should have been too contentedly ignorant even to ask the question. Nor, again, should we have been astonished at our capricious lack of power over our organisms, our intermittent defect of will. We should have held, and with some reason, that the mystery as to how our will could ever move any limb of our bodies was far greater than the mystery as to why certain limbs at certain moments failed to obey it. And as for defects of recollection;—is the reader inclined to think that the hysterical *memory* could never have been accepted as normal? That some guess of a more continuous consciousness, of an identity unmoved and stable beneath the tossing of the psychic storm, must needs have been suggested by all those strange interruptions?—by the lapses into other phases of personality, by the competing fields of reminiscence, by the clean sweep and blank destruction of great slices and cantles of the Past? I ask in turn how much of guess at an underlying continuity has been suggested, I do not say to the popular, but even to the scientific mind, by life broken as we know it now?—by our nightly lapses into a primitive phase of personality? by the competing fields of recollection which shift around the hypnotic trance? by the irrecoverable gaps in past existence when the sun's ray or the robber's bludgeon has struck too rudely on the skull?

Nay, if we had been a populace of hysterics we should have acquiesced in our hysteria. We should have pushed aside as a fantastic enthusiast the fellow sufferer who strove to tell us that this was not all that we were meant to be. As we now stand,—each one of us *totus, teres, atque rotundus* in his own esteem,—we see at least how cowardly would have been that contentment, how vast the ignored possibilities, the forgotten hope. Yet who assures us that even here and now we have developed into the full height and scope of our being? A moment comes when the most beclouded of these hysterics has a glimpse of the truth. A moment comes when, after a profound slumber, she wakes into an *instant clair*;—a flash of full perception, which shows her as solid vivid realities all that she has in her bewilderment been apprehending phantasmally as a dream. Ἐξ ὀνείρου δ'αἰτίκα—Ἦν ὖπαϛ. Is there for us also any possibility of a like resurrection into reality and day? Is there for us any sleep so deep that waking from it after the likeness of perfect man we shall be satisfied; and shall see face to face; and shall know even as also we are known?

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Chapter VII.

Motor Automatism.

The phenomena of hysteria which we discussed in the last chapter were perhaps in themselves strange to many of my readers. Still stranger must have been the hypothesis proposed for their explanation, and assuming them under the general theory of personality which these chapters set forth. Yet neither the phenomena themselves (attested, indeed, by leading medical authorities), nor the theory suggested could be said to transcend known laws in the same way as any form of thought-transference, for instance, transcends them. The "messages" which I described as passing between one stratum and another of the hysterical personality were purely *internuntiative*, and not *telepathic*. Their whole course, that is to say, lay within the individual himself; they transmitted the command or the information from one part of that individual's intelligence to another; but they did not involve any supernormal communication of ideas from an extraneous mind. Such supernormal element as hysteria does contain is of a different order; it consists in indications of powers beyond what I have called the "red end" of the conscious spectrum,—of potent influences exerted over organic processes by the apparently random orders of the dreaming or distracted hypnotic self.

In the motor messages to which we are now proceeding, on the other hand,—just as in the sensory messages discussed in Chapter V.,—the main interest lies in the *original source* of the message which in some way reaches the automatist's subliminal self, and is thence transferred to his supraliminal perception.

And to these definite telepathic motor messages the vaguer internuntiative, organic messages of hysteria, just discussed, as well as those of hypnotic suggestion, discussed in Chapter II., form a kind of approach or introduction. They form such an introduction, I say, more naturally to motor than to sensory messages; for although the sensory messages also—spontaneous hallucinations, crystal-vision and the like—are presumably themselves also based upon and developed from obscure organic conditions, yet the fact of such development is more obvious, as we shall presently see, with messages which, like those with which we shall deal in this chapter, often involve a considerable amount of varied organic disturbance, from which the definite verbal or written message issues at last as the final product towards which those less specialised efforts have been confusedly tending.

Our first inquiry, therefore, will naturally be: Are there messages which conform to the same general type as those hypnotic, those hysteric messages, but which differ in containing a telepathic or a clairvoyant element?

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The reader well knows what reply we have to make to this question. The intermixture of telepathic phenomena in the phenomena of hypnotism has been one of our most constant themes of discussion. And the telepathic phenomena thus observed have often been of that comparatively vague organic kind with which we are at this moment specially concerned. Thus the sensory messages conveyed telepathically to the hypnotised subject have not belonged only to the higher, exacter senses of sight and hearing. They have included—from the time of Elliotson and Esdaile onwards—impressions made on the less definite or intellectual senses of taste, smell, temperature, contact and pain. And there have been motor messages also;—especially that deep-seated, pervading form of motor message which consists (as of old in H. S. Thompson's cases) in an impulse to rush to the distant hypnotiser. Without repeating what has been so often narrated, the reader may be reminded that at this special point of our scheme we have much corroborative matter to introduce.

If, then, hypnotic phenomena have proved thus fruitful in telepathic incident, can we say the same of hysteria? Hysterical disturbance mainly affects the *infra-red* spectrum; does it ever affect the *ultra-violet* spectrum as well?

The answer to this question is still doubtful. It is only in France that there is enough of experiment with hysterics to promise an answer, and one series of French experiments, which seemed at one time to afford an affirmative answer, is not, in my view, sufficiently confirmed. I allude to the supposed transference of hysterical symptoms, by aid of the magnet, from one patient to another, as often demonstrated by Dr. Babinski at the Salpêtrière, and kindly shown by him to the late Edmund Gurney and myself. Inasmuch as these experiments, if valid, would precisely have suited my argument at this point, the reader will probably not demand from me a long account of my reasons for awaiting their further confirmation.

Apart from these doubtful phenomena there seems little reason to think that hysteria, as apart from hypnotisability, exerts a specially favouring effect on telepathic phenomena. Some few hysterics (as the "Madame B." of the Havre experiments) who have been very constantly hypnotised, have become excellent subjects, but it is not clear that healthy persons, if similarly trained, might not have given like results.

A converse question is of considerable interest. Even if hysterics show no special aptitude for transmitting ordinary telepathic messages, do healthy telepathic agents show any power of transmitting hysterical phenomena? This is in fact the question at the root of *sorcery*. Gurney has already shown that such phenomena of witchcraft as have any real first-hand evidence to support them are explicable by hysteria,

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hypnotic suggestion and self-suggestion. While dealing mainly with the most striking point—the effect of self-suggested hallucinations upon the witch herself,—he remarks also that "if we bear in mind the prevalent belief that the witch commanded the full powers of the devil, we need not refuse to connect the threats and angry words of unpopular old women with a certain proportion, at any rate, of the illnesses which are so freely testified to as having soon after supervened."[1] We may expand this sentence, perhaps, by saying that the witch induced hypnosis in herself and hysteria in her neighbours. There is something indeed in the *wasting* of the bewitched person—apparently progressive, and then suddenly mending—which strongly suggests the now familiar hysterical malady of "pseudo-tabes."

> Limus ut hic durescit et hæc ut cera liquescit
> Uno eodemque igni; sic nostro Daphnis amore.

Could we better describe the intercurrent spasm and paresis of that phantom affection? the threatened death, yet the rapid disappearance under the influence of pleasurable shock?

But the incantations of the Pharmaceutria—unlike the face to face cursing of which Gurney speaks—were intended to take effect *telepathically*. Is there any evidence for such action? any evidence, that is to say, that there can be a telepathic projection into other minds not only of our harmless pictures of Queens of Hearts or of hippopotami, but of such impulses as may generate in the percipient some of those hysterical symptoms which we know to be generated with such disastrous ease by the unconscious self-suggestion of the hysteric's own unstable being? If this be so, we should have something like an explanation for many tales of mediæval sorcery and of the so-called "black magic" about which so much nonsense is still occasionally written. Nor is there any obvious reason why this should not sometimes occur; why a telepathic impulse should not sometimes be felt by the percipient as an obsessing presence, a disintegrating intrusion into a sensitive mind. I can only say that we have not as yet met with any well-attested case of this type; and that, on the other hand, we have heard various statements of telepathic persecution which we felt bound to rank as examples of a not uncommon class of insane delusions. It was, therefore, with surprise as well as interest that we received some years ago from Dr. Gibotteau (known to Professor Richet) the record (since published at greater length in the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*) of certain experiments made partly by himself, but chiefly under his supervision, by a woman,—ignorant indeed of most other arts—but trained (as she said) in sorcery by her mother, in a village in Normandy. This woman was willing to communicate her hereditary artifices,

[1] *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 182.

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which turn out to be precisely such as our knowledge of other telepathic experiments might have led us to anticipate. I have already quoted (*Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 466) some of Berthe's doings. I add some accounts, mainly of motor disturbances, akin to those of hysteria, and generated, as Dr. Gibotteau believes, by Berthe's telepathic action,—although the limits of suggestion and self-suggestion are in some cases hard to define.

M. 57.—"Passive telepathy," says Dr. Gibotteau,[1] "the *rôle* of percipient, was not a marked feature in Berthe's case; and it was generally by an exercise of will that she arrived at it. I do not remember that she ever became spontaneously aware of any action performed by me. More commonly she would seek and listen. Sometimes she mentally followed the track of her subject; sometimes she watched a place where she supposed that he must pass; and from this ambush, as it were, she seized him as he went by. For example, she had resolved to prevent me from walking up the Boulevard St. Michel, towards the Observatory,—a street by which I do not often pass. Seldom have I passed that way without feeling her presence, and a resistance which took two quite different forms. Sometimes I felt an unusual feebleness in my legs, which seemed paralysed. It was as though I had been carrying on my shoulders a weight too heavy for me. If I turned to walk the other way, I felt myself light and free. At other times I had a certain difficulty in moving forwards, as if I had been struggling against a strong wind, or rather against a current of water which reached to my middle, for the sensation was confined to the legs. I amused myself by observing this effect, which I quite understood to proceed from Berthe. If I turned the other way, the opposite effect followed; the imaginary current seemed to drag me towards the Seine, and I had difficulty in preventing myself from running.

"Berthe's other method of influencing me was mentally to explore a place—my own room, for instance, and thus somehow to discover whether I was there. This at last became very tiresome. When I wished that she should leave me alone I deceived her by the following artifice. I took the homeward route in the evening, *summoning* her strongly, and as soon as she mentally *replied* I continued my route in imagination, picturing to myself one point in it after another. I fancied myself entering my house, mounting the staircase, and going to bed and to sleep. Then I suddenly *broke contact* with her, and continued my real walk in another direction. It will be understood that in the absence of notes I cannot now give precise details, but all these facts stood out clearly enough at the time. I ought to add that she by no means always succeeded; nor did she always tell the truth, being given to boast about her powers of this kind. Nevertheless, the kind of *surveillance* which I felt hanging over me for the space of two months was, perhaps, the most interesting to me among all Berthe's phenomena.

"My friend L. on one and the same evening both imposed upon Berthe, and received from her, a sensation of this kind. After a single sitting with her he endeavoured to prevent her from returning home, at about 11 p.m., and to make her take a road which led her away from her lodgings into a solitary

[1] *Annales*, September and October, 1892, p. 259, &c. (abridged).

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quarter. He felt as if he had succeeded in this; and indeed he had succeeded, as Berthe told us next day that she had been astonished to find herself far from her lodging and her right road. But she took her revenge at once. L., on leaving me, went after a time to his club, at about midnight. He was there watching the play, when suddenly he felt a foreign influence; everything became distasteful to him; he only stayed a few minutes, and went home almost at a run. Next morning he told me of this experience, and said he was sure that it was Berthe who had made him thus suddenly change his mind. And Berthe afterwards gave me the same account, boasting that she had made him change his mind.

"Another time Berthe taught me how one ought to proceed in order to make a person fall down. The method is thoroughly logical. First you must get to know him, talk to him, impress him as much as you can, and make him afraid of you. When he is in the street you follow behind him and imitate his walk as closely as you can, *charging* him all the time. (This was the word she used for the process, to her quite familiar, of mentally possessing herself of someone's thoughts, and slightly hypnotising him.) Then you must see a string stretched across the road a few steps in front of him. You follow the movements of your victim, and then, at the moment when he reaches the imaginary string, you yourself intentionally stumble, and the poor man is forced to tumble down.[1]

"We had," he continues, "been having a *séance* with Berthe; and we prolonged it in an open carriage, where she sat between P. and myself. It was a summer evening, near midnight, in the Quartier des Invalides. Before entering the carriage I said to Berthe: 'Since you say that you know how to do it, try and make M. P. lose his sense of direction, so that he may imagine that he is turning his back on the direction in which he is really going. Wait to do this until I give you a sign.' At a certain moment I gave her the sign; and after a few moments P. said to me, 'I feel very odd; everything round me seems turning, and I feel sick; it is just as if I was sea-sick.'

"Nothing further occurred, so the hallucination remained incomplete. P. is entirely ignorant of medicine; he knows nothing of the sense of direction, or of the intimate connection which exists between a disturbance of this sense and the special discomforts of which he complained. One could hardly have a better proof of the reality of Berthe's action, or a better commentary on the power of causing the victim to lose his way, so often attributed to sorcerers of every country."

The production of sleep at a distance is, among the phenomena which we have already discussed, that which bears the closest resemblance to these unholy tricks.

What the exact mechanism of *sommeil à distance* may be we do not know. We do not know whether all telepathic transmissions are of the same type; nor whether the typical transmission is to be regarded as a physical transmission. On this point M. Gibotteau's experiments are of interest:—

[1] *Annales*, Sept., Oct., 1892, p. 258.

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M. 58.—"I had been reading the account of the experiments with Mme. B. (Léonie) at Havre. I asked Berthe one day, 'Can you manage sleep at a distance?' 'Certainly,' said she, 'it is not difficult; I have done it often with [an experimenter whose name I forget].' 'Well then, look out, some time to-day I will send you to sleep.' After lunching at the hospital-officers' hall I asked a colleague to choose an hour for me at random. The hour chosen was, I think, 2.30. When that hour came I walked up and down in the corridor, at least 300 yards from the hall, mentally ordering Berthe to go to sleep, as if I had been close to her. After ten minutes, it seemed to me, I cannot say why, that I had succeeded. I walked back to the window of the *crèche*, where Berthe was, and looked in. She was asleep. I entered. They told me that she had been asleep for ten minutes or so. She had lain down, and they had seen her go to sleep. It was her ordinary somnambulistic sleep—a sleep into which she sometimes fell spontaneously. I repeated the experiment a great number of times, always choosing an hour at random. I almost always succeeded, with occasional failures when she was occupied in talking, or when I lacked patience. I observed that a prolonged effort was necessary for success. It did not seem that I merely supplied a signal at which she voluntarily sent herself to sleep; but rather the sleep itself seemed an effect directly and laboriously produced by my will. I have had the same feeling in sending other subjects to sleep from a distance.

"I tried further experiments; I used to succeed pretty well in making Berthe come from the *crèche* to the hall at my mental order. In these cases she went to sleep first and moved forward totteringly, her eyes ecstatically fixed. Unknown to me the head nurse forbade her to enter the hall. She then used to walk into the garden and come up to the window nearest to where I was at work. I tried to send her to sleep at greater distances; for example, from my own lodgings in the *Rue des Ecoles*, &c. The results were less good, but still encouraging."

It is certainly satisfactory that among the very few efforts which, so far as we know, have been made to repeat our Havre experiments one series should have been thus successful. It is to be regretted, however, that even an inquirer so active and so fertile in expedients as Dr. Gibotteau should have neglected that accurate and immediate registration which experiments of this kind so manifestly need.

And as regards those other and more novel experiments of Dr. Gibotteau's they do certainly seem to afford us sporadic examples of just the kind which our series needs. If correctly described, they show telepathic affections (1) of the motor system generally, (2) of the centres for vertigo and nausea. Our argument needs both. We want to be able to point to vague motor affections, from which our more definite motor affections of hand or throat may be developed or specialised. And we want as many miscellaneous organic effects of telepathy as possible;—instances of its action on special sensibilities, on the vaso-motor,

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circulatory, respiratory systems, &c.[1] We may well conjecture that the telepathic impact may affect some sensitive internal organs,—*la vessie, ce miroir de l'âme*,—and so forth. We have had at any rate some telepathic cases of deep cœnesthetic disturbance, of a profound malaise which must, one would think, have involved some abnormal condition of the viscera. In Gurney's collection of "emotional and motor effects" (*Phantasms of the Living*, Vol I., Chap. VII.), we find such phrases as "a cloud of calamity which was almost a physical feeling," "deep depression," "a dreadful feeling of illness and faintness, and I felt that I was dying," "dreadful trembling with prostration," "trembling, with no apparent cause whatever," "conviction that I should die that night," and so forth. And we have, moreover, the definite vaso-motor phenomenon of sudden *weeping*, which in one case (*op. cit.*, p. 275) is described as "hysterics" by a lady who "never experienced a similar feeling." This attack corresponded exactly with the sudden death of a father at a distance. We must hardly press her phrase as implying more than a sudden, uncontrollable, unmotived fit of weeping, though it would, of course, be specially interesting if we could find definite hysterical symptoms originated by a telepathic shock. Another informant (p. 277) speaks of an "extraordinary state of depression and restlessness; a violent fit of weeping, a thing quite alien to my character," as coinciding with the sudden illness and delirium of a distant husband.

Along with these emotional or vaso-motor cases, Gurney gives some narratives of pervading motor impulse,—"a sense of being wanted—an impulse to go somewhere or do something." It is, of course, not easy to get a motor impulse quite clear of intellectual impression; since if (for instance) a man feels a strong impulse to go home he probably also has a strong impression that some of his family are ill. In at least one case, however, that of Major Kobbé (p. 288), the percipient is prompted to visit a distant cemetery, without any conscious reason, and there finds his father;—who had in fact, for certain quite unexpected reasons, sent to his son, Major Kobbé, a request to meet him there at that hour; a request which Major Kobbé had never received.

I add a case where the *object* of the motor impulse was perfectly well known, but where, nevertheless, the motor impulse itself is described as the vivid and controlling element.

IMPRESSIONS FROM A DISTANCE. BY REV. C. BADGER, HARVARD LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

L. 957.

Two cases my experience has met in which I must recognise powerful

[1] Dr. Purdon, now of Florida, has endeavoured to show by sphygmographic tracings the influence of an agent's thought in bringing a percipient's pulse to the same rhythm. His tracings may be seen in the rooms of the S.P.R., but are too few to be convincing without further corroboration.

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impressions from a distance, even if one also indicated that "coming events cast a shadow before."

CASE 1.

In the summer of 1859 (I being twenty-six years of age), she whom I was about to marry was to arrive by steamer, after two years' absence in Europe, at New York.

The steamer was due at 12m. on Saturday, July 2nd. I had engaged to preach in New York on Sunday the 3rd, and I was somewhat amazed when Saturday's sunset came, and only the word from Sandy Hook, "no signs yet of the *Vanderbilt*." I feared the steamer might come in during the forenoon while I should be detained in the pulpit. Late at night I went several miles up town to my lodging-house, having been officially assured that, late as it then was, with no tidings, the steamer could not possibly get in before 12m. on Sunday. That assurance was perfect in my mind and gave me great satisfaction and I fell asleep.

After a quiet night, I suddenly woke, soon after six a.m., finding myself spring out of bed, exclaiming, "She's in, she's in!" It was not a question I was discussing. It was fully settled; there was not a shadow of doubt in my mind; and I began dressing with all conceivable rapidity to fly to meet her. I was alone. Anybody with me would have deemed me as good as insane, so eager and confident was my assurance. I rushed out of the house, across, some distance, to Broadway, and took the down town omnibus. Wholly alone, I had time to reflect on the ridiculousness of my conduct. My faith in my impression was somewhat shaken by the long shaking in the slow 'bus before we reached the Astor House about 7.30 a.m. I rushed in, however, asking at the desk, "Any news of the *Vanderbilt?*" "She's coming up the Bay, sir," answered the clerk, and I rushed out with fresh speed, moved quickly over the intervening mile, sped down the long pier, and leapt on board just as she drew up to the dock—not pausing an instant in my eager movement, and being the first to board her from the pier. A moment later, I stood quietly leaning against the jamb of the upper cabin door, gazing upon her whom I sought, who sat before me conversing with a friend, not being aware that the steamer had drawn up to the dock, and by no means expecting to see anybody she knew so early in the day.

I consider this a case of immediate *agnition*, or perception not attained by any process of unconscious reasoning during sleep. My active mind had previously scrutinised the facts, weighed all the probabilities, and fully settled the conviction so far as *cognition* could, that the *Vanderbilt*, under the then present conditions of weather, &c., could not reach her dock before 12m. on Sunday.

The two following cases, in both of which the same percipient was concerned, come to us through the American Branch of the Society. In the first, the conscious desire of the agent seems to have been the predetermining cause of the percipient's impression.

L. 877. A^{e} P^{n} Motor Impulse.

The percipient, Mrs. Hadselle, writes to Mr. Hodgson as follows:—

28, Bradford-street, Pittsfield, Mass., *May 28th*, 1888.

"Less than two years ago a curious thing happened to me. I had been

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in Wash. Co., N.Y., giving half a dozen readings, and was on my way to Williamstown, where I had spent a part of the summer, and where much of my worldly goods, in the shape of wearing apparel, was safely stowed in my room at the 'Mansion House.' With ticket purchased, I was serenely seated in the car, 'box, bundle and bag' beside me, the conductor's 'All aboard' was at that instant in my ears, when I sprang to my feet with the force of an inward command, 'Change your ticket and go to Elizabeth (N.J.). *Change your ticket and go to Elizabeth. Change your——'* Here a gentleman in the opposite seat—an utter stranger—rose and said: 'Madam, have you forgotten something, can I help you?' I said: 'Do you think the train will wait for me to change my ticket?' For there appeared to be no alternative. As I spoke I moved towards the platform; he followed, and seeing that the office was but a few steps distant said: 'Go, I'll see that you are not left.' I did go, and in a moment more was on my way to Elizabeth, *though I had not before even thought of such a thing.* Next morning, on reaching my friend's house, she threw her arms about me and sobbed out: 'Oh, I have wanted you so.' Then she led me to a room where an only and beloved sister lay in life's last battle. In an hour it was ended.

"My poor grief-stricken friend declared then—declares now—that my sudden change of purpose was a direct answer to her repeated though unspoken demand for my presence. And who shall say it was not? I wish to add that while I had learned by letter of the sister's illness of a chronic disorder, I did not suppose her case hopeless; indeed, from the fact that no tidings had reached me lately, was hoping that she was on the road to recovery, and had I been questioned concerning her that 10th of November, 1886, should have replied confidently, 'She will without doubt last through the winter.' My friend, by the way, is, much more than I, a believer in psychical phenomena.

"(Signed) C. A. C. HADSELLE."

Mr. Hodgson writes:—

"Mrs. G.—the friend referred to—has sent me her corroboration, dated March 5th, 1890. The date of the incident, she states, was November 11th, 1886. She says:—

"'I had not expected Mrs. H.; did not at that time know where she was, so could not have summoned her had I wished to do so,—but in my trouble there grew upon me a great desire for her presence, and I said many times, "If she would only come. If she were only here."'

"'My sister's failure at the last was somewhat rapid, but of this Mrs. H. knew nothing, and when she told me of her sudden change of purpose, hundreds of miles away, I said: "The impulse was sent you in answer to my wish," or words to that effect."'

The gentleman who helped Mrs. Hadselle to change her ticket, the Rev. James Wilson, then of Greenwich, N.Y., writes in answer to Mr. Hodgson's inquiries:—

March 20th, 1890.

I recollect the circumstance of "assisting a lady" at Greenwich ticket office, who exchanged her ticket at the last moment, because of a change of purpose; and it was in November, 1886. She sent me a few lines afterwards,

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detailing certain facts touching a sick friend at the point of her destination —not clearly recalled at this moment.

J. T. WILSON.

L. 878. Ae Pn Impression.

Mrs. Hadselle sent at the same time another narrative, of which she said :—

"I send you with this a bit of experience which I had years ago—so long ago, indeed, as the time Dr. Holland edited the *Springfield Republican*. He wrote me that the 'Warning' was copied from Maine to California, and that he received many letters asking if it was authentic. To this he could safely reply, as I was an old-time contributor to that and other leading journals. A local paper lately copied it. Many of the then witnesses have, with Dr. Holland and my darling 'Eddie' (Kleber Loomis Hadselle), gone over to the 'great majority,' but there are several still living who remember the episode, and no one of my acquaintances doubts or thinks the sketch overdrawn.

"The account is taken from the *Berkshire County Eagle*, May 10th, 1888, Pittsfield, Mass., and is there headed 'The Unspoken Warning—A Mother's Experience.' As above implied, the account itself is nearly contemporary with the incident, being here quoted from a *reprint*, which the author accepts as correct :—

"One bitter cold day in winter a merry party of us, nestled down under furry robes, went to meet an appointment with a friend living a few miles distant, with whom we were to spend the afternoon and in the evening attend a concert to be held near by. The sleighing was delightful, the air keen and inspiriting, the host and hostess genial as the crackling fires in the grates, and the invited guests, of whom there were many besides ourselves, in that peculiar visiting trim which only old-time friends, long parted, can enjoy. Restraint was thrown aside ; we cracked jokes ; we chattered like magpies, and not a little of the coming concert, which promised a rare treat to our unsophisticated ears. All went merry as a marriage bell, and merrier than some, till just before tea, when I was seized with a sudden and unaccountable desire to go home, accompanied by a dread or fear of something, I knew not what, which made the return appear, not a matter of choice, but a thing imperative. I tried to reason it away, to revive anticipations of the concert; I thought of the disappointment it would be to those who came with me to give it up, and running over in my mind the condition in which things were left at home, could find no ground for alarm.

"For many years a part of the house had been rented to a trusty family ; our children were often rocked in the same cradle, and half of the time ate at the same table ; locks and bolts were things unused, and in deed as in word we were neighbours. In their care had been left a boy of ten years, the only one of the family remaining at home, who knew that when he returned from school he was expected to bring in wood and kindlings for the morning fire, take supper alone, or with little Clara E., as he chose, and otherwise pass the time as he pleased, only that he must not go into the street to play, or on to the pond to skate. He had been left many times in this way, and had never given occasion for the slightest uneasiness ; still, as this nameless fear grew upon me, it took the form of a conviction that danger of some sort threatened this beloved child.

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"I was rising to go and ask Mr. A. to take me home, when someone said, 'You are very pale; are you ill?' 'No,' I answered, and dropping back in the chair, told them how strangely I had been exercised for the last few minutes; adding, 'I really must go home.' There was a perfect chorus of voices against it, and for a little time I was silenced, though not convinced. Someone laid the matter before Mr. A., who replied, "Nonsense; Eddie is a good boy to mind, will do nothing in our absence that he would not do if we were there, and is enjoying himself well at this moment, I'll warrant.' This answer was brought to me in triumph, and I resolved to do as they said, 'not to think about it.' But at tea my trembling hand almost refused to carry food to my lips, and I found it utterly impossible to swallow a mouthful. A death-like chill crept over me, and I knew that every eye was on me as I left the room. Mr. A. rose, saying in a changed voice and without ceremony, 'Make haste; bring the horse round, we must go right away. I never saw her in such a state before; there is something in it.' He followed me to the parlour, but before he could speak I was pleading as for dear life that not a moment be lost in starting for home. 'I know,' said I, 'it is not all imagination, and whether it is or not I shall certainly die, if this dreadful incubus is not removed shortly.'

"All was now confusion; the tea-table deserted, the meal scarce tasted; and my friends, alarmed as much at my looks as at my words, were as anxious to hurry me off as they had been before to detain me. To me those terrible moments seemed hours, yet I am assured that not more than half an hour elapsed from the time my fears first found expression before we were on the road toward home. A horse somewhat noted for fleetness was before us, and with only two in the cutter—the rest stayed to concert, and made Mr. A. promise that if nothing had happened we would return—went over the road at a rapid pace. I knew from the frequent repetition of a peculiar signal that the beast was being urged to his best, yet I grew sick with impatience at the restraint. I wanted to fly. All this while my fears had taken no definite shape. I only knew that the child was in danger, and felt impelled to hurry to the rescue. Only once was the silence broken in that three-mile journey, and that was when the house was in full view. I said, 'Thank God, the house is not on fire.' 'That was my own thought,' said Mr. A., but there was no slackening of speed.

"On nearing home a cheerful light was glimmering from Mrs. E.'s window; before the vehicle had fairly stopped we were clear of it, and opening the door, said in the same breath, 'Where's Eddie?' 'Eddie? why, he was here a little while ago,' answered Mrs. E., pleasantly striving to dissipate the alarm she saw written on our countenances. 'He ate supper with the children, and played awhile at marbles; then spoke of Libby Rose having a new picture book, and that he wanted to see it. You'll find him over there.' With swift steps Mr. A. crossed the street to the place mentioned, but returned with 'He has not been there.' Eddie was remarkably fond of skating, and my next thought was that he had been tempted to disobedience. I said calmly, 'We will go to the pond.' I was perfectly collected; I could have worked all night without fatigue with the nerves in that state of tension; but Mr. A. said, 'No, you must go in and lie down. Eddie is safe

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enough, somewhere about the village. I'll go and find him.' But there was nothing in the tone as in the words to reassure me.

"As he spoke he crossed the hall to our own room and turned the knob. The door was locked. What could that mean? Eddie was either on the inside or had taken the key away with him. Mr. A. ran round to a window with a broken spring which could be opened from the outside. It went up with a clang, but a dense volume of smoke drove him back. After an instant another attempt was made, and this time, on a lounge directly under the window, he stumbled on the insensible form of little Eddie, smothered in smoke. Limp and apparently lifeless, he was borne into the fresh cold air, and after some rough handling was restored to consciousness.

"Eddie said, on returning from school, he made a good fire, and as the wood was snowy thought he would put it in the oven to dry; something he had never done before. Then on leaving Mrs. E.'s room he went in for an apple before going to see Libby Rose's picture book, and it seemed so nice and warm he thought he would lie down awhile. He could give no explanation as to what prompted him to turn the key: it was the first and last time; but this could have made no difference in the result, for no one would have discovered the smoke in time to save his life. The wood in the oven was burned to ashes, but as the doors were closed there was no danger of falling embers setting the house on fire; and had we stayed to the concert everything would have been as when we left, except that little Eddie's voice would never more have made music for our ears. Everyone said that with a delay of five or even three minutes we should have been too late.

(Signed) "MRS. C. A. C. HADSELLE."

In reply to inquiries, Mrs. Hadselle informed Mr. Hodgson that the event took place about 1854, Eddie being then nine or ten years old. Mr. A. is no longer living, but the lady at whose house the party met, on being asked by Mrs. Hadselle what she could remember of the circumstances, wrote:—

Albany, N.Y., *January 6th*, 1891.

"I remember distinctly the incident described by Mrs. Hadselle in her sketch, 'An Unspoken Warning.' It was at my house that the little party gathered for the old-fashion afternoon visit and tea. I remember well her strange condition, arising from anxiety over the child, which had been left at home. The statement made by her I believe to be true.

"M. W. ROGERS."

These cases show in intimate connection general malaise, motor impulse, and auditory hallucination. In the case next to be cited, Lady de Vesci described to me in conversation a similar malaise, defining itself into the urgent need of action,—namely, of sending a greeting to the friend then dying at the other side of the world. Such an impulse was unique in her experience.

May 24th, 1891.

L. 885.

"Madame X. was a very remarkable woman, and I was most deeply attached to her. She had had great troubles and difficulties in her life, an unhappy marriage, and two sons who were entirely educated by her.

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When they came to London as clerks in the City she followed them to make a home for them there; but as one was soon sent out to work at Hong-Kong and the other to a business at Bahia, she sought employment for herself in London and came to us as governess in 1864. In 1869 she became ill, and spent the winter alone at Bournemouth. She and I wrote constantly to each other, and when she moved to Norwood for the summer of 1870 my eldest brother and I went often to spend long afternoons with her. He died that summer, and although she had not left her sofa for months she came at once to see me when she heard of our great sorrow; the doctor said he had never seen such an indomitable spirit as she showed through her illness, and when in the spring of 1871 Sir J. Burrows told her that she had not many months to live she resolved to go out to Hong-Kong and see her eldest son once more. It was not thought that she would survive the voyage. Our deep love for each other was unchangeable, and this final farewell was a great grief to us both. She reached Hong-Kong and spent the last 18 months of her life with her son there. I heard from her by every mail.

"In 1872 I married, and shortly afterwards we were quartered at the Curragh. It was from there that I sent the telegram which she received less than 24 hours before her death. Until 2 years ago I had in my possession a few faint lines written by her on blue foreign paper, saying she had received my message and that her 'fever dreams' were filled with memories of our happy days together at Cannes and elsewhere. Her son is now dead. He came to see me in '76 and told me that my telegram had made his mother very happy.

"The impulse that made me communicate with her on that particular day was a very strong one. It came to me suddenly and not in consequence of any increased anxiety from news received. On the contrary, the accounts were quite satisfactory. I had heard from her by the mail a few days before. I asked my husband to go with me to the Curragh Post-office, as I wished to find out the cost of a telegram to China, and he accompanied me to the Post-office and we were told it would cost £5 to send 12 words or so, I think. I at once wrote and sent the message containing a few words of loving greeting. These words she received and acknowledged only a few hours before her death. EVELYN DE VESCI."

Lord de Vesci adds:—

"I certify that the account given by Lady de Vesci is correct and accurate.
"DE VESCI."

June 2nd, 1891.

This special sensibility to the *motor* element in an impulse recalls to us the special susceptibilities to different forms of hallucination or suggestion shown by different hypnotic subjects. Some can be made to see, some to hear, some to act out the conception proposed to them. In a recent paper[1] Dr. Bérillon has even shown that certain subjects who seem at first quite refractory to hypnotisation are nevertheless at once obedient, even in the waking state, to a motor suggestion. This was the case both with a very strong man, with weak men and

[1] *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, March, 1893, p. 268.

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women, and with at least one subject actually suffering from locomotor ataxy. It would seem, then, that sometimes a *loss* of motor control may predispose to motor suggestibility. On the other hand, a specially well-developed motor control may predispose in a similar way ;—as for instance, the subject who can sing already is more easily made to sing by suggestion. We must, then, await further observations before we can pretend to say beforehand with which automatist the messages will take a sensory, and with which a motor form.

Still less can we explain the special predisposition of each experimenter to one or more of the common kinds of motor automatism, —as automatic speech, automatic writing, table movements, raps, and so forth. These forms of message may themselves be variously combined ; and the contents of a message of any one of these kinds may be purely dream-like and fantastic, or may be veridical in various ways.

Let us enumerate the modes of subliminal motor message as nearly as we can in order of their increasing specialisation.

1. We may place first the massive motor impulses (like Major Kobbé's) of which mention has already been made, and which mark a kind of transition between cœnesthetic affections and motor impulses proper. There was here no impulse to special movement of any limb ; but an impulse to reach a certain place by ordinary methods.

2. Next, perhaps, in order of specialisation come the simple subliminal muscular impulses which give rise to table-tilting and similar phenomena.

3. Musical execution, subliminally initiated, might theoretically be placed next ; although definite evidence of this is hard to obtain, since the threshold of consciousness with musical performers is notoriously apt to be shifting and indefinite. ("When in doubt, play with your fingers, and not with your head.")[1]

4. Next we may place automatic drawing and painting. This curious group of messages has but seldom a telepathic content, and may be better considered hereafter in connection with other non-telepathic forms of subliminal faculty.

5. Next comes automatic writing, on which much has been said in previous papers, and much remains to be said here.

6. Automatic *speech*, which would not seem to be *per se* a more developed form of motor message than automatic script, is often accompanied by profound changes of memory or of personality which raise the question of "inspiration" or "possession" ;—for the two words, however different their theological import, mean much the same

[1] The often-cited case of "Blind Tom" (a semi-idiotic negro of extraordinary musical gift) will be better dealt with later in connection with the phenomena of trance.

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thing from the standpoint of experimental psychology. Much has been said on this subject in connection with Mrs. Piper's trances; and since those trances still continue it is hoped that the topic may be dealt with again before long.

7. I must conclude my list with a class of motor phenomena which I shall in this present paper merely record in passing, without attempting any explanation. I allude to raps, and to those telekinetic movements of objects whose real existence is still matter of controversy.

Comparing this list of motor automatisms with the sensory automatisms enumerated in Chap. V., we shall find a certain general tendency running through each alike. The sensory automatisms began with vague unspecialised sensations. They then passed through a phase of definition, of specialisation on the lines of the known senses. And finally they reached a stage beyond these habitual forms of specialisation:—beyond them, as of wider reach, and including in an apparently unanalysable act of perception a completer truth than any of our specialised forms of perception could by itself convey. With motor messages, too, we begin with something of similar vagueness. They, too, develop from modifications of the percipient's general organic condition, or cœnesthesia; and the first dim telepathic sense apparently hesitates between several channels of expression. They then pass through various definitely specialised forms; and finally, as we shall see when automatic script is considered, they, too, merge into an unanalysable act of cognition in which the motor element of the message has disappeared.

But these motor messages point also in two other even more perplexing directions. They lead, as I have said above, towards the old idea of *possession*;—using the word no longer in an unfavourable sense, but simply as an expression for some form of temporary manifestation of two veritably distinct and alien personalities through the self-same physical organism. And they appear to lead also to another class of phenomena in which (just as in "possession") the influence at work, instead of becoming more and more identified with the automatist's conscious thought, appears to become more and more markedly distinguished from it. I allude to *telekinesis*, or *hyperboulia*, or whatever name we may decide to give to effects apparently exercised in the automatist's presence, but not through his normal agency, upon the physical world.

These two last named topics, so-called "possession," and so-called "telekinetic phenomena," although unavoidably mentioned here, must be reserved for fuller description in a subsequent chapter. It will be enough for the present to consider motor messages as running parallel to sensory messages;—as covering much the same ground, and pre-

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senting the old problems as to their source and initiation in an instructively different light.

I will, then, briefly recount what seem to be the conceivable origins of written and other messages,—which messages, be it said, usually profess, with more or less insistence, to come from some departed spirit. Such assertion is no proof; and judging by their definite contents alone, we may arrange the messages in the following classes.

A. In the first place, the message may come from the percipient's own mind; its contents being supplied from the resources of his ordinary memory, or of his more extensive subliminal memory; while the *dramatisation* of the message,—its assumption of some other mind as its source,—will resemble the dramatisations of dream or of hypnotic trance.

Of course the absence of facts unknown to the writer is not in itself a proof that the message does not come from some other mind. We cannot be sure that other minds, if they can communicate, will be at the pains to fill their messages with evidential facts. But, equally of course, a message devoid of such facts must not, on the strength of its mere assertions, be claimed as the product of any but the writer's own mind.

B. Next above the motor messages whose content the automatist's own mental resources might supply, we may place the messages whose content seems to be derived telepathically from the mind of some other person still living on earth; that person being either conscious or unconscious of transmitting the suggestion.

C. Next comes the possibility that the message may emanate from some unembodied intelligence of unknown type,—other, at any rate, than the intelligence of the alleged agent. Under this heading come the views which ascribe the messages on the one hand to "elementaries," or even devils, and on the other hand to "guides" or "guardians" of superhuman goodness and wisdom.

D. Finally we have the possibility that the message may be derived, in a more or less direct manner, from the mind of the agent,—the departed friend,—from whom the communication does actually claim to come.

Let us consider each of these possibilities in turn.

A. My main effort has naturally been thus far directed to the proof that there are messages which do *not* fall into this lowest class,—in which class most psychologists would still place them all. And I myself,—while reserving a certain small portion of the messages for my other classes,—do not only admit but assert that the great majority of such communications represent the subliminal workings of the automatist's mind alone. It does not, however, follow that such

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messages have for us no interest or novelty. On the contrary, they form an instructive, an indispensable transition from psychological introspection of the old-fashioned kind to the bolder methods on whose validity I am anxious to insist. The mind's subliminal action, as thus revealed, differs from the supraliminal in ways which no one anticipated, and which no one can explain. There seem to be subliminal tendencies setting steadily in certain obscure directions, and bearing as little relation to the individual characteristics of the person to the deeps of whose being we have somehow penetrated as profound ocean-currents bear to waves and winds on the surface of the sea.[1]

Is this indeed the drift of the *Zeitgeist*, as Professor James suggests, steady beneath the tossings and tumblings of individual man? Or is it something independent of age or season? Is there some pattern in the very fabric of our nature which begins to show whenever we scratch the glaze off the stuff?

All this may be better considered hereafter, apart from the evidential discussions with which this chapter must be mainly concerned.

Another point also, of fundamental importance, connected with the powers of the subliminal self, will be better deferred until a later chapter. I have said that a message containing only facts normally known to the automatist must not, on the strength of its mere assertions, be regarded as proceeding from any mind but his own. This seems evident; but the converse proposition is not equally indisputable. We must not take for granted that a message which *does* contain facts not normally known to the automatist must therefore come from some mind other than his own. If the subliminal self can acquire supernormal knowledge at all, it may obtain such knowledge by means other than telepathic impressions from other minds. It may assimilate its supernormal nutriment also by a directer process,—it may devour it not only cooked but raw. Parallel with the possibilities of reception of such knowledge from the influence of other embodied or disembodied minds lies the possibility of its own clairvoyant perception, or active

[1] See James's *Psychology*, Vol. I., p. 394: "One curious thing about trance utterances is their generic similarity in different individuals. . . . It seems exactly as if one author composed more than half of the trance messages, no matter by whom they were uttered. Whether all sub-conscious selves are peculiarly susceptible to a certain stratum of the *Zeitgeist*, and get their inspiration from it, I know not." See the account of automatic and impressional script, by Mr. Sidney Dean, which Professor James goes on to quote, and which is closely parallel to (for instance) Miss A.'s case, to be given below, although the one series of messages comes from the hand of a late member of Congress, "all his life a robust and active journalist, author, and man of affairs," and the other from a young lady with so different a history and *entourage*.

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absorption of some kind, of facts lying indefinitely beyond its supraliminal purview. This possibility must be kept in sight throughout; but our easiest plan will be to defer its discussion until we have, in this chapter, reviewed the evidence so far as it makes for the influence of different orders of mind external to the automatist.

B. We may proceed, therefore, to those motor messages which seem to indicate the telepathic influence upon the automatist of other still embodied minds. Messages of this kind have been dealt with at various stages of our past work. The transferences of *diagrams* of which we have from time to time given examples sometimes contained a motor as well as a visual element;—the percipient feeling an impulse to *draw*, as well as discerning a "mind's eye" sketch of the diagram on which the agent was gazing. Again, a case, contributed by Dr. Liébeault, where automatic writing announces the *death* of a distant person, is regarded by Gurney as a motor message transmitted in the last moments of the decedent's earth-life.[1] But our leading instance of this kind is undoubtedly the long series of communications between the Rev. P. H. and Mrs. Newnham, which we have already cited at so much length that I need not repeat them here.[2] These experiments, which date back to 1871 and whose contemporaneous written record is preserved in the archives of the S.P.R., must, I think, always retain their primacy as early and trustworthy examples of a telepathic transference where the percipient's automatic script answers questions penned by the agent in such a position that the percipient could not in any normal manner discern what those questions were. No part of our evidence seems to me more worthy of study than this.

In the Newnham case we have the advantage of seeing before us the entire series of questions and answers, and thus of satisfying ourselves that the misses (which in that case are very few) are marked as well as the hits, and consequently that the coincidences between question and answer are at any rate not the result of chance. In several other cases which I have known, where the good faith of the informants has been equally above question, the possibility of an explanation by chance alone has been a more important element in the problem. All our evidence has tended to show that the telepathic power itself is a variable thing; that it shows itself in flashes, for the most part spontaneously, and seldom persists through a series of deliberate experiments. And if an automatist possessing power of this uncertain kind has exercised it at irregular moments and with no scientific aim;—and has kept, moreover, no steady record of success and failure;—then it becomes difficult to say that even some brilliant coincidences afford cogent proof of

[1] *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 293.

[2] *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 63; *Proceedings*, S.P.R., Vol. III., p. 8.

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telepathic action. The case which I am about to cite presents these drawbacks; but it presents also positive points of interest and corroborations of memory quite sufficient, I think, to justify me in laying it before my readers as an example of telepathy acting—not just in the way in which we should like it to act, but in the way in which it apparently does act;—and with that strange intercurrence, moreover, which we so often find of something like clairvoyance and premonition mingling with the reflection of thoughts which pass through minds in *rapport* with the automatist's.

The following account, dated Thornes House, Wakefield, January 30th, 1893, is signed by Lady Mabel Howard; her husband, Mr. Henry Howard, of Greystoke Castle, Westmoreland, attesting the facts which lie within his cognisance. Some corroborations, and some comments of my own, are added in brackets.

M. Aut. 59.

"1. I began to write automatically every now and then when a young girl, as some relations of mine were in the habit of doing so. I do not, however, remember any of the messages until I was eighteen, when one day a girl friend asked me as a joke, 'Who wished to marry her?' My pencil wrote two initials which had no meaning for me. The girl was very angry, as though the writing implied that she was fated to marry this man. She told me nothing; but some years afterwards a man with these initials told me that he had wished to marry this lady at just that time." [The transference of an idea *latent* in the agent's mind—to the exclusion of the idea which he *wishes* to have transferred—is, of course, a frequent phenomenon in these experiments.]

"2. Some time after my marriage (1885) there was a burglary at Netherby Hall, in Cumberland, a few valuable jewels being stolen. The robbers were caught three or four days later, but the jewels were not found. Next Sunday [apparently November 1st, 1885, see below], I was asked by some friends to write where the jewels were. I wrote, 'In the river, under the bridge at Tebay.' This was very unlikely, and had never been suggested, so far as I know, by anyone. Everyone laughed at this; but the jewels were found there." [The Hon. Mrs. C. J. Cropper, of Tolson Hall, Kendal, corroborates as follows, in February, 1893: "We were staying at Greystoke just after the capture of the Netherby burglars, and some questions about the burglary were answered by Lady Mabel's pencil. I am *absolutely* certain that in answer to the question 'Where are the jewels?' the pencil wrote 'In the river.' I think that in answer to a further question it added 'Under the bridge,' but I am not so certain of this. I am perfectly certain that it went on to say that the fourth man, who never was caught, was then 'in Carlisle' and that it also gave his name. (The fourth man was some time after suspected to have been a *local* man.—M. H.) My husband, who was also present, is quite sure about the words 'under the bridge.'—Edith E. Cropper."]

[From the *Carlisle Express and Examiner*, October 31st, 1885, it appears that two of the burglars were captured at Tebay Station. The guard saw them

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conceal themselves in a truck, and telegraphed in advance for assistance. The third man escaped, but seems to have crept back to the train, for he was subsequently caught at Lancaster, as he was quickly making for a London train. It was not in the least known where the jewels were (a *fourth* man having got away), and the finding of the first jewel near Tebay Station, close to the water side (reported in same paper November 7th), was accidental. This discovery, of course, caused search to be made in the river, where the jewels were found "near the railway bridge," more than a month later. (Same paper, December 19th.) There can, I think, be no doubt that the writing was on November 1st. Lady Mabel Howard, writing from Lyulph's Tower, Penrith, May 5th, 1893, is quite certain of this: "It was immediately after the men were caught, and before any jewel at all was found. This all will assert—the Bullers, Croppers, my brother and husband—for all five of us were local people, and looking out for every fresh detail about it, and *only* the capture had taken place when the pencil wrote."]

"3. On the same night I wrote that my sister would be engaged to be married in September, 1887. At the end of September, 1887, she became engaged to a gentleman of whom there had been no idea at the time." [It is, of course, conceivable that the prediction, known to this lady, may have influenced the date of the event.]

"4. At nearly the same date some connections of mine who had let a house, the lease of which was expiring, were expecting to hear whether any damage had been done, but did not speak of any particular possibility. I wrote that nothing was injured except a particular table in a particular spot. Next day they heard that this particular table, and this alone, had been injured.

[Miss Buller corroborates and expands this statement as follows:—

"36, Green-street, Park-lane, W., *April 26th*, 1893.

"The following incident happened when I was staying at Greystoke more than a dozen years ago [discrepancy as to date], but I have often told the story since, and to the best of my recollection the facts were these:—

"On being asked what damage our tenants had done, Lady Mabel Howard's pencil replied: 'They have broken the table and a chair,' and added, 'the table has been mended.' On reaching our house and asking the same question of our housemaid, she replied that a table in the drawing-room (the only one of its kind) had been broken, but had been mended, and one of the kitchen chairs had been broken. Nothing else in the way of furniture had been injured.

"HENRIETTA J. BULLER."]

"5. Shortly afterwards I went for some winter months to St. Moritz. For some reason or other the answers were particularly good there. One day, a lady living in quite a different part of the huge hotel, and on the fourth floor, while we were on the first floor, missed a valuable object which she had bought as a prize for tobogganing. I knew nothing of the circumstances, but my hand wrote that the object had been taken by a light-haired young waiter called Richard. I knew of no such waiter, as he had nothing to do with our part of the hotel. But on mentioning this answer to the lady in question she said that there was in fact a young light-haired waiter called Richard who waited on her floor; and that she had suspected him. My

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hand had written where the object was hidden ; but the lady would not have search made.

"6. A Mr. Huth, who was staying at our hotel, was leaving the next day for Paris, and had arranged to dine the day after with a friend, a young doctor attached to the Embassy in Paris, from whom he had just received an invitation. He asked me to predict something about his journey. My hand wrote words to this effect : 'You will have an accident on your journey ; and you will not see your friend, and you cannot see him.' He derided this, as the arrangement with the friend had just been made. As he went to Chur next day by sleigh his sleigh was overturned, and his journey was thus delayed for a day. When he got to Paris he found that his friend was dead."

Mr. Huth independently corroborates and adds to this account as follows :—

Oakfield Lodge, Huddersfield, *April 16th*, 1893.

"In March, 1889, I was staying at St. Moritz (Engadine), where I met with a very serious accident tobogganing. Although still crippled I decided to return home, and on the morning of my departure the weather was brilliantly fine. I asked Lady Mabel Howard's pencil, more in joke than anything else, what sort of a journey I should have. The pencil promptly replied that I should have an awful journey and meet with an accident. I then asked whether I should meet and dine with any friend in Paris. I asked this question because I had arranged to dine with a friend of mine, a Dr. Davies, who was living there, to talk over some theatricals he was to get up at the British Embassy. The pencil at once replied that I should neither meet nor dine with anyone I knew. Knowing of my arrangement and incredulous as to this reply, I repeated my question, with the same result. I then asked what day I should get back to England, having decided in my own mind to return on the Friday. The pencil at once answered 'On Thursday.'

"On the summit of the Julier Pass the weather suddenly changed from bright sunshine to a perfect hurricane of wind, snow and sleet, which completely blinded us, and the snow was so thick we could not see ten yards in front of us. Our driver missed the track, the sleigh upset, and we were all thrown out on to the snow, and it was three hours before we were in comparative safety. On my arrival in Paris I found no word from my friend Dr. Davies and on inquiry at his rooms I learnt that he had died from typhoid fever ten days previously. I neither dined with nor met anyone I knew whilst in Paris, and I returned to England a day sooner than I had intended in consequence of my friend's death, and it was only upon my arrival in London that I remembered it was Thursday, the day foretold by the pencil.

"HARRY HUTH."

"7. In 1888 another girl friend of mine asked when she was to be engaged to be married. My hand wrote : 'In March, 1890.' She became engaged in that month to a man of whom there had been no idea at the time. [The lady in question, Mrs. Lawson, writing from Greystoke Castle, February, 1893, confirms and enlarges this statement as follows : "I was at Greystoke in February, 1888, and Lady Mabel Howard was writing with her pencil, which said that I should be engaged to be married in March, 1890, and it also said that I should not be married until the following year. I *was* engaged to

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be married on March 27th, 1890, and it was all settled that I should be married within six weeks ; but most unforeseen circumstances arose, and my marriage did not take place until April, 1891.—CAMILLA LAWSON."]

"8. I have never tried experiments in thought-transference, such as those recorded in the S.P.R. *Proceedings*. But I have no doubt that words and ideas do pass without speech from my husband's mind into mine. I have specially remarked this apropos of bye-elections, when I feel certain that I have never consciously known the names of the candidates. Many times my hand has written those names (when known to him) truly, and sometimes it has predicted results of elections with an accuracy which seemed to both of us not to be the result of chance. In one case, where a gentleman named Nanney was standing, of whom I was quite sure that I had never heard, my hand kept writing 'Goat, Goat.' In this case my husband was not present, but someone else who was present knew the name.—MABEL HOWARD."

"Correct, as far as I am concerned.—HENRY HOWARD."

[These last instances must, according to our canons of evidence, be reckoned merely as revivals of subliminal memory. Names which have been printed in newspapers which have been lying about must be taken as having possibly fallen within the field of at least unconscious vision. The emergence of an unconsciously observed name *Nanney* in the grotesque form *Goat* would thus be parallel to the emergence of the unconsciously observed word *Bouillon* in the grotesque form *Verbascum Thapsus*, mentioned in *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 455.]

9. Writing later, from P—— Park, April 18th, 1893, Lady Mabel adds : "The H. girls asked what entertainment they should go to directly on arriving in London. The pencil answered, 'Lady C.' This puzzled us all, as no one knew of an entertainment to be given next week. At last, as it continued writing 'Lady C.,' we gave it up, thinking it must mean dining at home, Lady C. meaning [their mother]. That very evening, 8 hours after, a letter arrived from [Lady W. G.] saying Lady Carrington wished to know if the H.'s could dance the minuet at her house on the 27th. They will arrive in London on the 25th." [From a later letter it appears that the Ladies H. knew that this engagement impended, but believed that it would be much later in the season, "and were much surprised themselves at receiving the letter."]

10. I have myself [F.W.H.M.] succeeded in getting two correct answers to questions absolutely beyond Lady Mabel's knowledge. I was asked to luncheon at the house of a gentleman whom I knew only by correspondence, and of whose home and *entourage* the rest of the party knew absolutely nothing. On my return I asked, "How many people sat down to luncheon ?" The answer was "Six," which was right. "What was the name of the gentleman, not my host, with whom I sat and talked after luncheon ?" The pencil wrote MO, and then began to scrawl. The name was *Moultrie*. It was impossible that Lady Mabel should have had any kind of notion that a gentleman of that name would have been present in a group of which she knew nothing whatever. But here the impulse to write seemed spent, and a few further questions were answered by erroneous words or mere scrawls.

11. The following statement, dated Downes, Crediton, Devonshire,

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April 8th, 1893, is signed by Sir Redvers Buller, K.C.B., and by Miss Dorothy Howard (daughter of Lady Audrey Buller). "Lady Mabel Howard was stopping with us this week. She was writing with her pencil just after arriving. Someone asked: 'Where is Don?' The pencil immediately answered, 'He is dead.' Lady Mabel then asked who Don was, and was told that he was a dog. No one in the room knew that he was dead; but on inquiry the next day, it was found that it was so. One of the party then asked how many fish would be caught in the river the next day. The pencil at once wrote *three*, which was the number obtained the next day.

"A little girl in the house, who attends a school in London, asked who was her greatest friend at this school. The pencil answered *Mary*, which was again a fact absolutely unknown to Lady Mabel.

"DOROTHY E. HOWARD.
"REDVERS BULLER."]

I defer for the present any discussion of the elements of clairvoyance and precognition which these incidents apparently contain. I quote the case as one where thought-transference from the living seems to play at least a considerable part in supplying the contents of the messages.

I pass on to two cases where an actual conversation goes on between the distant agent and the automatist, informing the automatist of matters which the agent—consciously or unconsciously—wishes him to know. The first of these cases was printed in the S.P.R. *Journal* for July, 1888, but is now published for the first time. Evidentially it is not strong, for it depends upon a single memory, corroborated on one collateral point alone (although not invalidated upon any point); and the writer was not personally known to any of us. The date is also very remote. On the other hand the reasons for the absence of corroboration seem satisfactory; and in my view at least the narrative offers internal evidence of honesty and care, while the incident is such as might stamp itself permanently on the mind.

Mrs. Kirby wrote to me from Santa Cruz, California, August 13th, 1886, as follows:—

M. Aut. 60.

"In 1850 I left New York for San Francisco. Spiritualism, in the sense in which that word is now used, had no existence. The facts and philosophy it covers were unknown, except partially to the very few readers of Swedenborg's cumbrous and involved theology.

"Attention had been called to some rappings which had made themselves heard in a house in Rochester, N. Y., and there had been some violent demonstrations (breaking of windows, moving of furniture, and unlocking of locked drawers and doors) in the house of an orthodox clergyman somewhere in Connecticut.

"In 1853 I was living on a ranche three miles from what is now the city of Santa Cruz. (It was but a village then, though they called it a town.) My family consisted of my husband, myself, and in a certain sense, of a young English sailor, a healthy, kind-hearted, and very decent, though very

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ignorant fellow, whom my husband had employed to work on the ranche during the previous year. His name was Thomas Travers, and he had just made his mark (×) to a written agreement for another year's service. As it will be seen, I had no servant, but Tom stood ready to help me in any way he could. For instance, when, at intervals of weeks, visitors would make their appearance, he would immediately kill and clean some chickens for me. (If you wanted beef-steak in those days you could only have it by killing an ox. The nearest neighbours sometimes combined and took a quarter each.)

"On one occasion the two most intelligent men in town came out, a Dr. McLean and the Rev. — Dryden, and they presently asked me if I had a small table I could let them have (while I was busy, and my husband a mile off at his tannery), with which they could continue some strange experiments that had lately been made among our mutual friends in town. Spirits tipped the table, and they said sentences were spelled by the use of the alphabet. The A's and B's had in this way heard of their long since departed children, &c., &c.

"I listened eagerly. I had left a large circle of friends at the East, and *here* was not one of the old kind: Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Garrison, Purvis. A view of the entire bay of Monterey from my sitting-room window did not prevent me from longing continually for a little of the old sympathy. One of my most devoted friends had a few years since passed to the other shore; my young brother was there too. If I could establish communication with them what a relief, what a pleasure it would be to me!

"My smallest table was in size 3½ft. by 1½ft. My husband was willing to test the matter, and as we were given to understand that three or four persons together would be more likely to succeed than two (since magnetism or electricity was drawn from them by the invisibles to help in accomplishing their object), Mr. K. went out to Tom's shanty and asked him to come and sit at the table with us.

"We had not held our hands one moment on the table before it tipped very decidedly, and I forthwith proceeded to repeat the alphabet. The doing so, however, struck me as worse than ridiculous; it was very unpleasant, too, and I observed that if spirits were present they could hear me say the letters in my mind as well as if they were uttered from my tongue.

"'All right. Go ahead!' my husband replied, 'we will sit and wait for results.'

"I did so, and the table tipped promptly to the letters, spelling out—

"'Mary Howells.'

"As *I* knew no such person, I asked if she was a friend of Mr. K.'s? Answer: 'No.' Of Tom's? Answer: 'Yes.' A relation of his? Answer: 'Sister.' Are you married? I questioned. Answer: 'No.'

"'Oh, don't let us waste any more time!' I exclaimed. 'It's all falsehood and nonsense. Here is someone professing to be Tom's sister who says her name is Mary Howells, and that she is unmarried. If this were true of course her name would be Travers.'

"Tom nodded aside to me and said in a low tone—

"'Yes, mum. That's her name. Mary Howells.'

"He looked extremely confused and astonished.

"'Why, what do you mean?' Mr. K. broke in; 'your name is Travers, how can hers be Howells?'

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"'No, sir,' Tom replied, looking down, 'my name is Howells.'

"But Mr. K. insisted that it could not be. Had he not made his mark after the Travers only the other day? Five minutes were taken up in the attempt to convince Tom that he did not know his own name.

"'You see, sir,' he at length explained, 'I ran away from a whale ship in San Francisco, and sailors is so scarce there I was afraid they would hunt me up and take me back, so I just took another name.'

"Hardly convinced now, Mr. K. advised him to drop the alias at once, assuring him that no one would molest him. This he did, and the second year following married, and he is now the father of 12 girls and three boys who bear the strangely discovered name.

"But to return. Finding that the communication had been so far correct I proposed that we should compose ourselves while I repeated the alphabet as before, still hoping to receive the name of my dear friend. But Tom's sister had not accomplished her purpose, and she proceeded to spell the following words:—

"'I—have—a—child—a—girl—She—is—seven—years—old—and—now—is—in—a—house—of—ill—fame—in—Cat—street.—I—want—my—brother—to—bring—her—away—from—there.'

"This was a difficult and painful message to convey, and I told Tom that I did not like to tell him what was spelt.

"'She says that she has a little girl seven years old,' I began.

"Here he removed his hands quickly from the table, and counting on the fingers of one hand by those of the other, looked up and observed:—

"'Yes, mum, that's so. She's seven now.'

"When I gave him the rest of the message he became much excited, and begged me to assure his sister that he would send home 50dol. the next month, and have the child removed to a better place, and that as soon as the crops were in he would go home and get the child.

"I assured him she could hear all he was saying.

"'But is it true that there is a street called Cat-street?' I asked.

"'Yes, mum; and it is the worst in the city,' he returned.

"The following day he acknowledged to me that his sister was a woman of the town.

"I now asked my husband to procure me a smaller and lighter table so that I might sit at it by myself and in that way be more likely to attract my own friends. This he did, but to my great annoyance, Mary Howells immediately presented herself. This time, however, she came to say that her child was ill. When she left the movements of the table were weak and uncertain.

"The following evening, she came to say that the child was much worse, and she thought it would die. A day or two later she reported it dead. I asked if the child were now with her, and she replied by very decided movements, that she *was not*.

"After this, Mary Howells never put in an appearance, and every day I prayed that someone I loved might speak a word to me. They did not. I know now that they could not, for want of the honest sailor's electrical help, which I rejected in my ignorance. Seafaring persons are apt to possess great mediumistic power.

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"After hearing that the child was dead I wrote a guarded letter to Tom's parents, for him, asking how they all were, including the little girl. In due time I received a reply, or, I should say, Tom did, though he could not read writing. They said they were all well except Mary's little girl, who had died. (They did not say exactly when, but as Tom had not been absent from England much over a year, it must have been within that time, and we had every reason to believe the mother's statement a true one.) The old people further said that *Mary had married a soldier.*

"I understood from this that the child's mother was not wholly depraved, that she was concerned about the welfare of her little one, and looking about for help in her destitute circumstances her thoughts had turned to her brother, most likely persistently turned to him, and this resulted in her leaving her body temporarily during sleep in search of him. We had *assumed* that she was, as we say, 'dead.' She had not asserted the fact.

"I submit this one experience and will write out another as soon as I can.—Very truly yours, GEORGIANA B. KIRBY."

A second letter from Mrs. Kirby, dated Santa Cruz., Cal., October 12th, 1886, gave further particulars, as follows :—

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of September 9th arrived in due season. My reply has been delayed by my ineffectual efforts to ascertain the *month* when our two friends, McLean and Dryden, visited us on the ranche, because it was within a month after this that Mary Howells told me her child was ill, and later that she was dead, and I thought it might not be so difficult to search the death record of *one* month for the child under the head of 'Howells.' As it is the gentlemen have proved to me that their visit occurred in 1852, and not in 1853 as I had supposed, but they could not remember if it were the spring or fall of that year. This, our ignorance of the date of the death and of the child's Christian name, is the most unsatisfactory part of my record. Neither were mentioned in the grandfather's letter, and from Tom never mentioning the name I fancied he did not know it. I saw him recently, but I could not venture to speak to him of his sister's illegitimate child. He has 12 living daughters of his own, and he would be justly offended if I should remind him of how we had gained a knowledge of his sister's life. He told us that his father was still alive and living where they always had lived, at Saltash, which he thought by this time must be a part of Plymouth.

"I should explain that neither Dr. McLean nor the Rev. — Dryden were personally cognisant of our doings, so that they could not act as witnesses in the case.

"You ask if I can point you to any contemporary record. Thirty-four years ago no Spiritualistic paper was published in the United States, and such a narration given as *true* in any ordinary journal would have laid us open to the charge of lunacy. And had this been otherwise, we could not have proclaimed the fact that the sister of the honest fellow who was working for us was a disreputable woman.

"As to fraud on Tom's part, he could hardly understand why we wanted him to sit with his hands on the table. I repeated the letters *in my mind.* How could he tip the table at the right instant so as to spell words which disclosed his sister's disgrace? Then he was in no want of money. He had

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been earning 60dol. a month (and had spent it all, mostly at Spanish fandangos), and the agreement with my husband, to which he had lately placed his X, bound him to work for Mr. K. for one year for the sum of 60dol. a month and his board and lodging. You, sir, must have read something about the high price of labour in California in those early years of its settlement.

"The sittings were held after supper (or dinner, you would call it), between seven and nine o'clock.

"Cat-street was in Plymouth, England. If it has given place to another the fact of its former existence could be verified.—GEORGIANA B. KIRBY."

The actual existence of the "Cat-street" of the narrative is shown by the following letter :—

Post Office, Plymouth, *January 23rd*, 1888.

"SIR,—In reply to yours of the 21st instant I beg to inform you that a few years ago there was a street named Catte-street, but it is now called Stillman-street.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

"R. A. LEVERTON (for POSTMASTER)."

The regretted death of Mrs. Kirby soon after the date of her last letter put an end to this correspondence.

It will be observed that the communications from the woman at Plymouth were received at an hour which, in England, fell in the middle of the night.

The case next to be cited is a thoroughly modern one, and is in fact still in course of development. Mr. W. T. Stead, the well-known journalist and editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has repeatedly called attention in that magazine to the telepathic correspondence which he is able to maintain with several persons, who "write through his hand" while at a distance, and thus convey to him information which though sometimes erroneous, is true in a far larger proportion of instances than chance would allow. Mr. Stead has been good enough to introduce me to four of these correspondents, who confirm his statements, and to give me the written testimony of a fifth and sixth. I propose with his permission, to quote three of these cases at length.

The most important of Mr. Stead's telepathic correspondents thus far is a lady whom he describes as A, but on whom, for the sake of clearness—among many initials—I shall bestow the name of Miss Summers. This lady is engaged on literary work of a kind needing much care and accuracy. I consider her a good witness.

Miss Summers verbally confirmed to me Mr. Stead's account, given below, and wrote the following statement: "I, the subject of Mr. Stead's automatic writing, known as 'A,' testify to the correctness of the statements made in this report. Mr. Stead's hand wrote these things just as they happened;—excepting, of course, the few incidents which he gives as errors. I should like to add what I think more wonderful than many of the things which Mr. Stead has cited, namely, the correctness with which he has on several occasions given the name of persons whom he has never seen or heard of before. I remember on

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one occasion a person calling upon me with a very uncommon name. The next day I saw Mr. Stead and he read to me what his hand had written of the visit of this person, giving the name absolutely correctly. Mr. Stead has never seen that person, and till then had no knowledge of his existence."

I now quote from the *Review of Reviews* for April, 1893, pp. 428-430, substituting "Miss Summers" for "A," and giving the true sex of the correspondent, which Mr. Stead at first altered as an additional precaution against identification.

M. Aut. 61. How it all Began.

One day in August [1892], "Julia"—as I call the invisible intelligence that from time to time controls my hand—suddenly wrote, "Why do you think that it is strange that I should write with your hand? Any one can write with your hand." I asked what she meant, and she answered, "Any of your friends." "On this earth?" I asked incredulously. She wrote, "Try it." "Need they know about it?" "No." "Then," I said, "there will be an end of all secrets in the world." She wrote, "No; mind is in contact with mind all over the world. Any one to whom you can speak if you were within range of the physical senses you could speak to mentally wherever he is, because the mind is not trammelled by the limitations of matter." She explained that the real self, the Ego, had both mind and body as its instruments, by which it could communicate with the outside world. Both were instruments, either could be used, but each was not always informed of the use which had been made of the other. That is to say, it was perfectly possible for the Ego to use your mind to direct my hand without finding it necessary to inform your physical consciousness that any such communication had taken place. But the mind would no more communicate a secret which the Ego did not wish to be known, than the tongue would be guilty of such an indiscretion, for tongue and mind are alike the servants of the real self.

I. The Test of the Old Thistle.

I was rather incredulous, but I began experimenting with a friend in London who was sympathetic. I found that it succeeded to a marvel. That is to say, I found that my friend had no difficulty whatever in using my hand to communicate information or the expression of the mood of the moment. When my friend, whom I will call Miss Summers, was writing, I said to her in the middle of the communication, "Are you really writing, or is it only my subliminal consciousness?" My hand wrote, "I will try and prove to you that I am really writing. There is an object in my hand just now which I will bring to your office. I am sitting at my table. It is a small present that I want to make to you. It is an old thistle."

"What!" I said, "a thistle?"

"Yes, an old thistle; it played a part in my life that made it dear to me. I will give it to you to-morrow. I will explain to you when I give it. I hope you will accept it."

Next day, when my friend came, I asked her if she had brought a present for me. She said no, she had not. She had thought of bringing one, but

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she had left it at home. I asked her what it was. She said it was such an absurd thing she did not like to mention it. When I pressed her she said it was a piece of scented soap! I was considerably disgusted at this apparent failure, and told her why. She said at once, "That is very curious. Everything happened as you have it written there, and it is a thistle, and an old thistle. But it is a thistle that is stamped on the piece of soap. I will bring it to you next time I see you. It did play a part in my life," which she then proceeded to explain. I have the soap now in my possession. It is stamped with a thistle. [The private incident has been explained to me, and shows that it was the thistle stamped on the soap which gave that object its significance. Miss Summers had thought of the gift before Mr. Stead's hand wrote,—perhaps at the exact time of his writing.—F.W.H.M.]

A Journey Described.

She wrote from time to time describing her movements. The first dispatch which is worth quoting was one I received on Saturday, September 18th. It will be noticed that there are inaccuracies, but they are very slight.

"I went to Waterloo Station by the 12.0 train and got to Hampton Court about one. When we got out we went to an hotel and had dinner. It cost nearly 3s. After dinner I went to the picture galleries. I was very much pleased with the painting of many of the ceilings; I was also interested in most of the portraits by Lely. After seeing the galleries I went out into the grounds. How beautiful they are! I saw the great vine, that lovely English garden, the avenue of elms, the canal, the great water sheet, the three views, the fountain, the gold fishes, and then I lost myself in the maze. I got home about nine o'clock. It cost me altogether about 6s."

On communicating this to Miss Summers, she said that everything was right with two exceptions. She went down by the 2.0 train and not by the 12.0, and got to Hampton Court about three. The dinner cost her 2s. 11d., which was "nearly 3s.," and the total cost of the expedition was 6s. 3d. The places were visited in the order in which they were named. The only mistake was the train by which Miss Summers went to Hampton Court.

The Unreserve of the Real Self.

Then came some curious experiences which showed that the real self which wrote with my hand was much more ready to communicate its wants than the physical self. On September 20th, for instance, my hand wrote from Miss Summers:—

"I have had rather a sad day. I have had a disappointment in some work, or rather in the payment of some work, and as the result I am rather short of money. I don't like to tell you this, because you will want to give me some. But I don't want you to. I am rather pinched for money just now; I have £3 to pay for lodgings. But I will pull through."

I said, "I will send you the money." My hand wrote and said, "No, I won't take it. I will send it back if you do. I don't like to seem mercenary." On sending up to Miss Summers the next day I found that it was as stated, but that she was very much disgusted on finding that I knew of her needs.

From that time forward any incident was reported as a matter of course

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by her. Occasionally an incident would be slightly misstated, but broadly speaking out of 100 statements 90 were as correctly written by my hand as if Miss Summers had written them herself.

A Trip to Windsor.

One among many may be mentioned. It was written on October 15th. This was interesting, because my hand wrote the communication when I was 250 miles distant in the North of England.

"It is a very fine day. I went from Paddington by the 1.15 train. When I got to Windsor I went to the Castle. I went first upon the terrace, then I went to St. George's Chapel. I thought it might be as well to stay there, but reconsidered it, and thought I would go into the park. So I left the Castle and went into the park. I wanted to find a beautiful oak that I had spoken of to you. There were many deer and many great trees, but I could not find the oak. I wandered about for some time until I found a beautiful oak, but it was not the oak I was in search of. After finding it I went for a walk to seek a cavern, but could find none. I have spent for the railway 3s.; for food I spent half-a-crown. I spent 6d. for a telegram, and taking two busses made my expenses for to-day 5s. 10d."

This was exactly correct in every particular, as to the time of the train, and the succession of events, and the sum of money paid, [although wrongly added up].

Automatic Correspondence.

For several months past I have almost every day received communications from my friend when anything interested her, or she felt she had anything to communicate with me. The immense majority of these communications are of a private character, and can only be referred to here. Often they are but brief memoranda regarding a visit to a church or a business appointment, or a visit to some friend. Frequently mention is made of books she has been reading, and the usual information given as to the state of health, of good spirits or depression, which one friend might send to another. On one occasion she startled me by reporting a rather disagreeable *fracas* which had taken place in a carriage on the South Western Railway, but which fortunately terminated happily. The aggressor took alarm and jumped out of the train as it was slowing up at a station. Nor was it only contemporary events which were described. On one occasion a rather painful chapter in my friend's history, which she had shrunk from telling me in detail, was written out by my hand with the utmost minutiæ, and, as she informed me when I read it over to her, with the most absolute accuracy. Although it had happened some years ago it had made a very deep impression upon her mind at the time, and it remained as vividly present in her mind as if it had happened on the previous day. In my communications with this correspondent, Miss Summers, the mistakes are extremely small. I have frequently kept appointments, and written letters, and even sent cheques, in response to communications written by my hand, nor have I on any of these occasions found that there was a mistake. Once or twice my hand has written that Miss Summers was about to visit me and I have been disappointed, but in every case I have afterwards learned that she had actually started to call upon me, but had been hindered by some unforeseen event.

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Errors in Transmission.

There have been, however, two or three occasions when there have been curious errors in detail. These are quite as important to note as those cases in which the messages have been correct. The first error was a statement that on a certain Saturday afternoon she had walked in Regent's Park, whereas, as a matter of fact, she had not left her house. I do not know how that error arose; there may have been some expectation on my part that she was going to walk in the park, but, whatever the cause, the fact remains that it was a mistake. On another occasion a still more remarkable error occurred. It was when I was at Redcar. My hand wrote an account of an interview which it said Miss Summers had had with a certain person who was named. It was a disagreeable interview, and portions of the conversation were reported. On comparing notes I found, to my surprise, that while she had been to the office of the person in question, the interview which was reported had not taken place with him or my friend. The conversation reproduced had, however, taken place between a friend of Miss Summers's and another person. Miss Summers's friend had told her what had taken place, and my hand had given a very much exaggerated account of that conversation at a distance of 250 miles. Miss Summers's friend was personally unknown to me, and Miss Summers was very much astonished to find that her friend's interview was attributed to herself and interpolated into her business conversation with another party.

Instances of Inaccuracies.

I will close my account of my experiences in automatic telepathy with Miss Summers with a report which was curiously inaccurate in some points. For me the inaccuracies have more interest than the accurate statement. I am so accustomed to use this faculty for the everyday purposes of life, that an accurate statement is to me a matter of course; it is the inaccurate statement which puzzles me. On Christmas Day I knew that Miss Summers intended to visit Matthew Arnold's grave. That I knew, but nothing else. On the afternoon of Christmas Day my hand wrote a narrative of what had happened. It stated that in the morning my friend had gone to St. Paul's to attend the service, where she had enjoyed the music very much. After leaving St. Paul's she had gone home, and then had gone to Paddington Station, where she took a ticket for Laleham. When my hand wrote this I stopped, and asked whether there was a station at Laleham. My hand wrote Yes, and continued that she had taken a return ticket to Laleham, which had cost about 3s. 6d. It was a beautiful day, and there were very few people in the train. It went on to say that she had gone to the church, and had had no difficulty in finding the grave. There was no one in the churchyard but Miss Summers. She stayed there about half-an-hour, and laid on the tomb some white flowers, the name of which my hand tried to write, but only succeeded in making unintelligible scrawls. She had then come back to the station. The train was nearly empty, and Miss Summers had a compartment to herself all the way to London. Returning home she spent the evening in front of a roaring fire, reading Arnold's poems. I did not see her for several days, and then I told her the narrative. I learned that while on the whole the statement was quite correct, in three

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minor details it was erroneous. Miss Summers did not go to Laleham from Paddington; but from Waterloo. I can only explain that mistake by saying that as the previous journey to Windsor had been made from Paddington, possibly my mind thought that she would start again from the same station, and thus led my hand to write wrongly. As for the railway fare, I believe it was wrong; but my friend did not remember how much change she got out of the half-sovereign with which she had paid for her ticket. The other mistake was that the flowers she had laid on the tomb were not white, but blue. The name of the flowers Miss Summers did not know, and this of course accounts for the unintelligible scrawl which was the only reply when asked for the name. Before seeing my friend, I had referred to a railway guide to see if there was a station at Laleham; I found that there was none. I thought that my hand had been writing wrongly; but when I asked my friend where she took her ticket for, she replied at once, "To Laleham." I said, "Why, there is no station at Laleham." "No," she said; "but I asked the booking-clerk for a ticket to Laleham, and he gave me one for Staines, and said that was the station for Laleham."

II. The second case is interesting as involving a very distinct statement from a slight acquaintance. I quote from the *Review of Reviews*, p. 432, and add a corroborative letter.

I will conclude this very imperfect account of the communications which have been going on now for more than seven months—hardly a day of which has passed without communications of one kind or another—by describing a remarkable instance in which a comparative stranger to me communicated to me things by my hand which he had expressly refused to communicate face to face. Last February, I met a correspondent in a railway carriage with whom I had a very casual acquaintance. Knowing that he was in considerable distress, our conversation fell into a more or less confidential train, in which I divined that his difficulty was chiefly financial.

THE HAND MORE COMMUNICATIVE THAN THE TONGUE.

I said I did not know whether I could be of any help to him or not, but I asked him to let me know exactly how things stood, what were his debts, his expectations, and so forth. He said that he really could not tell me, and I refrained from pressing him. We parted at the railway station. That night I received a letter from him apologising for not having given me the information, but saying that he really could not. I received that letter about ten o'clock, and about two o'clock next morning, before going to sleep, I sat down in my bedroom and said, "You did not like to tell me your exact financial position face to face, but now you can do so through my hand. Just write and tell me exactly how things stand. How much money do you owe?" My hand then wrote, "My debts are £90." In reply to a further inquiry whether the figure was accurately stated, "ninety pounds" was then written in full.

"Is that all?" I asked.

My hand wrote, "Yes; and how I am to pay them I do not know."

"Well," said I, "how much do you want for that piece of property you wish to sell?"

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My hand wrote, "What I hope is, say, £100 for that. It seems a great deal, but I must get money somehow. Oh, if I could get anything to do, I would gladly do anything!"

"What does it cost you to live?" I asked.

My hand wrote: "I do not think I could possibly live under £200 a year; you see I have to keep some relatives besides myself. If I were alone I could live on £50 per annum, but there is rent and everything. Where can I get this? I cannot tell."

A Successful Result.

The next day I made a point of seeking my friend. He said, "I hope you are not offended at my refusing to tell you my circumstances, but I do not think it is right to trouble you with them." I said, "I am not offended in the least, and I hope you will not be offended when I tell you what I have done." I then explained this automatic telepathic method of communication. I said, "I do not know whether there is a word of truth in what my hand wrote. I hesitate at telling you, for I confess I think that the sum which was written as the amount of your debts cannot be correctly given. It seems to me to be much too small, considering the distress in which you seemed to be. Therefore I will read you that first, and if it is right I will read you the rest; but if it is wrong I will consider that it is rubbish, and that your mind in no way influenced my hand." He was interested but incredulous. "But," I said, "before I read you anything, will you form a definite idea in your mind as to how much your debts amount to; secondly, as to the amount of money you hope to get for that property; thirdly, what it costs to keep up your establishment with your relatives; and fourthly, what could you live upon if you were by yourself?" "Yes," said he, "I have thought of all these things." I then read out, "The amount of your debts is about £90." He started. "Yes," said he, "that is right; but the figure I was going to mention was £100. But that includes some money for current expenses."

Then I said, "As it is right I will read you the rest. You hope to get £100 for your property." "Yes," said he, "that was the figure that was in my mind, although I hesitated to mention it, for it seems too much."

"You say you cannot live upon less than £200 a year with your present establishment." "Yes," said he, "that is exactly right."

"But if you were by yourself, you could live on £50 a year." "Well," said he, "a pound a week was what I had fixed in my mind." Therefore there had been a perfectly accurate transcription of the thoughts in the mind of a comparative stranger, written out with my own hand at a time when we were at a distance of some miles, within a few hours of the time when he had written apologising for not having given me the information for which I had asked.

I could multiply instances of the same kind of thing, but this will probably suffice.

The unconscious correspondent confirms as follows, in a letter in my possession. I suppress his name, but it may be given to inquirers.

April 6th, 1893.

Dear Mr. Stead,—I received your communication and have no hesitation

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in allowing you to submit it to the P. R. Society. The statements are correct. I was unaware of the experiment until next day. I consider the proof a very striking one, as from some circumstances connected with my [affairs] you could not possibly have formed an estimate even—at least I think it hardly possible,—of what my debts, prospects, or expectations were.

I am, yours faithfully, E. J.

III. The third case which I shall quote also involves a message from a comparative stranger:—

AN IMPROMPTU TEST.

It may be said that between my friend "Miss Summers," my son, and myself there existed a knowledge that I would try to let them write with my hand, but this can hardly be said in an impromptu experiment which I made with a correspondent whom I had only seen once before in my life. Some months ago I was at Redcar, in the North of England. A foreign lady who does some work for the *Review* had to meet me at Redcar railway station about three o'clock. I was staying with my brother, who lives about ten minutes' walk from the station. At twenty minutes to three it occurred to me that "about three," the phrase used in her letter, might mean some time before three, and as I could not lay my hand upon a time-table, I simply asked her to use my hand and tell me what time the train was due. This, I may say, was done without any previous communication with her upon the subject. She immediately wrote her name, and said the train was due at Redcar station at ten minutes to three. I saw that I should have to leave at once, but before starting I asked her where she was at that moment. My hand wrote, "I am in the train at Middlesborough railway station, on my way from Hartlepool to Redcar." I then went off to the station. On arriving there I went up to the time-table to see when the train was due. It was timed to arrive at 2.52. The train, however, was late; three o'clock came, and it had not arrived. At five minutes past three, getting rather anxious, I took a slip of paper from my pocket, and taking a pencil in my hand, asked her where she was. At that moment she wrote her name (they always write their names at the beginning and end of each communication), and said, "I am in the train, rounding the curve before you come to the Redcar station; I will be with you in a minute." "Why the mischief have you been so late?" I mentally asked. My hand wrote, "We were detained at Middlesborough for so long; I do not know why." I put the paper in my pocket, walked to the end of the platform, and there was the train! The moment it stopped I went up to my friend and said to her, "How late you are! What on earth has been the matter?" "I do not know," she said. "The train stopped so long at Middlesborough, it seemed as if it never would start." I then showed her what my hand had written. The lady in question confirms as follows:—

West Hartlepool, *April 4th*, 1893.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I most certainly and very distinctly remember the occasion you have referred to in the subjoined newspaper cutting. I was much surprised when you told me that you had made me telepath you the time I should arrive at Redcar, as I was quite unconscious of having telepathed any information to you with regard to my arrival. I don't see that I can add

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anything to your account of the incident. It is very clear, and I can make no corrections.—Yours sincerely, GERDA GRASS.

Mr. Stead also favoured me with an account of further experiments with his own son (see p. 430 of *Review of Reviews*), being a narrative of incidents on a bicycle tour, as written by Mr. Stead's hand, and as actually recorded by his son, Mr. William Stead. This was a good and careful experiment, and contains messages which to the persons concerned seem beyond the scope of chance. There are, however, a good many mistakes; nor is it quite easy to estimate how far the little incidents of such a journey might have been unconsciously foreseen by a father at home.

There is an evidential difficulty of a somewhat similar kind with regard to the experiment with "B" given on p. 431, of which "B" has kindly given me a written confirmation. The point which Mr. Stead there makes is an interesting one, and is in conformity with evidence already adduced. "B" willed to transfer certain statements to Mr. Stead; but the statements which were actually transferred were for the most part not these, but (as "B" expressed it) "all the thoughts that kept bobbing up in my mind when I have been trying to make you write the other things." "This," says Mr. Stead, "was an interesting experiment, as it seems to indicate that this power is exercised not so much by the power of the will of the conscious mind as by the spontaneous action of the subliminal consciousness." This may well be so; but in the present instance the statements written by Mr. Stead (and which he read to me), seemed to me to be scarcely so unexpected and definite as to make it quite certain either that Mr. Stead's own subliminal self might not have supplied them, or that "B" could clearly have remembered that these special facts "bobbed up" at that special moment.

It will be observed, indeed, that throughout these experiments of Mr. Stead's the telepathic correspondent communicates not what his supraliminal self, but what his subliminal, desires to communicate. It is as though, not Léonie I., but Léonie II., were to have used Professor Janet's hand for the purposes of her outspoken correspondence. This adds some difficulty to the evidential record; but in itself it is a fact of great interest, and is, I need not repeat, in thorough accord with what the theories advanced in these papers would have led us to expect. Mr. Stead's experiments, indeed, are so precisely confirmatory of the existence of a continuously active subliminal consciousness in all mankind that I almost shrink from pressing cases which look as though they had been constructed (although they most certainly were *not*) expressly to bolster up my own hypotheses.

In reply to further inquiry Mr. Stead says:—

"I quite appreciate the need of seeing the original MS., but it is em-

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bodied in a mass of other matter, some of which is extremely confidential, and I think that it would be much better to begin *de novo*."

We hope, therefore, to be able to report further on Mr. Stead's writings at no distant date.

My next case is on a smaller scale, but equally encouraging, I think, in its own way.

I have often urged that attempts should be made to imitate Mr. and Mrs. Newnham's series of experiments in the transference of an unseen question through an automatist's subliminal self to his pencil; and I have lately been fortunate enough to find a friend,—Mr. R. H. Buttemer, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, a graduate in honours in Natural Science,—willing to make a serious endeavour of this kind. Some perseverance was required; but a friend of Mr. Buttemer's, Mr. H. T. Green, having first been several times lightly hypnotised by Mr. Buttemer, showed during some months unmistakable power as a percipient. I was cognisant of the experiments throughout; although on the only occasion on which I was myself present Mr. Green's mind was distracted by a theological examination which he was to pass next day, and his pencil would write little but names of kings of Israel and Judah. The conditions were throughout good; the question being written down out of Mr. Green's sight, and indications carefully avoided. In the last sitting Mr. Green had his back to all the other persons present—which is of course the right plan;—and that sitting was, as will be seen, the best of all. But considering the nature of the questions asked, there was, I think, little opportunity for unconscious indications, even when some of the persons who knew the question were within sight of Mr. Green. There was never any contact. The selection of questions and answers given below is a nearly average sample;—those which are omitted being mainly questions on private affairs, where the answers were necessarily less definite than *numbers* or *letters*, and where their degree of correctness would need cumbrous explanation. The *best* answer is certainly the spelling out of John Bou—from the unseen card.

The answers here classed as "irrelevant" were sometimes a reproduction of thoughts likely to be in the operator's mind (persons like Jeroboam and Omri frequently turning up); and sometimes, I think, represented imperfect efforts of the subliminal self to get at the unseen question. In this and other points these experiments resemble the much more completely successful Newnham series. There is no apparent reason for the cessation of Mr. Green's power. He is a healthy man, but had one or two trifling ailments during the experiments, which seemed to check the faculty for the time. Mr. Green, Mr. W., and Mr. S. are known to me; and all, I think, have pursued the inquiry in a scientific spirit. The frivolous and roundabout

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style of the replies is very characteristic of automatic messages in their earlier stages. I now give Mr. Buttemer's account.

AUTOMATIC WRITING EXPERIMENTS WITH PLANCHETTE.

M. Aut. 62.

The following series of experiments were conducted at Cambridge, the operator being Mr. Green, of Emmanuel College. The agents (present during all the experiments described) were Mr. W. and Mr. Buttemer. The series of experiments commenced on November 12th, 1892: prior to this Mr. Green had made one or two more or less successful attempts at automatic writing, but the obvious difficulty of avoiding the chance of conscious interference where the questions put were asked aloud had prevented the following up of these till the suggestion was made that the questions should be written down and concealed from the operator. Under these conditions a trial was made on the above date, time 2 p.m., the questions being known only to the two agents. No one else was present.

Q.: What is number on machine? (an automatic dice-box, none of the three having seen the numbers on it).

A.: Give another.

Q.: Who is ill on this staircase?

A.: Ke pike pike. (A man of that name, Pike, was ill, as all were aware; but Mr. Green had not seen the question.) All then (Mr. Green included) looked at the dice-box, and saw the number—seven—on it.

Q.: Why would you not answer first question?

A.: Seven.

Another question was then correctly answered.

Q.: What is the matter with H. T. Green?

Answer referred to previous question.

Question was put again, still without Mr. Green seeing it.

A.: A bad cold. (Correct.)

Q.: Why cannot (Mr. W.) write with Planchette?

A.: W——, you mean. There is nothing in good health. Liver is not in good condition.

Q.: Whose liver is not right?

A.: i. (Irrelevant.) ii. Nobody particularly.

Q. (By Mr. Buttemer): Where am I going this afternoon?

After waiting some time the answer was written rapidly.

A.: Away, away, away.

Mr. Green knew where I was going, but did not write a more definite answer automatically.

Eight questions were put in all, of which four were answered immediately and correctly, and two after a sentence referring to the previous question had been written. The first and third were not answered, the answer to the first being unknown to the agents, while at the third Mr. Green's subliminal consciousness appeared to seize the opportunity of showing its just-acquired knowledge of the first. [When two answers are given, the operator was simply told to write again, after the first irrelevant answer, without being shown the question; except where otherwise stated.]

At the next sitting, on the 14th November, Messrs. W., S., and Buttemer were present, while Mr. Green operated Planchette, as before. Six questions

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[the answers to which were known to the agents] were put in the same way, two being answered directly and unmistakeably, while one was answered after some irrelevant writing, two incorrectly, and the last was not answered, the operator appearing tired.

November 20th. Agents and percipient as before. 4 p.m.

The questions were put in the same way.

Q.: Who is J. O. F. M.? (The initials being given in the question, we wished the name to be written.)

A.: i. Man. Dean. (Rather illegible.) ii. Murray. (Right. Dean of Emmanuel.)

Q.: Who is G. R. S.? (Only S. knew who was meant.)

A.: Not S——. (Here S. told the other agents the name—Smith.) Mr. Green wrote "Sleep," and became drowsy. He was spoken to, to rouse him, and the question was written.

Q.: Why did you become drowsy and write "Sleep"?

A.: H. T. Green (pause) cannot help himself.

Q.: Why?

A.: He is tired, he is tired, he is tired. (Written very fast.)

January 31st, 1893. 4 p.m. Agents as before, with the addition of Mrs. H. and Miss B.

Q.: How many cups of tea did Miss B. have?

A.: i. Cannot be ascertained. ii. It was in all two—2 2 2. (Correct.)

(When a second answer was waited for, care was taken that the writer should glean no idea of the question in the interval.)

Q.: What engraving is on the wall over the piano? (It was one of the Queen soon after her marriage.)

A.: i. You may perceive it was so. (Apparently referring to previous question.) ii. It is a girl, the daughter of a man.

Q.: Who was playing the piano when the ladies came in?

A.: i. The clock hath stricken five. (The clock struck just as Mr. Green began to write.) ii. Mr. S. (This was correct.)

Q.: What was it?

A.: i. The one that was asked first. ii. Something. iii. Explain yourself more clearly.

Q.: What was S. playing when we came in?

A.: i. The original one of all. ii. All I can say is "La Cigale." (Correct.)

Two more questions were answered correctly, and then the writer began writing on a subject in his mind at the time, and four more questions that were put received no direct answers.

February 18th. 8 p.m. Mrs. H., Miss B., Mr. and Miss M. present, in addition to Mr. Green, and Messrs. S., W., and Buttemer.

Mr. Green, as usual, operated Planchette, and on this occasion sat with his back to all the other persons present.

Q. (from Mr. M.): What was I doing this afternoon?

A.: i. —— the sun —— (all else illegible). ii. Enjoying the fresh air of heaven.

Q.: What was Mr. Rogers doing in Cambridge?

A.: i. (Irrelevant, or possibly connected vaguely with the question.) ii. Ask another, but Mr. Rogers came up on important business connected with the Lodge. (Correct.)

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Q. : Where has Mrs. M. gone?

A. : i. (Irrelevant.) ii. Far, far away, but more next time. iii. Her mother has gone to—oh, what a happy place is London! iv. All change here for Bletchley. (Mrs. M. had possibly passed this station on her journey.)

Q. : Who has won the Association Match to-day?

A. : i. (Illegible.) ii. O ye simple ones, how long will ye love simplicity? Why, Oxford, of course. [This fact was known to some persons in the room, but not to Mr. Green.]

One of the company then suggested the attempt to get the name on a visiting card transmitted, and the question was written, "Write name on card." Mr. Green did not know that this experiment was about to be tried, and the card was picked from a pile at random. The name was John B. Bourne. A sentence was written by Mr. Green, which proved to be, "Think of one letter at a time and then see what will happen." We did so.

A. : i. J for Jerusalem, O for Omri, H for Honey, and N for Nothing. ii. B for Benjamin, O for Olive, U for Unicorn. (The remaining letters were given incorrectly.)

Q. : How many of the Society's books are here? (There were two volumes of *Proceedings* on the table.)

A. : i. (Irrelevant.) ii. The answer is 100-98.

Q. : What is 2 × 3?

Two irrelevant answers were given, possibly owing to a slight disturbance in the room. The third answer was—"When that noise has ceased and S. has finished knocking the lamp over I say 6."

A trial shortly after this, February 19th, gave no results, and the power of automatic writing appears to have entirely left Mr. Green for the present.

I pass on to a small group of cases which form a curious transition from these communications *inter vivos* to communications which I shall class as coming from the dead. These are cases where the message professes to come from a deceased person, but shows internal evidence of having come, telepathically, from the mind of someone present. I shall begin with a case such as is often cited as proof (insufficient proof, I think,) that a deceased person is communicating.

Dr. Hodgson's informant, Mr. Lewis, a man of business in Cincinnati, states that an automatist to whom his (Mr. Lewis's) family were absolutely unknown wrote a message, with true name, purporting to come from an infant sister long deceased. Mr. Lewis, naturally enough, accepts this message, as similar messages have often been accepted, as an indication of his sister's actual presence.

From Mr. S. Lewis, 347, Baymiller-avenue, Cincinnati.

M. Aut. 63. *April 9th*, 1888.

"On January 28th last I called at the house of some friends; and on this occasion there was some planchette writing. The friends I called on, I believe, are professed Spiritualists. Some four or five of us (I also did) sat around a table in a full and well lighted room (lighted the entire evening). The operator of the planchette was a lady; her husband was at the table,

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also three other friends, including myself. Different communications (so called) were received by different ones at the table, from different friends (as the Spiritualists say), who have passed into the spirit world. I can't give all communications to-day, but one I wish to state. But first let me say that many years since in my father's family the first little one that came to live—a short time—with them was a little girl, named Angeline ; she lived only about two years and died ; next to this little girl was a brother, named Charles (in after life a clergyman in the Episcopal Church) ; and next to Charles was another little sister *also* named Angeline, and next to her was another sister named B. Ann ; then next to B. Ann appeared, well, your humble servant, *myself*, to behold many of the beauties of this beautiful world. So that you see that between the two brief years of my first little sister, Angeline (1st), and my own coming on this globe there was born one brother and two sisters ; therefore, my first little sister, Angeline (1st), I never saw ; and only heard my mother (in her lifetime) speak of Angeline (1st), and I have also seen her name in the records, &c., in the Bible at my old home.

"The operator of the planchette, on the evening of which I am speaking, knew nothing of my father's family (excepting, of course, myself). I never had mentioned one word to the operator (of planchette), or anyone else in that little company, anything whatever about my brothers and sisters or even about my father's family in any way or manner ; and besides, we all lived and grew up in the north part of the State, not far distant from Lake Erie, while the operator has (I think) lived in the south part of this State not far distant from the Ohio River ; and there never has been any *acquaintance* nor any communication between any member of my father's family (or anyone else even) to give any history or information of any kind to the operator, and I certainly never gave the operator any information whatever until *after the occurrence and the writing* on the planchette, which wrote this evening, January 28th last, the following, viz. : '*Mr. Lewis, I am his sister, I am glad you came here to-night ; come again (signed) Angeline.*'

"Now I want to ask, how could originate in the mind of operator any ideas or thoughts about this little sister Angeline (1st) and myself ? I had not for years past even thought of her until the name was written on the evening spoken of.

"The operator is not, never has been a paid medium. S. Lewis."

Now let us consider a similar message, which might have produced a similar belief in another informant's mind. But here it so happened that he tested the alleged fact of death ; and found that the supposed spirit was still alive at the time of the message. The correspondent, Mr. G. S. Long, is known to Dr. Hodgson.

M. Aut. 64.

Jersey City, N.J., *October 22nd*, 1888.

* * * * * *

"I think I wrote you once that about two years ago I had received what was said to be a most convincing test of spirit-return, convincing to all except myself. A young lady, a Spiritualist and medium, though not a professional, nor one that ever received one cent in pay, by means of a lettered board and toy chair, she holding one leg of the chair and I another,

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while a third leg of the chair served as a pointer, gave the following by means of the chair :—

"First the chair spelt out my name and showed a disposition to get in my lap ; then it spelled out 'CARY,' and when I asked for the name of the 'spirit' it spelt out 'George (my name), you ought to know me as I am Jim.' But I didn't, and said so. Then, without my looking at the board, it spelt out 'Long Island, Jim Rowe,' and 'Don't you remember I used to carry you when you were a little fellow,' or words to that effect. I had to acknowledge the truth of it and also to say that as he was an ignorant man he possibly intended 'CARY' for carry. I must own I was puzzled for the moment. To make sure of his power I asked that he count the pickets in the fence outside of the house and I would go out and confirm his statement. Somehow he couldn't agree to this, and even the medium objected. As a last resort I asked how long he had been in the spirit land and the answer came, between 13 and 14 years.

"Now to the sequel. First it occurred to me a day or two after, that while all the incidents given were correct, the name should have been given as ROE instead of ROWE. Second, I was upon Long Island this summer, and the matter coming to my mind I inquired how long Jim Roe had been dead, and was informed he died last winter ; so when I received this test so convincing to the believers *the man was not dead.*

"Yours truly, GEO. E. LONG."

On October 26th, 1888, Mr. Long adds :—

"I do not think that the medium was fraudulent. Her family consists of Mr. S. and 3 daughters, she being the youngest. I have found all to be hypnotic subjects, with the exception of the eldest daughter. They are all believers in Spiritualism, the youngest having been the medium. They do not sit now, as it is claimed that the sittings, while rich in spiritualistic satisfaction, were productive of a state of poor health in the medium.

"As I myself have obtained information supposed to have been impossible for me to have reached, I cannot say for certainty that she had not obtained information about Jim, but I don't believe she had. As the name Rowe was being spelled I sat with my eyes turned from the board and had in mind the name Scudder, and mentally followed the taps of the chair to S C U D— when the medium said, 'The name Rowe is given,' &c. This would seem to leave out any involuntary muscular action. Why Rowe should have been given instead of Roe is still another phase. I wonder whether if any question of the Roe family had arisen I would have had in mind the name of Rowe ? If so, then she produced that which I had long while before been conscious of, but was at the time unconscious of, and had it coupled with an error in spelling that I might have been guilty of had I myself been called upon at that moment to spell it. Had she been fraudulent the probability is she would have spelt it correctly.

"It seems to me that the basis of Spiritualism rests mainly upon this phenomenon which men and women in a supernormal condition produce, without understanding it, and credit to spiritual agencies."

[A general corroboration of Mr. Long's memory of the incident is added from a lady present at the time, who does not now recall the details.]

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The next case is very remote; and I should not use it to aid in *establishing* communication with the dead. But as indicating a possible source of *error* it seems worth quoting, as it is vouched for by two informants who, although here anonymous, are distinguished and intelligent men. Professor H. writes to Dr. Hodgson in 1889 :—

M. Aut. 65.

"I write you the details of another matter told me by a friend, Hon. Z., of C——. He is one of the leading members of the —— Bar, has represented his State several times in the National Congress, and has a very clear, discriminating, and vigorous intellect. He does not believe in Spiritualism, but regards its phenomena as illusions or hallucinations. In his youth, in 1854, he had taught a winter's term in his native town of P——, and in the spring returned to Q—— to complete his fit for college in the Academy in that place. One evening after his return to Q——, a party of young people to the number of eight were gathered about a table to witness the trance-writing of one of their number, a Miss A., a very beautiful girl of eighteen years of age, and the music teacher of the Academy. She wrote the name of Mr. Z.'s father, —— ——, who had died in 1845, and whom no one in the room save his son could have known. I may add that none of the party save my friend knew anything about P—— or its inhabitants. Mr. Z. declared that he did not believe his father had anything to do with the writing. At this Miss A., who sat on the opposite side of the table from Mr. Z., arose, came about to his side, drew her pencil several times rapidly across the two middle fingers of his left hand, returned to her seat, and wrote quickly, 'Does this convince you?' Mr. Z. said that those two fingers were gone from his father's left hand, having been cut off in his boyhood. Mr. Z. was startled, but still expressed his disbelief. Miss A. then wrote H. T. Y.'s name, and continued: 'Killed on —— day of ——, sliding down M—— Hill, running off embankment, broke his neck; Rev. Mr. W. attended funeral; text: book——, chap. ——, verse ——.' Both date and text were given with particularity. Mr. W. was a Congregationalist clergyman of P——, and Mr. Y.'s family were active and leading members of his church. Mr. Y. had been one of Mr. Z.'s pupils that winter in P——, and with the other boys had coursed M—— Hill, a very steep hill near the schoolhouse, and covered with glare ice from summit to foot. Near the foot was an embankment wharfed up to sustain the road-bed, and that was a very dangerous place to slide by. Mr. Z. had repeatedly warned the boys of the danger, but had not deemed it best to forbid their sliding. He had worried over the matter a great deal, and was exceedingly relieved when school closed without any accident having happened. Mr. Z. looked up the text and found it entirely inappropriate to a funeral occasion. H. T. Y. is living to-day, and is the head of the K—— School of Technology. This fact made Mr. Z. scout the whole affair as unworthy of his notice; but to me it seems to indicate a telepathic explanation of both occurrences. I asked Mr. Z. if either his father or Mr. Y. were in his mind at the time. He replied, 'No,' they came into his mind with a shock of surprise when their names were written. We must so suppose the telepathic communication to be without consciousness on the part of the agent."

The Hon. Z. of this case writes as follows :—

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"This statement by Professor H. is correct, and I cannot improve it, or make it more correct by re-writing. Now you may use these facts, but I earnestly desire you not to make use of *any names* or *places*."

My next case comes from Dr. Ermacora, of Padua, one of the group of *savants* whose experiments with Eusapia Paladino are mentioned in the Supplement to this Part of our *Proceedings*. Professor W. James has visited Dr. Ermacora at Padua, and tells me that Dr. Ermacora's experiments are seriously and carefully conducted. Dr. Ermacora himself, for reasons which he states below, regards this message as probably coming from a disembodied intelligence. But it seems to me that the statement as to the date of the letter's arrival may have emanated from the mind of the Venetian cousin at the time when she meant to post her letter in the evening. Dr. Ermacora has sent me a case (not for publication) where a message written by the same automatist predicted some remarkable points with regard to her own future health. Such a prediction, however,—like the frequently recorded predictions of somnambulists with regard to their own epileptic fits, &c.—seems to me to belong to the province of the subliminal self, which I conceive as more intimately acquainted with the state of the organism than the supraliminal self can be. Dr. Ermacora is continuing his experiments, and we may hope for fresh light upon the source of these messages.

M. 41.

Padua, *June 17th*, 1892.

The following case offers some resemblance to that which is quoted in the S.P.R. *Journal* for April, 1892, p. 246 [L. 936], but is in one respect more complete, inasmuch as it seems to show that the presence or near neighbourhood of a letter containing news not yet read by the percipient (in this case a writing medium) may be without influence on the phenomenon. It has, moreover, I think, a wider interest, as showing that the simple messages obtained by writing or similar means may often be more trustworthy than messages obtained in more complicated and elaborate ways. It is most desirable that cases of this type should be collected in greater numbers and with greater care.

Signora Maria Manzini, residing here in Padua, has been for a few months experimenting with automatic writing, and is habitually controlled by a personality which announces itself under the name of Elvira

On April 21st, 1892, Signora Maria Manzini received a letter from Venice informing her that her cousin, Maria Alzetta, was seriously ill with phthisis. It was long since Signora Manzini had heard news of this cousin, and she only knew that, having been left a childless widow, she had remarried and had two children by her second husband. On the evening of the same day Signora M. was writing in my presence, under the control of Elvira, and asked questions as follows :—

Q. : Can you tell me if my cousin's illness is really serious?

After a pause of about a minute and a half the answer came—

A. : She has a very short time to live, and she leaves three lovely children.

Q. : Did you first know this when I received news of the illness?

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A. : No, I have known it for many days, but did not mention it for fear of paining Maria [the medium].

Q. : Why, then, were you so slow just now in answering my question ?

A. : I went to see how she was, so as to be able to tell you precisely.

Next day Signora M. wrote to Venice offering to go and see the invalid. On the 24th she received an answer expressing a desire for her arrival, and stating that the invalid was at the hospital. She wrote again to ask on what days it was allowed to visit the hospital patients. Before an answer arrived, Signora M. wrote in my presence (April 28th) under Elvira's control, and we put the following questions :—

Q. : How is the invalid at Venice ? Do you know why the answer to my letter has not arrived ? and do you know on what day it is allowed to visit the hospital ?

A. : The invalid's condition is the same. There is little hope. She has undergone a serious operation ; there is danger. To-morrow morning Maria will receive a letter. Visitors such as she are received every day at the hospital.

Q. : Do you mean because Maria is a relation of the invalid's ?

A. : No, but because she comes from a distance.

Failing to see what connection there could be between pulmonary disease and a surgical operation, we asked :

Q. : If the patient is in a consumption, what operation can she have undergone ?

A. : She is in a consumption ; but the operation was necessitated by the birth of her last little girl.

Next morning Signora M. received a post-card from Venice containing these words : " Amalia inquired at the hospital and was told that you and your mother would be received on any day, as strangers from another city, if you will come when it suits you."

The date of the letter's arrival and the news contained in it thus corresponded with the prediction. But an embarrassing circumstance remained. When the postman delivered this letter he said that he had in fact brought it to the house on the previous evening, but finding no one at home he had taken it away with him again till the following morning. Thus the messages from Elvira had been received after the postman had endeavoured to deliver the letter. Had, then, the fact that the letter was already in Padua determined the communication which announced its approaching delivery and part of its content ?

On April 30th Signora M. went to Venice and found that her cousin had really had a third child a few months previously, and after its birth had been ill in a way which had ultimately needed a surgical operation. Another small detail previously communicated to Signora Manzini by Elvira was likewise found to be true. Signora Manzini made no mention whatever of her own experiments, and her cousin at Venice continued entirely ignorant of them.

On that same evening, April 30th, on Signora Manzini's return from Venice to Padua, I was anxious to inquire from the "control" as to the effect of the presence in Padua of the letter which had been announced on the evening of the 28th for the following morning. Under the control of Elvira,

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Signora M. wrote the following answer: "I did not know that the letter had arrived; but I was sure that Maria would receive it next morning, because those who wrote it had intended that it should reach her in the morning. They had intended to post it in the evening, but instead of that they posted it directly it was written. I was, in fact, mistaken; for it was a mere chance that it was actually received in the morning."

I then requested Signora M. to write to her friends at Venice in the following terms: "I would beg you to satisfy a feeling of curiosity on my part with regard to a presentiment which I had about your last letter. I should like to know whether it was posted at the hour which you originally intended; or whether you changed your intention and posted it at a different hour. Will you please tell me all you remember about this?"

The following answer was received on May 2nd:—

"I had meant to post my last letter to you in the evening, but, fearing to forget it, I posted it at mid-day, when I had occasion to go out."

To resume the facts. Automatic writing informed us of facts entirely unknown to our ordinary consciousness; namely, the fact that the invalid had three children, and the fact that she had undergone an operation. Thus far we might invoke telepathy and clairvoyance as the explanation. Then there was a true prediction of the arrival of a letter, and of part of its content. But although the letter was delivered on the morning specified, it had, in fact, already arrived in Padua when the communication was made, and its non-delivery in the evening was due to accident. Clairvoyance would not explain this incident, as that power might have been expected to reveal the presence of the letter in Padua. Neither was there an indication of so-called psychometry—an influence from the nearness of the letter itself. But, lastly, an automatic message explains the incident in the simplest manner, and that explanation turns out to be the true one.

Dr. G. B. Ermacora.

C. Thus much for the present with regard to communications from the living; and as to the danger that a message purporting to come from a deceased person may in reality emanate from the mind of one of the living persons present. But this, although a real risk, is by no means the only risk of deception which such messages involve. The communication may conceivably come from some unembodied spirit indeed, but not from the spirit who is claimed as its author. Have we any way of guarding against this deception;—any hints which may even help us to conceive the nature of a danger which lies so entirely outside our terrene experience?

Let us at least make an attempt to consider the possibilities of disembodied existence, apart from any dogmatic preoccupation, and simply in the light of such analysis of terrene personality as our discussions may have suggested.

It is clear in the first place that we must put aside the *moral* distinctions on which men have mostly dwelt in such speculations as these. Men have for the most part confined themselves to imagining personalities shaped on their own familiar type,—but some of them so

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good as to be called angels, some of them so bad as to be called devils. These conceptions have constantly deflected and distorted our present inquiries, by suggesting that if we are dealing with intelligences very different from our own, these strange intelligences must either be immensely better than ourselves or immensely worse. But this is eminently an anthropomorphic illusion. Angels and devils there may be, if you like, in indefinite numbers;—as there may be mermaids and sea-serpents in the deep sea; but that does not make it logical to assume that every form of deep-sea life which comes to our net will be either a sea-serpent or a mermaid. For our present purpose it will be more instructive to regard man—not as a *moderately good* being,—intermediate between possible extremes of fiendishness and beatitude,——but rather as an *extremely complex* being, more complex and at the same time more integrated than any other being that we know. As compared with a civilised adult man, all other creatures are less complicated and some are less coherent. The man's earlier stages, whether as savage or as infant, are less coherent; and his arrests of development, or retrograde processes, are always a sort of disintegration. The hysteric exhibits this disintegrative process in its active stage of extreme instability; the dement shows us a kind of stability reached when the disintegration of personality has been pushed as far as is consistent with keeping a human frame alive.

In the animal creation we have unification and specialisation secured at the cost of range and adaptability. And we must remember that the enormous majority of animals are protozoa, microscopic and unicellular; and that the enormous majority of metazoa or multicellular animals are parasitical. So that if we were simply told that we were to be introduced to a great number of new living beings, with no further details, the presumption would be that these new beings would be extremely short-lived, and dependent for their very existence upon close proximity to some higher organism. And by analogy, if we are told that we are to come across a number of denizens of the unseen world, taken at random, the presumption will be that we shall not encounter a Gabriel or a Plato, a Beelzebub or a Napoleon, but simply a number of parasitical existences who perhaps rise into individualisation by the mere momentary contact with our own spirits, and sink back again presently into some psychical "womb and tomb of things" out of which they for an instant rose. Or if this be lower than we like to go even in imagination for our comradeships, let us realise at least that spirits of the same grade as the higher animals here may be able to communicate with our spirits simply from the removal of those conditions which the struggle for existence has here imposed on the animal creation, and which have fitted them for objects more important to their well-being than converse with man.

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The only excuse for speculations so wild as these is that they are at least *less* wild, more in accordance with analogy, than the popular fears which see a full-blown "lying spirit" in every random utterance of a planchette, and endeavour with Bibles and invocations to test the theology of suspected entities, which (to judge from all that we can learn of them) may be about on the level of a psychical jelly-fish.

Well, it will next be said, all this may apply to the nameless, witless agencies from which (if not from our own spirits) most of our messages do assuredly come. But what say you to the higher communications? to those that are above and not below the automatist's ordinary level? If these messages come from outside ourselves, have you anything to say of *high* spirits, such as the senders claim to be?

One suggestion I have, which seems to me to be again founded on analogy and to help in explaining certain fresh difficulties of "spirit identity" which meet us so soon as the alleged spirit assumes the character of a "guide," and communicates continuous advice or teaching.

We have seen that on earth the pathway of ascent in the scale of organisms is through integration, through unification. The cells of the metazoon—say of man—could have carried on an inferior existence separately; they have modified and unified themselves into man, and have made an organism more capable than any other of subduing the world. But how, again, has man's organism subdued the world? By its capacity for further integration; its ability to collaborate as a unit in a social organism, in which the minds of many act as one. These are truisms. But it is not yet a truism to point out that the psychical law of telepathy (if such it be) represents a still more advanced, a still closer integrative process. It points to a surer convergence, a more intimate fusion of spirit with spirit than is possible so long as all converse has to pass through mere rifts in the veil of flesh. How far, then, may such unification extend? We have suggested the possibility that parasitical minds may form a temporary union (possibly a permanent union) with our own. What if minds like our own should in their turn become in some way components of a larger spiritual aggregate? This need not interfere with our individuality. A corpuscle in a human artery is as indefeasibly a cell as if it were swimming freely in pond-water. But nevertheless it may give to certain communications something of a conjoint and collective character, which may interfere with our attempts at individual identification.

I have suggested these difficulties as possibly inherent in the very nature of the unseen world with which we have to deal;—quite apart from any deliberate wish to deceive us,—such as may, of course, exist in that world as well as in ours. There also, there may be "clashings and entanglements"—opposing wills, confusion of memory, desire to baffle

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and annoy. Both for good and for evil the possibilities which these messages open out must long remain beyond our power to estimate or to understand.

At this point the record may fitly be given of the varied experiences of automatic writing which have been intermingled with Miss A.'s crystal-visions, &c., already narrated in my chapter on "Sensory Automatism." Such account as can here be produced is, from various causes, very incomplete. It contains, however, specimens of several of the problems of which mention has already been made. I may remind the reader that this is a case with which I am intimately acquainted, having carefully watched the progress of the phenomena for some years. The following statements refer largely to facts within my own knowledge, and these are given without exaggeration.

M. Aut 66.

STATEMENT OF MISS A. AS TO HER AUTOMATIC WRITING.

"1. *Origin of the Writing.*—About eight years ago we first heard that people could sometimes write without knowing what they wrote; and that it was supposed that departed friends could communicate in this way. We determined to try whether any of us could write thus. We tried first with a planchette, and when my mother's hand and my hand were upon it we got writing easily. We did not at first get any message professing to come from any spirit known to us.

"2. *Mode of Writing.*—We soon ceased to use the planchette, and I was able to write alone. I can now generally, but not always, write when I sit quiet with a pencil in my hand. The writing often comes extremely fast; at a much faster rate than I could keep up by voluntary effort for so long a time. I have to turn over the pages of the large paper which I generally use, and to guard the lines of writing from running into each other, but except for this there is no need for me to look at the paper, as I can talk on other subjects while the writing is going on. I can always stop the writing by a distinct effort of will. One curious thing is that my hand is never in the least tired by automatic writing.

"3. *Character of the Script.*—I get various handwritings; I may have had a dozen altogether. I may divide these simply into two classes.

"*A.* Large and scrawly hands, which seem to aim at ease of writing, rather than at individuality, and do not divide their words, but run on without a break. Such are the hands of the so-called 'guides' and of other 'spirits' who write frequently. (Whatever the sources of this writing may be, I must use the terms which the writing uses in order to avoid constant roundabout phrases.) These large running handwritings do differ somewhat both from my own handwriting and from each other; but they most of them have a general resemblance to a large, rapid scrawl of my own, with an alteration in the shape of some letters so as to avoid breaks in the continuous scrawl. I can almost always tell who is writing; but there are differences in energy, in little details of management of the paper, &c., which help me to distinguish, even before the end of the message comes, when the signature shows me who has been writing. When the pronoun 'we' is used there is no signature, as that represents 'the guides.'

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"*B.* There are also several handwritings which keep a strongly *individual* character, sometimes plainly of an assumed kind; I mean writing in a way in which no one would have written in life. Thus John Longland wrote in an odd twisted, serpentine way and very small. We unluckily burnt all his writings except one scrap, as we did not believe that he was a real person. A spirit calling himself Detorno makes all the letters square.

"Then, again, when the guides are writing in reply to a private question put by some friend of mine they write wrong side up, so that the friend sitting opposite to me can read the writing and I cannot. They seem to write this way just as easily as the other. Sometimes there is mirror-writing. Sometimes each word in a sentence is written backwards, and sometimes the whole sentence is written backwards, beginning with the last letter of the last word. In a few cases only have we thought that the handwriting resembled what the supposed spirit wrote in life. This was especially so in the case of a communication claiming to come from my grandfather, whose handwriting I had never seen. My mother produced an old signature of his, and certainly it was like; but there was not enough of the automatic writing to make us quite sure. When the 'spirit' or 'control,' or whatever it is, leaves me I cannot make it come again, and writing from spirits known to us on earth is rare in comparison with writing from the guides, or from quite unknown spirits giving fantastic names. Sometimes they give what they say were their real earth-names; and then we can sometimes identify them; although there is, of course, this difficulty, that if they are obscure we cannot find them, or if they are well-known, people who give me credit for more knowledge of history than I possess may think that I knew all about them, and that the messages come from my own mind."

["I think Miss A. has considerably understated the number of distinctly and remarkably different types of handwriting that have come through her hand. I enclose a list of thirteen names of 'guides,' each one of whom has a characteristic handwriting,—invariably the same, however great the length of time that elapses between the communications. In addition to these there have been many instances where personalities,—the so-called dead, or occasionally the living—have written in distinct handwritings.—H. M. Radnor."]

"4. *Drawings.*—Sometimes my hand is moved to draw instead of to write. The impulse in such cases is quite equally distinct. I never know what I am going to draw till the picture is half finished. My hand begins at odd, unexpected places; for instance, with shading in a corner, or at the ear of a profile; and approaches the principal lines in a way which no artist would choose. There is no rubbing out or alteration of what is once done, but if whatever moves my hand does not like the picture it suddenly scrawls it all over and begins again on another piece of paper. Sometimes twenty or thirty pieces of paper have been spoilt in this way,—even when the picture was all but finished; so that if I think that a picture is pretty I sometimes beg someone to take it away from under my hand for fear it should be scrawled on. I have no natural gift for drawing, and have only received a few lessons as a child. I could not even copy some of these automatic drawings. I have never of myself painted in oils, but sometimes I am moved to paint automatically in water-colour or oils. I put out a number of

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oil colours in a row, and my brush goes to them automatically and dabs one wet colour on the top of another, making a picture which is odd enough, but much less muddled than might be supposed; in fact, artists have said that it was curious that a distinct picture could be produced in that way. When I paint thus there is no drawing or outline, only the brush-work. These drawings and pictures have a certain boldness and strangeness about them, but they are certainly not like the work of a regular artist.

"5. *Connection of written with other messages.*—The writing sometimes explains or completes other phenomena, as, for instance, figures seen, or sentences begun by raps. Sometimes, on the other hand, raps will come when I wish to have writing. But the writing will hardly ever explain or in any way allude to what really most needs explanation, namely, the crystal-visions. The guides who write seem to know nothing about these visions.

"6. *Subject of the Writing.*—The great mass of the writing consists of teachings, as to religion and philosophy. This is what my guides seem to wish to give, and it is strange that it should be so, as my own thoughts have not been much directed to such matters.

"Another large part of the writing consists in a kind of fantastic description of the way in which a world was made. The name given with these writings is Gelalius. I suppose that this is a kind of romance. It is very different from anything that I should myself ever write or dream of, nor am I at all fond of reading romances of that kind. The writing professes to be copied from a book open at that particular chapter, and sometimes a passage will be continued weeks or months after the first part of it was written, as if the book had chanced to be open again at that same place.

"Some of the messages, however, deal with earthly matters. Some give general advice, some give medical advice, and some show a knowledge of things in the past or present which I do not possess. Some of these messages have been curiously right; some have been partly right, but confused or interrupted; and some have been wrong altogether. The sense of *time* seems confused, so that it is hard to say whether the incidents are meant to have happened long ago, or lately, or to be still in the future. Many of the messages we have not tested, as they were about things which did not interest us. Often, for instance, there would be messages about events in the newspapers which I had not thought or cared about.

"As to what I have called 'general advice,' I think that this has always been good when it related to the conduct of the automatic writing itself. I should be told, I mean, when to write and when not to write, and what people's presence was desirable, and so forth. The advice is often quite different from what we *wish*;—forbidding us to ask people whom we had desired to ask. There has been one very curious case where we were repeatedly told to 'send for' a gentleman whom I will call Mr. C. D., of whom we knew nothing, except that we had seen his name in the papers in quite a different connection. It so chanced that a friend of ours knew Mr. C. D. and brought him to see us, but for some years there seemed to be no particular result. Lately, however, Mr. C. D.'s presence has very greatly helped the phenomena; and the advice given so long ago has turned out important in a way which we could not possibly have foreseen.

"On matters not connected with these phenomena I should always care-

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fully read what the writing told me, but I should not go by it unless it seemed sensible. It does not always advise either what I wish or what I think wise; but generally it is wiser than I.

"7. *Medical Advice* has often been given by a control calling himself 'Semirus,' and this has been often successful; which is strange, since I am quite ignorant of medicine, and often do not know the names either of diseases or of drugs mentioned. Of course I cannot be quite sure that I have never *read* the words, but certainly when I have written them I have often not known what they meant.

"At other times the facts relating to the illness have been quite outside my knowledge. One friend has given an instance of this kind [printed later]; but I have not liked to ask others, as what Semirus says is generally meant for the questioner alone.

"8. *Thought-transference.*—The writing occasionally, but not often, tells me of thoughts in the minds of persons present. One day a lady handed me a letter, in a handwriting which I did not know. I held the letter in one hand, and the other hand wrote, 'Bright metal and brown earth.' The letter was from a gentleman whom I had never seen, and who committed suicide by throwing himself on the rails in front of a railway engine. I think that this message came from thought-transference, as I do not find that merely holding letters in my hand tells me anything about their writers unless someone is there who knows the content; and even then I so seldom succeed that I do not care to try experiments of this kind."

[Lady Brooke (the Ranée of Saráwak), who was present at the time, has given me a written confirmation of this (quite recent) incident, for which I have not pressed the owner of the letter, on account of the painful nature of the circumstance.—F. W. H. M.]

"9. *Clairvoyance.*—I sometimes get messages which perhaps may be called clairvoyant, telling me, for instance, where lost objects are, or warning me of some danger at hand. Thus about September 20th, 1888, [this incident was written down October 21st, 1889], my sister M. and I had just finished dressing for dinner in the dressing-rooms leading from a large bedroom. The maid had left the room. M. had left her dressing-room, and was standing in the bedroom, when suddenly she called to me: 'Get a bit of paper; there are some raps.' I came in and took an envelope and pencil, and at once the words came, by raps: 'Look to the candle or the house will be on fire.' We saw that it was not the candle in the bedroom, so we went into M.'s dressing-room, and found that her candle was so close to a cardboard pocket depending from the looking-glass that it would have been on fire in a moment. It was already smoking. No servant would have come in for some time." [Mrs. A. confirms as follows: "I heard of the incident in my daughter's next letter."]

"Again, I was descending a dark corkscrew staircase at Longford, in August or September, 1889, [account written October, 1889] when I heard a rapping on the stair. It was persistent, and drew my attention. I looked about with a candle, and at last saw a gold pencil-case of Lady Radnor's, with which I was accustomed to write automatically, lying on a dark little landing of the stair. I did not know that the pencil had been lost.

"10. But the most puzzling cases are those where the message professes to

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be from some departed person, and tells some true things, but perhaps mixes up some mistakes with them. 'Jack Creasy' was a case of that kind. [See *Proceedings*, XXIII., p. 513. We have since ascertained that the widow's name is not Mary.—F. W. H. M.] I certainly had not read any newspapers about his accident, and had no connection whatever with Greenwich or Deptford. I can see no link, and I do not know either why the message should have come at all, or why it should have come so confusedly. But sometimes I do think that the message really comes from the person who professes to communicate.

"Another frequent writer is a strange person to have come to us, as I knew nothing about him, and should not have thought that we had anything in common. That is Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. He—or whatever it is that takes that name—has become a sort of family friend. He has a distinct character of his own, which is not quite what I should have expected in a Lord Chancellor, for he is full of jokes and very bluff and outspoken. He has given a number of facts about himself, names of friends, and laws about marriage that he had made.

"One reason which makes me think that the messages come from outside myself is the feeling which I have sometimes of rivalry or even conflict between them. When I am writing there will occasionally be sudden changes, as if some new personality had been able to get hold of the pencil. And in one long case [John Black] there seemed to be spirits purposely trying to confuse each others' messages; or perhaps one telling a story and others simply trying to prevent us from hearing it.

"Again, if I see figures and then have writing which professes to come from those figures, it seems to me natural to suppose that it does so come."

I will now give some examples of motor messages, by writing and raps, given through Miss A. Here, as in the case of Miss A.'s crystal-visions, I am obliged to confine myself mainly to cases corroborated by the few friends who have felt in the messages more than a merely personal interest. It must, of course, be remembered, in justice to other friends, (who have often carried off messages without even showing them to the writer), that much of what has been thus written has dealt with very private matters.

The first message which I shall quote is evidentially interesting, on account of the mere chance by which its truth was verified. It should be premised that Miss A. has never been to Blankney, and is not acquainted with the Chaplin family.

I. Lady Radnor writes under date January 15th, 1893:—

"The following case has always struck me as particularly curious.

"About 8 years ago, when Miss A.'s powers had only quite recently shown themselves, her automatic writing told me that I had two *guides*, 'Estelle' and 'Silvo,'—spirits who accompanied me and took an interest in my welfare. I did not think of this at first as a thing which could be either proved or disproved. But one day, when a question was mooted as to whether 'spirit guides' had ever lived on earth, I asked whether mine had done so, and was told that *Estelle* had. I asked for her earth-name; and as we were then getting answers by *raps* (through Miss A.'s power) it was rapped out 'Loved voices called me Anne.' I asked for the surname. C—H—A was rapped out.

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As my maiden name was Chaplin I at once jumped to the conclusion that that was the name meant. But the raps said decidedly No, and rapped out *Chambers*. I had no associations with this name. I asked if connected with my family? 'Yes.' Any portrait? 'Yes.' At Blankney? (my brother's place). 'Yes.'

"Now I had spent much of my childhood at Blankney, and I had been particularly fond of one picture there, representing a lady whose name I did not know. It used to hang in the morning room, and then on the staircase, and represented a lady in a red velvet gown with a basket of cherries in her hand. As a child I used to sit and talk to this picture and make a friend of the lady with the cherries.

"So when I heard that the picture of my 'guide' was at Blankney I hoped it might be this lady, and asked, 'Is it the lady with the cherries?' 'Yes' was eagerly rapped out. I at once wrote to my old nurse who was still at Blankney, and who knew a good deal about the pictures, and asked her to get the picture examined for any name which might be on it. She got the picture taken down and carefully examined, but there was no clue. She told me, however, that she thought she had heard a Mrs. S.—a connection of the family, who knew the pictures better than anyone—say that the lady with the cherries was a Miss *Taylor*. This disheartened me; but I wrote to a friend at the College of Heralds to ask whether the name Chambers occurred anywhere in the Chaplin pedigree. He wrote back that there was no such name in the pedigree.

"The same day that I got his letter I happened to meet Mrs. S. (whom I had not seen for many years) in a shop in London. I knew that she had once made a catalogue (which I had never seen) of the Blankney pictures; so I felt that here was my last chance. I asked her if she knew who the lady with the cherries was. 'Oh, that is Lady Exeter,' she said, 'whose daughter, Lady Betty Chaplin, married an ancestor of yours.' 'Do you know what Lady Exeter's maiden name was?' 'It was Mellish.' I now lost all hope, but I just asked: 'Has the name *Chambers* any association for you?' 'How stupid I am!' she exclaimed, 'Lady Exeter was a Miss Chambers, of Mellish!' My friend at the Heralds' College then looked in the *Exeter* pedigree, and, sure enough, the lady with the cherries was *Hannah Chambers*.

H. M. RADNOR."

"I was cognisant of all this, and attest the accuracy of the account.

"RADNOR."

In a later letter Lady Radnor adds: "Personally I had always believed 'the lady with the cherries' to be someone (name unknown) who had married a *Chaplin* ancestor. There was no Chaplin pedigree, and it was I who suggested to my brother that he should ask 'York Herald' (Mr. Gatty) to draw one up; and I therefore applied to Mr. Gatty as being the only person who would know the names of the families connected by marriage with the Chaplins. I knew that the great-grandmother was 'Lady Betty,' *née* Cecil: but as in those days pedigrees and family history did not interest me, I *had* never—and up to the present time never *have*—seen the Chaplin pedigree. In any case the name Chambers would not appear in it."

II. The next case is typical of many similar trifling incidents.

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January 15th, 1893.

"I have several times had reason to think that some intelligence writing through Miss A. was aware of trifling circumstances happening to myself. A good instance occurred the other day. I came back from hunting and joined in a séance, where my so-called 'guide' was communicating. I asked 'Well, have you been with me in my run to-day?'

"'Yes,' was the answer, 'but you should have gone up the hill instead of down.' 'Was Nancy right, then?' 'Yes.' Now, in point of fact we had changed foxes that day by going down a hill instead of up, one hound, alone, Nancy, running up hill on what was doubtless the original scent.

"RADNOR."

January 16th, 1893.

III. "The following writing was given at Longford, February 27th, 1890, avowedly by 'Estelle':—

"'You ask me whom I see in this habitation. I see so many shades and several spirits. I see also a good many reflections. Can you tell me if there was a child died upstairs? Was there an infant who died rather suddenly? [Why?] Because I continually see the shadow of an infant upstairs, near to the room where you dress. [A *shadow?*] Yes, it is only a shadow. [What do you mean?] A shadow is when anyone thinks so continually of a person that they imprint their shadow or memory on the surrounding atmosphere. In fact they make a form; and I myself am inclined to think that so-called ghosts, of those who have been murdered, or who have died suddenly, are more often shadows than earthbound spirits; for the reason that they are ever in the thoughts of the murderer, and so he creates as it were, their shadow or image; for it would be sad if the poor souls suffered, being killed through no fault of their own,—that they should be earthbound; though, remember, they very often are earthbound too.'

"With reference to the above communication I may say that an infant brother of mine died of convulsions in a nursery which then occupied the part of the house where the figure of the baby was said to have appeared. I do not see any way in which Miss A. could have known either of the death of my infant brother or of the fact that that part of the house had previously been a nursery.

RADNOR."

IV. A few further points connected with Longford may conveniently be added here.

January 15th, 1893.

"The following point should be added to the account of Miss A.'s vision of the Long Drawing-room at Longford as a Chapel, which (as we knew) it was in Lord Coleraine's time, although she had no means of knowing this.

"She remarked that there was a door where the altar ought to be (*i.e.*, at the east end), and that there was an altar between two of the side windows, which she designated. None of us knew at that time where the altar had been, but later on we found in the muniment-room, (which, of course, is always kept locked), an old plan of Longford, in which the Long Drawing-room is a chapel, and the altar is in precisely the place where Miss A. located it. This is just like her putting the Cathedral altar in the place in

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which, unknown to her, it used to be, when she saw the induction of Brian Duppa. RADNOR."

January 15th, 1893.

V. "It should be added to the account of Brian Duppa that Miss A. subsequently in my presence pointed out to me a portrait, in a room and house which she had never previously entered, as being the man whom she saw as Brian Duppa.[1] Although very short-sighted, she recognised the face and figure at a few yards distance. I did not know the picture, and although I have long-sight, I could see no name on it from where we sat. I went up and examined it, and found that the name Brian Duppa was on it in small letters. H. M. RADNOR."

VI. The next case, so far as it goes, supports the view that the "douser's" water-finding may be the result of a real motor message from the subliminal self; a thrill passing unconsciously through the organism and acting, by a tightening of the muscles, upon the hazel-rod:—

January 15th, 1893.

"Feeling some curiosity as to the alleged powers of water-finders or diviners, I recently sent for a man who had much local repute of this kind, and set him to find water in the park at Longford. His rod turned up in various places where there may or may not be water, but when we came to a place where I knew that there was water running through a brick conduit underground, his rod gave no sign. I taxed him with this and he replied that he could not find running water when it was enclosed in a conduit. Miss A. was at Longford at the same time, and I asked her to try the rod, which I myself cut from a hedge. She had never made the attempt before. I placed her at some distance from the brick conduit and told her to go on till she came to it. I took care not to give any indication. Exactly at the right place the rod turned up. She then followed the hidden conduit; whenever she stepped off it the rod went down. Lady Radnor then tried her in the Castle itself. She went into the central hall, which had been the courtyard. In one corner the rod went up strongly, having been going up a little before. In my memory a pump had stood there; but no one in the house, except myself and my aunt, knew of the existence of this old well.

"RADNOR."

VII. The following statement is from the Ranée of Saráwak:—

January, 1893.

"In September, 1892, my maid, who was not known to Miss A., complained of persistent pain in the neck and arm. She told me afterwards that she had been afraid of paralysis. I asked Miss A. to let 'Semirus' write what was the matter with her. The maid came into the room. No one said a word as to her symptoms, but Miss A.'s hand at once wrote in 'Semirus'' handwriting: 'It is not paralysis, as you fear; it is rheumatism; your bed ought to be moved from the window,' or words to that effect. I went into the maid's room, which it so happened that I had never seen, as it was in a house which I had only rented for a short time, and I found in

[1] Her words were: "Oh, there is my Bishop! only *his* hair was brown and in this picture it is grey."

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fact that the bed was exposed to a severe draught. It was placed against the window. I had it moved, and the rheumatic pain disappeared.

MARGARET BROOKE."

VIII. I give here an incident of which I was myself witness, and which seems to me typical of a class of communications of which I have already said something,—where information unknown to the automatist is given, on the *soi-disant* authority of some departed spirit; but yet this information, so far as true, is known to some person present, and when anything which goes beyond the knowledge of persons present is asked for, the answer goes off into mere guessing and vagueness. Note also the fact that these messages were given by a distinct rapping sound in the table. This phenomenon is often spoken of in spiritist journals as a very common one. For myself I may say that having sat at tables many hundred times, in readiness to welcome raps if they appeared, I have frequently heard raps in the presence of paid mediums, and I have frequently heard creaks of the table in the presence of my own friends; but only in the presence of some four or five non-professional and trustworthy persons have I heard unmistakable raps, answering questions, and producing upon my mind the conviction that no known agency was concerned in producing them.

On this occasion the messages given were private enough to need an alteration in the initials of the friends present. Besides Miss A., a sister, and myself, there sat at the table Lady B. and the Hon. C. D. A Christian name was clearly rapped out, which was recognised by Mr. C. D. as that of his mother, not consciously known to any of the rest of us. Since, however, the name was in the Peerage, it was of little evidential value. A message then came as to Mr. C. D.'s efforts on behalf of a friend, for whom he was then trying to get a post. "What kind of employment shall I get for him?" "Island." "What island?" "Jersey." "Can you mention anyone who will help in this?" "Lang" was rapped out, and then came many confused raps and the message ceased.

Now Mr. D. was in reality trying privately to get a post in Jersey for his friend,—about whom none of us knew anything. How easy, therefore, it would be to report this sitting as follows: "Mr. D.'s mother announced herself by raps, and gave advice on a private matter."

But now compare the classical case, if I may so term it, of the Rev. P. and Mrs. Newnham, and consider how these replies might be explained on the theory of mere thought-transference between living persons. In Mr. Newnham's case we found that the automatic writing got at the questioner's ideas gradually and imperfectly, and filled up gaps by random answers made to look as interesting as possible. So here, in my view, some intelligence not necessarily other than some part of Miss A.'s subliminal self readily discerns in Mr. D.'s mind an idea so firmly fixed as his mother's name, and takes that as an interesting source to which to ascribe the replies. It next gets easily at the idea of helping the friend; but the definite name *Jersey* is harder to come at, and is preceded by *island*, a reply which could hardly have been given save by someone groping for the clearer notion. Then when the name of some helpful resident in Jersey is asked for—Mr. D. himself now not knowing any such name—an attempt is made to rap out the name which is in most minds the first which the idea of Jersey would call

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up. Senseless as this guess was, (for Mr. D. certainly did not expect Mrs. Langtry to find posts for his friends), it was quite analogous to the random, dreamlike associations and plays upon words which are characteristic of subliminal messages of all kinds.

The next question, again, received an answer which might have been credited to clairvoyance. Mr. C. D. handed Miss A. a ring (not that I see reason to suppose that the ring made any difference) and simply said, "Tell me about my friend now at a hotel in Paris, with whom this ring is connected." Immediately raps spelt out the sentence, "Case for operation." A few details of the disease were then given, which corresponded with what Mr. C. D. knew, and which, where they went beyond his knowledge, admitted of no proof.

I can hardly myself doubt that this knowledge also came from Mr. C. D.'s mind, and *not* (as is usually professed in such cases) from actual inspection of the patient.

It may, of course, be asked why experiments like this, which, even if they prove nothing more than thought-transference, do at least seem to prove *that* so definitely, are not constantly repeated. The answer is that there are very few persons with whom they *can* be repeated; and that Mr. C. D.'s personality was in this case probably as essential as Miss A.'s. Mr. D., though he cannot by himself obtain raps, has marked power of a psychical kind, and is in fact the gentleman to whom Miss A. has above alluded as having been demanded by her guides before she or her family knew anything of him beyond official mentions of his name in the papers. I can myself vouch for the recurring scrawls, "Bring C. D."—"Bring C. D." which puzzled the A. family some six years ago, when they certainly were not aware of Mr. D.'s gift (then very slightly developed), and when it had not consciously occurred to myself that good might result from the collocation of the two sources of power.

IX. The next case which I shall give is a curious one, as involving (1) raps, (2) a crystal-vision, (3) an apparition seen by two persons, viz., Miss A. herself and Mr. Harry de Windt, well known as a traveller in Russia. Unfortunately no notes were taken, but I heard of the incident a few weeks afterwards from Lady Brooke, Mr. C. D., Mrs. A. and Miss A. (all present at the time), and a letter from Mr. de Windt confirms two of the main points.

In September, 1892, on the occasion of the first meeting of Mr. de Windt and Miss A., the latter wrote the word Doishowalinksky, which at first was thought to be a sentence, but turned out to be a name well known to Mr. de Windt.

On the same day a face appeared near Mr. C. D. which was clearly seen by Miss A. and Mr. de Windt, and recognised by the latter, as stated in a letter to me, dated October 5th, 1892: "I can only tell you that I distinctly saw the face of an exile I am acquainted with, one Dombrowski, who is (or was) located at Tomsk, in Western Siberia. A message was also sent me" [from a Russian source; but Mr. de Windt explains the inexpediency of printing further particulars of this].

Miss A., on being afterwards shown a photograph of Dombrowski (not, however, mixed with other photographs, as it should have been), recognised it,

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but said that the face as seen by her looked older and more worn; in which Mr. de Windt concurred. It is not known whether Dombrowski is dead or alive.

On the same day Miss A., looking in the crystal, saw a small man with bright red hair and red face, a big stick, a long petticoat, and a fur cap, walking in front of a little hut. Mr. de Windt recognised this figure as resembling a hill-man set to watch an isolated prisoner. These stunted hill-men dye their hair with red clay.

A few days later (September 15th, 1892) a message was given by raps to Lady Brooke (the Ranée): "Tell your brother (Mr. de Windt) that Shiskine is the man to help him." Neither Miss A. nor Mr. de Windt had ever consciously heard of Shiskine, but in the *St. James's Gazette* of September 24th they observed that M. Shiskine had received a certain high appointment, which explained the message. His appointment had also been mentioned in the *Times* of August 31st. It is, of course, possible that subliminal memory may externalise itself by raps, as by other means.

X. Among the habitual "controls," "Lord Chancellor Hardwicke" is almost the only one of sufficient historical mark to admit of our testing the truth of his statements. He gave a list of the surnames of sixteen of his friends; and Miss Porter has been good enough to identify with probability most of these. Most of the names (though not all) appear in Harris's *Life of Lord Hardwicke;* but in several cases there are reasons, not apparent in the Life, which make it probable that there was more intimacy than the incidental mention in the Life would imply. The case resembles the biographies of musicians written automatically by Mr. Stainton Moses (see *Spirit Identity*), which I hope to discuss on some later opportunity. The tone of boisterous humour which runs through these messages is unlike Miss A., but it must be remembered that in the "objectivation of types" so often obtained by hypnotic suggestion, a part quite alien to the hypnotised subject's character is often surprisingly well maintained.

XI. I will close this series for the present with a case which unites all the perplexities of these inquiries in a singularly tangled form. According as stress is laid on one or other of its aspects it may be regarded as one of the weakest or as one of the strongest items of our present evidence. Against it are the broad facts that the central story, if central story there be, never got itself told at all; that there were numerous inaccuracies in the fragmentary stories which *were* told; and that these included an impossible incident (the experience of John Black, as I shall call him, in the hospital) which points to an intentional mystification.

In favour of the case is, first of all, the fact that the communications do not depend upon any one person. They are shared by Miss A. with four other members of her family, and with the gentleman here called Mr. B., who is known to me, and whom I regard as an excellent witness, although for official reasons, which seem to me adequate, he wishes his name to be concealed.

Then again, we have the several mutually corroborative *forms* in which the message was conveyed, raps—sounds, visions, and writing. And finally, besides the inaccurate or incredible statements, and closely mixed up with these, we have a considerable number of facts accurately given, and these

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facts of the oddest character. The impression left upon those who took part in these sittings was that they had here a fragmentary message, confused by the very conditions of its transmission, and its confusion worse confounded by some perverse or hostile agency; but, nevertheless, reflecting certain true facts, known to one or more minds altogether distinct from those of the group who received the communications.

The account here quoted was written partly by Mr. B., and partly by members of the A. family who were present.

Re JOHN [BLACK]—GERTRUDE TRYON.

On Sunday, December 15th, 1889, while in church at morning service, Miss A. and B. saw among other things a form in the pulpit, dressed in something dark. We had some writing and were told that if we had a sitting that evening the man would try and show himself and tell us what he wanted, and that he had appeared in church to attract our notice. [Mr. B. tells me that he has many times seen, as he believes, quite independently, the same phantasmal figures which Miss A. has at the same time seen.—F. W. H. M.]

At 6.30 p.m. we sat round a strong square table in a darkened room, and loud raps began almost at once. Very shortly Miss A. saw the figure of a man *lying* on an ordinary hospital stretcher, and what appeared to be his double *standing* beside it. B. at the same time saw the standing figure.

By loud raps we were told that his name was J. [Black].

Raps then continued: "Water-lane, Brixton."

Question: "What number?" Answer: "Kendal Villas," and then "2."

Miss A. now saw sort of magic lantern pictures at the end of the room, of a station, lights, trains, &c.

A low indistinct voice now began to speak, but we could not make out what it said.

The raps now continued, and in spite of great interruptions by the voice, we made out the following:—

"Once dead through concussion of spine. St. Bartholomew's."

During this time the figure kept making signs of approval when his raps were understood, and a very cold air blew at intervals over our hands.

At about this time we noticed another figure between Miss A. and B., evidently the one who was speaking so indistinctly that we could only make "Yes" or "No" at times of what he said.

Question: "What can we do for you?"

Answer: "Ask Gertrude for the —— " (we fancied "will").

Q.: "Does Gertrude live at Kendal Villas?" A.: "No."

Q.: "Do you know where she lives?" A.: "Ask Dr. Fyfe to help."

Q.: "Can you give us Gertrude's address?" A.: "No."

Q.: "Can you give us Dr. Fyfe's address?" A.: "Montpellier-square."

Q.: "Can you tell us the number?" A.: "Yes" (we counted and they stopped us at 4, and again at 2), "42."

This conversation was rendered very difficult in places by the voice interrupting, especially at the number of Dr. Fyfe's house. After this the raps became so weak that it was suggested that the figure should make a sign at the right letter, and this was carried out. A little difficulty was experienced at first, but finally with some occasional raps the conversation recommenced.

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Q. : "What was Gertrude's other name?"

The voice said "Tryon" and the hand waved approval.

Q. : "When did you die?"

A. : "January 13th" (we gathered). "It was I that forgot Gertrude when I had the accident. Pray find Gertrude and give her money to live on."

Q. : "Where did you see Gertrude last?" A. : "Richmond."

We had here to stop, as it was late. After the sitting, on looking in a Blue-book we found the name and address: "Andrew Fyfe, M.D., M.R.C.S., 42, Montpellier-square, S.W." [Dr. Fyfe is, of course, in no way connected with this inquiry, into which he enters only as responding with prompt courtesy to questions about a patient.]

At the same table, about 9 p.m. on December 18th, raps again began, but there seemed a great many different influences, all wishing to communicate. The same figure appeared, and after a few minutes was able to rap and sign to us, but throughout there was great difficulty.

J. [Black] said: "I want to tell you all, help me." We tried then to make out on what line of railway he was travelling but could only make out the following words :—

Q. : "What was the accident?"

A. : "Train—collision—Victoria—station near."

Q. : "Where were you coming from?" A. : "Richmond."

Q. : "Did Dr. Fyfe help you then?"

A. : "No—Symons—in accident too."

Q. : "What do you want us to do for Gertrude?"

A. : "I owe her money. You must tell Dr. Fyfe to tell you that address, he knows it. I owed her money, and ask if I left a letter about Gertrude."

Q. : "How much did you owe her?" and we thought the answer was £5.

He then said, "Write to Kendal Villas."

Q. : "What is the name of the person who lives there now." A. : "[Black.]"

Q. : "What relation to you?"

A. : "Wife"—we suggested widow—"No, wife."

The voice then got stronger a great deal and distinctly said :—

"It is all quite right. Look for accident January 1st or December 31st.

During this sitting we had a paper and pencil on the table, hoping for some direct writing, and we heard them moved about several times. We asked if there was anything on the paper and the voice said, "Ernest has written." We then struck a light and found written on the paper "J. [B]——." The voice before we finished said, "I am George Smith, and am trying to help: thank you. Going to write."

The guides wrote through Miss A. that George Smith was not a bad spirit, though not very high; that he had known J. [Black] and was anxious to help him. They also said they fancied Gertrude Tryon was drowned, and that she went to see Dr. Fyfe, either in November or December, 1888, by J. [Black's] wish; that she did not pay him, but gave him her address.

Wishing to follow this out, a telegram was sent to the London police asking for news of J. [Black] and the following answer was received :—

"Brixton. Head Constable. *December 19th*, 1889.

"John [Black] has been stopping at 2, Kendal Villas, Water-lane.

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Married Miss [W.], occupier's daughter, Sunday last. Expected home next Sunday. Present address unknown."

On December 20th a file of the *Times* was obtained and the following account of a railway accident on December 31st, 1888, was found in it :—

Copied from the *Times* of January 1st, 1889 :— . . . "The worst case was that of a Mr. [Black] of Brixton, who received such serious injuries that the doctor ordered his immediate removal to a hospital. He was accordingly placed in a police ambulance, and this was put in the guard's van of a train bound for the City. Mr, [Black] was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he now lies." . . . The paragraph stated that the collision was between a L.C. and D. train in Loughborough Junction, going to Victoria, and a L. and S.W. train from Richmond. A Dr. Simonds attended the injured.

A telegram was then sent to the house surgeon, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the following reply received :—

"[Black] left 11th January."

On the evening of December 21st we received the following communication, partly by raps and partly by voice, the voice being stronger than before :—

"The real J. [Black] is here; this is me." "On January 7th, I was compelled to leave the body of J. [Black].' "J. [Black], my body was entered into by another." "I now am bodiless, do you not understand?" "I and he are one." "Two in one body." "I married Gertrude Tryon." "Not the other." "Yes, yes, help me—help me to make you understand."

Q. : "Were you married in church to Gertrude Tryon?"

A. : "No I promised to marry her in January." "I will, I must get help." We had said : "How can you make us understand what it is you want?" "I was insensible for seven days, and when I came to myself I saw just the other in my body ; I could not get back, so have no power to fulfil my promise."

Q. : "Can't you influence him (J. [Black]), or get back into his body ?"

A. : "I can when he is terribly excited. I implore you to help me."

Q. : "Why are you so anxious about Gertrude?"

A. : "She was an orphan, I used to meet her in Richmond Park. I promised to meet her on New Year's Day."

Q. : "Was she a lady?"

A. : "No, she was a 'dancer' at Liverpool; a 'dancer' is a worker in the mills."

Q. : "Can you tell us the name of the mill?"

A. : "Darlings, I think, cannot be sure."

Q. : "What was her address in Richmond?"

A. : "I think that she had lodgings in Castle-street."

Q. : "What number?" A. : "17."

Q. : "What is it you want us to do for her?"

A. : "You must, when you find her, place her somewhere; she has no friends, and it is my fault."

On the evening of December 22nd, at a sitting, by raps we were told : "I must give an address for George Smith. Gertrude Tryon was at Bold-street, Liverpool."

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Q.: "Can you give us the number?" A.: "No."

Q.: "Will you tell us more?" A.: "Public-house—barmaid."

A letter received on December 26th says:—

"The principal street for shops is called Bold-street."

"42, Montpellier-square, S.W., *December 26th*, 1889.

"DEAR SIR,—I remember the name Tryon, I fancy, but I cannot see it in our books. I will have another look, however, through the day-book for November and December, 1888, to-morrow, and let you know. There are several names of [Black] in the book. Can you tell me where he lived?

"Believe me, yours very truly, ANDREW FYFE."

December 28th, 1889.—During the afternoon E. saw in the crystal a small room, with only two chairs in it and torn curtains. In it was a young woman, with a dark dress and dark hair, sitting with her back towards the seer. She was sitting on one chair with her feet on the other, in a very dejected attitude, and the following letters came "G. H. T. o [Black]."

After dinner that evening, among other things, a mist suddenly seemed to us to form, and in it Miss A. saw the form of a young woman, dripping with water, with her hair, which was long and black, hanging over one shoulder, and the whole circle was startled by the most distressing moans. The voice said then: "I am Gertrude Tryon, and I want to talk to you. I threw myself into the water." Q.: "Was it in Richmond Park?" A.: "About Richmond."

Q.: "Was it in the river?" A.: "Yes."

Q.: "Can you give us the date?" A.: "September 17th, 1889."

The figure which answered these questions and still had kept moving, then faded away.

December 29th, 1889.—At a sitting after tea, towards the end of the time, when we had had several other messages and a few words of direct writing, raps, and voices, the spirit who gives the name of George Smith came. He said: "J. [Black] will try and come but I will not let him; I will make a form." Then we saw a kind of indistinct mask or face on the table which G. S. was evidently trying to make.

Q.: "Was what Gertrude Tryon told us last night correct?"

A.: "Yes, she is near, I can ask her questions."

Q.: "Are you dead?" A.: "Yes."

Q.: "What were you?" A.: "Ostler, Richmond."

Q.: "Whereabouts in Richmond?" A.: "Castle Hotel."

Q.: "Do you know if there was any account of Gertrude Tryon's suicide?"

A.: "There was a notice in the *Star*, I think."

Q.: "Can you tell us what date?"

A.: "Not certainly, but I think September 19th."

Q.: "Is it the woman whose body was found in the Thames?"

Here the answers became rather involved and we could not make out if he was speaking of Gertrude Tryon or someone else.

A.: "I can tell you who made (did?) it; she threw herself in and Long Jack pulled her out. He took her to Bermondsey and from there to Chelsea; from there I cannot trace her, and that was early in September."

Q.: "Was she alive, or did he take her body?"

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A.: "(Alive) first; the 17th September was killed."

Here we had to leave off.

We had a sitting on the 31st, and after other things by the crystal and raps we got this message: "Will you be careful of what G. Smith tells you? he is not the best of spirits, he is one who knows more of G. Tryon than anyone else; it will not be any use for him to try to deceive you for you will find him out; we are afraid that Long Jack is only an alias of G. Smith."

On sending to Richmond to know if there is a Castle Hotel, we learn that there was one, but it has been pulled down.

On January 1st got another answer from Dr. Fyfe.

"DEAR SIR,—I have looked carefully through our books for November and December, but I cannot see the name of Gertrude Tryon; I remember the name Tryon, but a number of patients used to come to me whose names were not mentioned in the books afterwards. If you could give me any further particulars of her and [Black], I should be only too glad to try and trace them.

"*December 30th*, 1889. "ANDREW FYFE."

On January 3rd, when C. and Miss A. had gone up to bed, Miss A. had loud raps in her room, and going to C.'s room tried to write but could get nothing, so sat at a little table. This message was rapped out: "Willow-walk, Bermondsey."

Q.: "Who are you?" A.: "Gertrude Tryon."

Q.: "What do you want to say?" A.: "Baker met——."

Here the raps broke off and we could get no more.

On January 4th, we heard from Liverpool:—

"SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your inquiry of the 2nd, and to inform you that there is no hotel or public-house in Bold-street, and our directory gives no manufacturer or mill-owner of the name of Darling. By the enclosed circular you will see we are precluded from making any inquiry.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"G. WILLIAMS
"(Chief Superintendent)."

On January 5th were told by "writing": "You must remember that in all communications there are those who try and tell you exactly opposite from what they ought, to try to stop you from finding out the truth; keep everything, it will do more good in proving that you get false and true. There are two sides to every question, but you need not think that because all is not to be found out directly there is not the whole truth at the bottom."

On January 7th, after tea, B. and Miss A. took a small table, placing the crystal on it. First was seen in the crystal a cart with two men and a woman (G. T.) in it; the man who was sitting between the driver and the woman was clean shaven and had a dark blue cap on. They seemed to be driving through a square and along a narrow street, into what we were told (by raps) was Willow-walk. The cart stopped next door to an arch; G. T. went in through the door. By raps we then got, "Baker is shortly out of prison." Then again in the crystal, G. T. appeared to be sitting at the back of a large yard full of carts, as if she were hiding. The entrance seemed to be through the archway. Then was rapped out twice, "Stores in

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Willow-walk." Then two tin canisters appeared in the crystal, held in someone's hand, and the words "Baker stole" were rapped out. Then we asked some questions and were answered by raps :—

Q. : "Who is Baker?"

A. : "Baker was in prison for stealing; he knows about G. Tryon."

Q. : "How does that help us?"

A. : "Ask anyone who lives in Willow-walk if they know about Baker who was found stealing."

Q. : "How long ago?" A. : "Not sure—about four months perhaps."

Q. : "But still how will that help us?"

A. : "It gives you a clue, but be very careful if you talk to Baker; he will not let you know he knows, he will hide it."

Q. : "Where was Baker?" (or, where did he steal).

A. : "Van depository in Willow-walk."

The following is a description of Gertrude Tryon as she appeared in the crystal, also at the sitting :—Very nice looking, pale complexion, dark eyes, black hair brushed off the face; very straight features; rather long face with scar over right eye; plain gold rings in her ears; hands long and thin; probably left-handed; in the crystal was seen with black stuff dress, black buttons, and steel centres.

(While we were writing out this description directly after we had got it, there were loud *thuds* on the screen behind us, and a noise as if someone were talking far away, heard by all in the room; also loud knocks the other side of the room.)

We have found that there is a Willow-walk, Bermondsey, and also there is a Pickford's van depository in Willow-walk.

On writing to Richmond for the first three weeks' local papers in September, all were sent up to the 15th or 16th by Edward King. On writing again for the 17th and 18th, the dates required, the following answer came back from Edward King: "We regret we have no papers for the dates you refer to." We sent for the *Star* evening paper of these dates, and they were also out of print.

We learn on inquiry that there are two Bakers among a gang of burglars; one is caught and the other still at large.

On January 30th, a letter came from a friend who was making inquiries as follows :—

"A detective came here yesterday with information from Scotland Yard about Baker; he was, it appears, employed on the railway and was convicted not long since of stealing a can of milk, somewhere in Willow-walk, Bermondsey, and is still undergoing his months' L. H. L."

On February 15th, 1890, Miss A. and B. again obtained the following answers to questions, sitting at a small table alone, and the communications coming from George Smith :—

"That man that knows about Gertrude Tryon. I want to find one called Sayce, he was with Gertrude; find him; he was with her in Liverpool."

Q. : "Where is he to be found?"

A. : "He was last in Pentonville-street, N.W."

Q. : "What had he to do with Gertrude?"

A. : "He worked with her."

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Q. : "Where?"

A. : "Bar in pastry-cook's shop in Bold-street, Liverpool."

Q. : "What is the name of the shop?" A. (after much trouble): "Howard."

About 3 a.m. on the night of the 15th February, 1890, Miss A. was awakened by rapping and shaking at the end of her bed on the wood. She asked who was there?

A. : "George Smith. I will tell truth; listen. Helped Gertrude Tryon, kill child."

Q. : "Where?" A. : "Richmond." Q. : "How?" A. : "Chloroform." Q. : "You are telling stories." A. : "Truth, I will confess." Q. : "When?" A. : "August." Q. : "How did they kill it?" A. : "Chloroform." Q. : "Where did they get it?" A. : "Won't tell." Q. : "You must tell me." A. : "Don't know." Q. : "Unless you tell me where you got it I shall believe you are telling lies." A. : "Sayce got it." Q. : "Where did he get it?" A. : "Crane-court." Q. : "Where is that?" A. : "City." Q. : "Where in the City?" A. : "Quick-street, no, Fleet-street." Q. : "What was the name of the shop?" A. : "Can't tell." Q. : "You must." A. : "Well, shall go to the other, he will help me."

On February 16th, 1890, B. and Miss. A. sat at a small table, and got the following by raps :—

Q. : "What are we to do about this case?"

A. : "You must try to find the body—read service."

Q. : "Was G. T. drowned?"

A. : "No, she was murdered."

Q. : "Tell us what to do to find her."

A. : "She never came from Bermondsey."

Q. : "Who murdered her?"

A. : "George Smith."

Q. : "Will you tell us how and where G. S. died?"

A. : "Yes, though I will not pretend to know the name of the vessel; he went to Liverpool,—to the docks, and got a place on board ship. I only know he was brought before the highest tribunal—God's."

Q. : "Can you tell us where G. T.'s body is?"

A. : "Willow-walk—in a shed—stable—near vans; Pickford's yards."

On March 14th, 1890 (Friday), Miss A. went with a friend to Willow-walk, Bermondsey. After walking nearly down the whole street without finding anything like what she had seen, she suddenly recognised the grocery stores she had seen in the crystal. She could not find the archway, but went straight into the yard where Pickford keeps his vans and packs; and after going some way she found the archway she had seen close by the loading-place, and recognised it as having seen it in the crystal.

On March 25th, B., Miss A., and A. W. sat at a small table, and got the following communications by raps :—

"E. (Emily?) Joyce must be found."

Q. : "Where does she live?"

A. : "She lived last in Wimpole-street as caretaker."

Q. : "What number?" A. : "39."

Q. : "Who was she caretaker to?"

A. : "Charwoman also at the church."

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Q. : "Where is the church?" A. : "Raine-street."

(Here George Smith came and interrupted and had to be sent away.)

Q. : "Where is Raine-street?"

A. : "E.C. Chap. Little Bethel."

They could then get no more, so left off. Miss A. sat down to write out what had been given, and the raps continued on the writing table. "You will find E. Joyce by applying to rooms, Whitecross Mission, Upper Nine."

On sending for a P.O. Directory it was found that there is a mission room at 199, Upper Whitecross-street.

On March 31st, 1890, B. and Miss A. sat at a small table and got the following by raps :—

"From Gertrude Tryon. I must find rest. Murder it was; my body lies there—the river—and I was made to put the child's body in the yard; it is there now. I can never get help."

Q. : "Then it is the child's body that is in Pickford's yard? How did you die?"

A. : "I was murdered."

Q. : "Where is your body?"

A. : "They cut my body up, they put the pieces wi——"

Here it broke off and no more raps could be obtained.

A few particulars may be added to this jumble of facts incomprehensibly accurate and fictions absurdly palpable.

1. John [Black's] accident and illness.

We owe to the kindness of the Surgical Registrar of St. Bartholomew's the following copy of an entry in Case-book of patients under Mr. Morrant Baker, 1888 :—

"December 31st, 1888. 3856. John [Black], æt. 21, safe-maker. He was in train which collided with another on day of admission. Insensible for some time, but not when he came in. Came in suffering from shock and pains in the head."

Mr. Black had moved from the address which was correctly given by raps in the case above cited; but Dr. A. T. Myers, after some difficulty, succeeded in interviewing him at his new home on February 25th, 1893, and reports thus as to the effects of the accident.

"He looked about 25 or 26 years of age. The eyeballs were slightly prominent, the pupils regular, equal, rather smaller than normal. He said he had never quite got over the accident. Since then he had been somewhat an altered man. He had had to do lighter work than that of a safe-maker, which was his business at the time of the accident. He had headaches at times and his sight was not so clear as before the accident. He remembered very little of the accident, or of the days he spent in hospital. He said in reply to my questions that he did not suffer from walking or talking in his sleep. He was very little inclined to be communicative, and in fact, rather suspicious as to the reasons of my visit."

It thus appears that [Black's] case was somewhat more severe than the first account indicated, and that there was a period of unconsciousness.

2. Upper Whitecross-street. Mr. G. A.Smith reports (May 28th, 1890) :—"I went to this street, which has recently been renumbered, and what was

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199 is now 98 and 99. I find that up to April in this year a mission was carried on at 199, but after that month it moved to large premises built on purpose in Errol-street. The missionary in Errol-street assured me that no Mrs. Joyce had ever been connected with them in any way."

3. Crane-court. No chemist's shop in Crane-court, Fleet-street.

4. Raine-street. This street is now *E.C.*, but E. runs from Old Gravel-lane, Wapping. A church in Old Gravel-lane, a few yards before one gets to Raine-street.

It is not easy to frame a hypothesis which will account for such a case as this, with its odd fragments of knowledge or vision, and the dream-like vagueness and shadowiness of the story which connects them. It is like a collective dream,—for be it remembered that the percipience here is shared by several persons,—working upon a foundation of facts, some of which may perhaps be referred to the latent memory of some of the persons concerned. At any rate the reader can hardly be too often reminded that this hypothesis of subliminal memory must be kept closely in view in considering all retrocognitive messages.

I proceed to quote a series of messages which afford an interesting field for the discussion of that hypothesis. The automatist, who must here be called Mrs. R., is a lady well known to me for some years, and to whom I was first introduced by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood (the cousin and brother-in-law of Charles Darwin, and himself a well-known *savant*), who has here reported certain messages obtained in his presence, and partly through his co-operation. Mrs. R., and her sister Mrs. V., now deceased, were for many years among Mr. Wedgwood's most valued friends. There can be no more question in my mind as to Mrs. R.'s scrupulous good faith than as to that of Mr. Wedgwood himself in endeavouring to recall the utmost that they had ever known of the personages who professed to be writing through the help of the two human hands. The question is one of subliminal memory; and as to this it may be remarked that Mr. Wedgwood's reading was wide,—but that he never, so far as I know, showed any automatic gift, nor obtained writing except with one of these two ladies. On the other hand, Mrs. R.'s reading has not been wide in range; and both Mrs. R. and Mrs. V. had many psychical experiences,—most of them of a private nature,[1]—in which Mr. Wedgwood was not concerned. The automatic impulse seems to have come from *them;* but it may be that Mr. Wedgwood's presence modified the character of the messages obtained. I give first a general account by Mr. Wedgwood of the mode of experiment.

My experience in planchette-writing has been mainly acquired in sitting with two sisters, whom I will call Mrs. R. and Mrs. V., of whom the younger, Mrs V., has far the stronger influence in producing the writing.

[1] See, however, S.P.R. *Journal*, Vol. IV., p. 293, for two experiences of Mrs. V.'s.

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With her the board in general begins to move much sooner and in a more vivacious way than with her elder sister. When the two sit together the board moves rapidly along, like a person writing as fast as he can drive, while with me and one of the sisters the action is often feeble and labouring. But neither of the sisters can obtain anything whatever when they sit by themselves. The board remains absolutely motionless under the hands of the solitary operator.

When trying for writing we sit opposite each other at a small table, I with my right hand, my partner with her left on the planchette, while the writing produced is upright to me, and upside down to my partner, from whom, however, the effective influence seems to proceed. The precise nature of that influence is not very easy to understand, and is, I think, very commonly misapprehended. Writing by planchette is often called "automatic," and the pencil is conceived as being worked by the muscular action of the sitters, under the guidance of a blind impulse, as little understood by them as the finished result is foreseen by a pair of birds instinctively engaged in the construction of their first nest. But this is directly opposed to the experience of myself and my partners. When I am sitting at planchette with one of them, I *know* that I am merely following the movement of the board with my hand, and not in any way guiding it, my only difficulty being to avoid interfering with it. It seems to me exactly as if my partner, in whom I have perfect confidence, was purposely moving the board and I allowing my hand to follow her action, interfering with it as little as possible. And she gives to me an exactly corresponding account of her own share in the operation. Thus we give to the outside world our united testimony of a fact which, as far as each of us is concerned, lies within our own direct knowledge, viz., that the writing traced out by the pencil is not produced by the muscular exertion of either of us.

We have, then, in planchette-writing, if our account is to be believed, the manifestation of an agency invisible to us, yet capable of moving the bodily pencil either in mere scribbling or in such a way as to fix an intelligent message on the paper.

The first case which I shall give is in the words of Mr. Wedgwood, in the *Journal* for December, 1889.

M. Aut. 673.

Whenever I have an opportunity, perhaps once or twice a year, I sit at planchette-writing with my friend, whom I will call Mrs. R., a most observant witness in whom I have entire confidence. We sit opposite each other at a small table, each resting the fingers of one hand lightly upon the board, and when the board begins to move, allow our hand to follow the movement freely without interfering with it in any way.

The following account of our last sitting, on June 26th, is from the journal of Mrs. R., written the same evening, transcribing the part of planchette from the actual writing, and filling in our share of the investigation from immediate memory.

Extract from journal of Wednesday, June 26th, 1889, and copy of planchette-writing with Mr. Wedgwood:—

"A spirit is here to-day who we think will be able to write through the medium. Hold very steady, and he will try first to draw."

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We turned the page and a sketch was made, rudely enough of course, but with much apparent care.[1]

"Very sorry can't do better. Was meant for test. Must write for you instead.—J. G."

We do not fully understand the first drawing, taking it for two arms and hands clasped, one coming down from above. Mr. Wedgwood asked the spirit of J. G. to try again, which he did.

Below the drawing he wrote: "Now look." We did, and this time comprehended the arm and sword.

"Now I will write for you if you like."

Mr. W.: "What did the drawing represent?"

"Something that was given me."

I said: "Are you a man or a woman?"

"Man. John G."

Mr. W.: "How was it given to you?"

"On paper and other things. . . . My head is bad from the old wound I got there when I try to write through mediums."

Mr. W.: "We don't know J. G. Have you anything to do with us?"

"No connection."

Mr. W. said he knew a J. Giffard, and wondered if that was the name.

"Not Giffard. Gurwood."

Mr. W. suggested that he had been killed in storming some fort.

"I killed myself on Christmas Day, years ago. I wish I had died fighting."

"Were you a soldier?"

"I was in the army."

"Can you say what rank?"

"No. . . . It was the pen did for me, and not the sword."

The word *pen* was imperfectly written, and I thought it was meant for *fall*. I asked if this was right?

"No."

Mr. W.: "Is the word *pen?*"

"Yes; pen did for me."

We suggested that he was an author who had failed, or had been maligned.

"I did not fail. I was not slandered. Too much for me after . . . pen was too much for me after the wound."

"Where were you wounded, and when did you die?"

"Peninsula to first question."

We were not sure about the word *Peninsula*, and asked him to repeat.

"I was wounded in the head in Peninsula. It will be forty-four years next Christmas Day since I killed myself. Oh, my head. . . . I killed myself. John Gurwood."

"Where did you die?"

[1] These sketches were sent with the account, but are too large to be reproduced here. For evidential purposes, Mr. Wedgwood's sketch, made before he had ascertained what Colonel Gurwood's crest was, and which is given below, is sufficient.—Ed. *Journal.*

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"I had my wound in 1810. I cannot tell you more about myself. The drawing was a test."

We asked if the device was intended for his crest.

"I had it seal."

"Had it anything to do with your wound?" (I cannot remember the exact form of this question.)

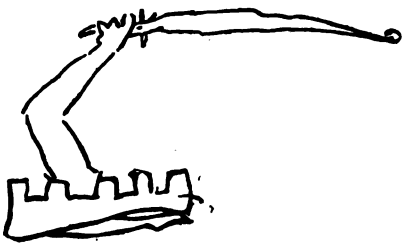
"It came from that and was given me. Power fails to explain. Remember my name. Stop now."

The only person besides ourselves present at the sitting was Miss H., an aunt of Mrs. R.'s, and none of us knew anything of Colonel Gurwood beyond the fact of his having edited the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, not even that his name was John. It is possible that I might have heard of his suicide at the time that it occurred, without its making any impression on me, but I am sure I did not read such an obituary notice as would be published in the *Times*, and when my attention was directed to his editorial work 18 or 20 years afterwards I did not know whether he was alive or dead, and was entirely ignorant of his military career. I never read any history of the Peninsular War, and am perfectly certain that I never had an opportunity of seeing Gurwood's crest, or knowing anything about it.—H. W.

The following is the account Mr. Wedgwood wrote at the first séance at the time:—

June 26th, 1882.

Had a sitting at planchette with Mrs. R. this morning. Planchette said there was a spirit there who thought he could draw if we wished it. We said we should be glad if he would try. Accordingly P. made a rude attempt at a hand and arm proceeding from an embattled wall and holding a sword. A second attempt made the subject clearer. P. said it was meant for a test. The spirit signed it "J. G.," no connection of any of ours, he said. We gradually elicted that his name was John Gurwood, who was wounded in the Peninsula—in 1810, and killed himself on Christmas Day, 1845. It was not the wound, but the pen that did it.



Something like that.

July 5th, 1889.

I made the foregoing memorandum the same day, having very little expectation that there would be any verification. H. WEDGWOOD.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MRS. R.'S JOURNAL.

Friday, *September 27th.*

"Mr. Wedgwood came, and we had two sittings in the afternoon and even.

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ing. I think the same spirit wrote throughout, beginning without signature; but when we asked the name, writing (after some struggle and illegibility) 'John Gurwood.'

"The effort was at first incoherent, but developed into the following sentences :—

"'Sword—when I broke in, on the table with plan of fortress—belonged to my prisoner; I will tell you his name to-night. It was on the table when I broke in. He did not expect me; I took him unawares. He was in his room, looking at a plan, and the sword was on the table. Will try and let you know how I took the sword to-night.'

"In the evening after dinner.

"'I fought my way in. His name was Banier' (three times repeated). 'The sword was lying on the table by a written scheme of defence. Oh, my head. Banier had a plan written out for the defence of the fortress. It was lying on the table, and his sword was by it.'

"To a question :—

"'Yes; surprised him.'

"Mr. Wedgwood thinks the name of the Governor of the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo *was* Banier; but he says this would not be a test, as *he knew it*. He is going to see if he can find anything in Napier's *Peninsular War* corroborative of what is said about the sword.

"'Look. I have tried to tell you what you can verify.'"

Mr. Wedgwood reports his verification as follows :—

"When I came to verify the message of planchette I speedily found that Colonel Gurwood, the editor of the Duke's despatches, led the forlorn hope at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1812 [note error in date], 'and received a wound in the skull from a musket ball which affected him for the remainder of his life.'—*Annual Register*, 1845. In recognition of the bravery shown on that occasion he received a grant of arms in 1812, registered in the College of Arms as having been passed 'upon the narrative that he (Captain G.) had led the forlorn hope at Ciudad Rodrigo, and that, after the storming of the fortress, the Earl of Wellington presented him with the sword of the Governor, who had been taken prisoner by Captain Gurwood.'[1]

"The services thus specified were symbolised in the crest, 'Out of a mural coronet, a castle ruined in the centre, and therefrom an arm in armour embowed, holding a scimitar.'[2]

"It is plainly this crest that is aimed at by planchette in his very rude design, which represents the arm and sword as issuing from the mural coronet alone, omitting the ruined castle as too complex a subject for the powers of the designer. The drawing was given merely as a test, and if it pointed unmistakably to the Gurwood crest it would fulfil its purpose.

"In accordance with the assertion of planchette, Colonel Gurwood killed himself on Christmas Day, 1845, and the *Annual Register* of that year, after narrating the suicide, continues: 'It is thought that this laborious undertaking (the editing the despatches) produced a relaxation of the nervous system and consequent depression of spirits. In a fit of despondency

[1] Information received from the College of Arms, July 15th, 1889.

[2] *The Book of Family Crests*, Washbourne, 1856.

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the unfortunate gentleman terminated his life.' Compare planchette: '——Pen was too much for me after the wound.' "

I continue the quotation from Mrs. R.'s journal:—

Mr. W.: "Can you tell me where else to look?"

"I have no power to direct you. We have exhausted, but I wished to tell you about poor Quentain . . . to tell you a secret of poor Quintain's, which is on my mind. It might once have made a difference; but not now."

We had a difficulty in reading the name. Mr. W. thought it Quinlon, and asked if this was right?

"Not quite: a t. . . . Quentain. Not quite [right], but nearer: try again to-morrow."

Mr. W.: "Is power exhausted now, and shall we stop?"

"Yes."

Saturday, *September 28th.*

Mr. Wedgwood and I sat again this morning. First came some preliminary scribbling and circling, and then the right spelling of the name at which John Gurwood was trying last night.

"Quentin. I knew him, and a secret of his that might have made a difference, but I was pledged."

Mr. W.: "Tell us what the secret was?"

"I should like to try."

Mr. W.: "What difference would it have made to you?"

"Might have done to him: on my mind."

Then followed a word here and there among much that was illegible. I copy what we succeeded in reading. "—— in the army —— scrape —— the sake of another —— very foolish, but nothing —— wrong —— for verdict —— was unfortunately —— what there was let me go on, I am trying —— say that, but quite mistaken —— case in all its —— his commission —— of second (company?) private soldier going out gave to his Colonel very strong feeling about it all."

The above filled four pages. We pondered over it, but could not make out any more. When planchette was put back, the following was volunteered:—

"Tell James I remember him quite well. He will recollect about Quentin's trial."

Mr. Wedgwood's friend, Captain James, of course, was meant. Mr. W. said he would write and ask him; but did the writer mean that Captain James knew the secret?

"No one knew it." (Two lines illegible.) "James will tell you, I have not power. He was tried by court martial."

Mr. W.: "This Quentin was in the army then?"

"Yes. ——rest of them would have——but——I cannot write plainly in answer, though I try. I wanted to tell you about poor Quentin, but have not power without further practice. I knew a secret of his at the time of his scrape——conduct——offices——. The——court martial——I did not."

Mr. Wedgwood here suggested we should stop for a time, to see if rest would increase the power. We sat again for a few minutes before lunch, directly after which he left by train; but the control was then different, and the few words written did not appear to have any special interest or meaning.

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Mr. Wedgwood writes on October 31st, 1889:—

I find that there was a famous court martial on Colonel Quentin in October, 1814, in consequence of a round robin signed by 24 of his officers. I had a vague recollection of the name of Colonel Q. as a friend of George IV., and something must have turned up about the court martial in the early twenties when the 10th Hussars became notorious, as I found I had heard of the round robin. The accusation, too, was of a want of proper directions to his subordinates in action, so no reticence of anybody could have made any difference, and he was himself the Colonel of the regiment.

With respect to the capture of Banier, the only chance of verification would be from the family, and Miss Gurwood has not answered my letter.

[Captain James writes to me from 10, Hereford-road, June 29th, 1891:—"About the year 1830 my regiment was quartered at Portsmouth, and Colonel Gurwood was then on the staff of the garrison there. The Colonel was an honorary member of our mess, and dined with us nearly every day. I remember I used to be very fond of sitting next to him, and conversing with him about the various events that occurred during the Peninsular War. Of course the Quentin trial must have taken place when I was a mere child, as I was born in 1804."—F.W.H.M.]

Mr. Wedgwood gives in the *Journal* for November, 1890, a case of a somewhat similar character.

M. Aut. 676.

Extract from Mrs. R.'s Journal.

October 10th, at ——, Mr. Wedgwood and I sitting. The board moved after a short pause and one preliminary circling.

"David—David—David—dead 143 years."

The butler at this moment announced lunch, and Mr. Wedgwood said to the spirit, "Will you go on for us afterwards, as we must break off now?"

"I will try."

During lunch Mr. Wedgwood was reckoning up the date indicated as 1747, and conjecturing that the control was perhaps David Hume, who he thought had died about then. On our beginning again to sit, the following was volunteered:—

"I am not Hume. I have come with [Mrs. V.]. I was attracted to her during her life in America. My work was in that land, and my earthly toil was cut short early, as hers has been. I died at thirty years old. I toiled five years, carrying forward the lamp of God's truth as I knew it."

Mr. Wedgwood remarked that he must have been a missionary.

"*Yes*, in Susquehannah and other places."

"Can you give any name besides David?"

"David Bra—David Bra—David Brain—David Braine—David Brain."

Mr. W.: "Do you mean that your name is Braine?"

"Very nearly right."

Mr. W.: "Try again."

"David Braine. Not quite all the name; right so far as it goes . . . I was born in 1717."

Mr. W.: "Were you a native of America?"

"(Illegible) My native land. The Indians knew many things. They heard me, and my work prospered. In some things they were wise."

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Mr. W. : "Are you an American?"

"America I hold to be my country as we consider things. I worked at ——" (sentence ends with a line of D.'s).

Here Mr. Wedgwood felt tired, and Miss Hughes proposed that she and I should go for a walk while he rested. When we came in Mr. Wedgwood said he thought it had come into his head who our control was. He had some recollection that in the 18th century a man named David Brainard was missionary to the North American Indians. We sat again, and the following was written :—

"I am glad you know me. I had not power to complete name or give more details. I knew that secret of the district. It was guarded by the Indians, and was made known to two independent circles. Neither of them succeeded, but the day will come that will uncover the gold."

It was suggested that this meant Heavenly truth.

"I spoke of earthly gold."

Mr. Wedgwood said the writing was so faint he thought power was failing.

"Yes, nearly gone. I wrote during my five years of work. It kept my heart alive."

Mr. Wedgwood writes :—

"I could not think at first where I had ever heard of Brainard, but I learn from my daughter in London that my sister-in-law, who lived with me 40 or 50 years ago, was a great admirer of Brainard, and seemed to have an account of his life, but I am quite certain that I never opened the book and knew nothing of the dates, which are all correct, as well as his having been a missionary to the Susquehannahs."

In another letter Mr. Wedgwood writes :—

"I see the name is Brainerd, not *ard*, as I had supposed, and this removes a difficulty in the writing. Planchette had written Braine, and said that was right as far as it went, which it would not have been if the name had been Brainard. My daughter has sent me extracts from his life, stating that he was born in 1718, and not 1717 as planchette wrote. But Mrs. R.'s *Biographical Dictionary* says that he died in 1747, aged 30."

[Mrs. R. writes to me that she had no knowledge whatever of David Brainerd before this incident.—F. W. H. M.]

Extract from *Biographical Dictionary* sent by Mr. Wedgwood :—

Brainerd, David. A celebrated American missionary, who signalised himself by his successful endeavours to convert the Indians on the Susquehanna, Delaware, etc. Died, aged 30, 1747. Mr. Wedgwood adds :—

It is perhaps noteworthy in connection with the last sentence of the planchette-writing that in the life of Brainerd by Jonathan Edwards extracts given from his journal show that he wrote a good deal, *e.g.*, "Feb. 3, 1744. Could not but write as well as meditate," &c. "Feb. 15, 1745. Was engaged in writing almost all the day." He invariably speaks of comfort in connection with writing.

Finally, a few months before Mr. Wedgwood's death, I received from him the following letter.

M. Aut. 67.

"94, Gower-street, W.C., *March 26th*, 1891.

"You would perhaps like to see the enclosed, which is our last planchette-

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writing with Mrs. R., who came here for a couple of days. It is interesting to me on account of the pictures, which were done in such a very different way from that in which a person would have set about drawing them. I feel quite sure that Mrs. R. knew nothing of the distinctive crime of petty treason with its appropriate punishment of burning, so that the story could not have been suggested by anything in her mind, and I certainly had never heard of Alice Grimbold and her misfortunes. I am afraid there is no chance of verifying the story. H. WEDGWOOD."

March 22.

The message begins with scrawls, developing into a rude drawing of a woman in mediæval cap at the stake :—

A. G. 1605.

A. G. condemned March, 1605. Condemned to the fear and the fire. A. G. A. Grimbold. [For what crime?] Accomplice. [What crime?] Robbery and murder. [Accomplice with whom?] Harrison and Bradshaw. I was old Mrs. Clarke's servant. No; Harrison was my lover; the fire should have been for him. I never meant them to kill her. [Who was murdered?] Mrs. Clarke. She was tight-fisted and fond of money, but I did not mean her any harm. Harrison promised to marry me if I helped him to the money. Bradshaw was hung. [What became of Harrison?] He got off; he had powerful friends. Adam Bonus knew it. Harrison began it all. He came to the inn the November before, and I told him about the money. [Mrs. C. kept money in the house?] In a coffer in her bedroom. [Were you tried in London?] No; wait and I'll tell you. Leicester. I died a thousand times with the fear before it came to the fire. Which was the most real—the dreams or the end? It was long since; but there is a righteous Judge. I was afraid to agony, but I did not repent. I loved the evil and it clave to me. I repent now, and this is part of the work I am given to atone. Alice Grimbold servant at the inn. [Name of your judge?] I said have mercy, but they would not hear. No power for name, but I will write again to morrow.

March 23rd. (Another handwriting.) Before the Grimbold control there is a message to be given you from one risked, so to call him. I have now proved these things and they are true. Put aside shadows and see with open eyes as a true man, and you will do noble work. [Then in the former hand.] A. Grimbold, 1605. [Miss H. exclaimed, "Oh! not that woman! we want to know who sends the messages, and to whom."] [A. G.'s handwriting continues.] This is my allotment. Cannot write name of judge, but the inn was the Blue Boar. Crook-backed Richard once slept there. Ask me; I will tell what I can. [Name of your counsel?] No. Yes, it is easier to answer questions, but I will try. When they got in they bound me so that I might be found tied. They strangled Mistress Clarke in her bedroom. I doubt if they would have hurt her, but she woke. She had three chests, but in one there was only linen. Adam Bonus knew about it. They went to him. (Scrawls.)

Mr. Wedgwood inserted inquiries in *Notes and Queries*, and in *Light*, and a correspondent directed him to the following passage from Thompson's *History of Leicester*.

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EXTRACT FROM JAMES THOMPSON'S *History of Leicester*, PP. 327-330. 1ST. EDITION, 1849.

"An event occurred in the month of March, 1605, which has acquired more than ordinary importance: we refer to the murder of Mrs. Clarke, landlady of the Blue Boar Inn, by her servants. Its details are contained in the depositions taken before the magistrates at this time, and appear to have been these:—About six weeks after Michaelmas, in 1604, a man named Harrison, who had fled from Staffordshire in consequence of having done bodily injury to a person named Philip, came to Leicester; the Blue Boar being the first inn he approached, he resolved to lodge there, and slept there three nights. During his stay he 'fell into speech with a maid in the house, in the way of marriage, whereupon she told him her mistress had great store of money in her house, and bade him come again some night, and bring a secret friend with him whom she might trust, and there would be means made to get some of the money.' Accordingly, Harrison 'went his way,' and at Lichfield met with Adam Bonus, to whom he communicated the nefarious project, and Bonus further made one Edward Bradshaw acquainted therewith.

"Harrison and Bradshaw came to Leicester together on the 1st February, 1605, and that night lodged at John Webster's house; on Saturday, 2nd February, they removed with their horses to the Blue Boar, where they slept; and on Sunday they remained together at the inn all day.

"In the evening, about 10 o'clock, one of the female servants (Alice Grimbold, a native of Peckleton) went with her companion with some provender for the horses, to the stable, whither they were followed by the men. Alice Grimbold then went to the well, to fetch some water for the horses, and, on returning to the stable with it, found her fellow-servant bound therein; when Harrison immediately laid hands on her, and secured her also. The men afterwards took some drink, and wanted the servants to partake of it, but they refused. They then unbound Grimbold (as she stated) and took her into the house with them, and obtained her mistress's keys from her, Bradshaw having bound Mrs. Clarke while Harrison secured the servants in the stable. The latter in his examination confessed that he had done this, and added that the 'big maid' (meaning Grimbold) after she was unbound went with them, apparently on compulsion, into her mistress's parlour, where they opened three coffers—one containing linen, the second being full of writings, and the third having six or seven bags of gold and silver therein. The robbers took most of the money (amounting, as was variously estimated by them, to not less than £250—more probably £500), but left some upon the bedstead for their female accomplice. Bradshaw then murdered Mrs. Clarke, fastened Grimbold in the chimney, where (she said) they laid her, 'but easily.' He and his accomplice next went to the stables, and brought out their horses, and lastly, having fastened the bags about the pommels of their saddles, they rode away. Grimbold would gladly (according to her own confession) have gone away with them, but they swore by 'God's wounds' they would hang her, and themselves, too, if she attempted to do so. Harrison had previously given her a linen cloth, containing money and other things, promising to come for it in ten days, and take her away with him at the same time. Her legs

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not being firmly bound, Grimbold released herself from her position, and went into the buttery to see how her mistress did, but could not get out again: so she lay there until the morning, when John Walter's man came into the house to light a candle, and completely unbound her. The deed was discovered the day after its execution; for Bonus (who had refused to take a part in the robbery) being then in the town, was on Monday, February 4th, apprehended and examined before the justices and the coroners. He said he could not have revealed what he knew, had it not been that the murder had been committed; and he affirmed that he had positively told Bradshaw, on the Sunday, he would take no part in the action. Harrison was examined on the 20th February before the magistrates. He denied having aided in the murder of Mrs. Clarke, and said she was living when he left the house. But for the maid, he asserted, he should not have known what money Mrs. Clarke had in her possession. He had had only about £17 as his share of the booty, which Sir Simon Weston had then in his custody, while the remainder was hidden in a bank in Pool Park, Warwickshire. Bradshaw was not examined until six days after Harrison. He confirmed his accomplice's account of the concealment of the money in Pool Park, Tamworth. It seems he had succeeded by means of his share of the plunder in obtaining bail, and his release from Stafford Gaol (where he and Harrison were at first confined) through the intervention of Lord Stafford, who also proceeded to London to procure his pardon. But the latter attempt was frustrated by the intercession of the Leicester magistrates with Sir John Popham, the Lord Chief Justice, on February 17th. They informed his lordship on that date of the circumstances of the case, and added that Bradshaw might be expected to go to Lord Stafford's lodgings in London. The murderer was consequently apprehended and brought to Leicester. The witnesses bound over to appear against the accused were Thomas Davy and Richard Hunt, bakers; Alexander Simpson and William Robinson, labourers. Harrison was specially examined relative to ten questions, by order of the judge, while he was in gaol and under sentence of death, on March 22nd, 1605. In reply, he stated that he knew not what was given to Lord Stafford, to Cotty, or the gaoler, to procure bail for Bradshaw, but it was reported in Stafford that Cotty had had £40; that one Reynish, and George Ewlins, servant to Lord Stafford, and Jane Holmes, wife to John Holmes, servant of Sir Walter Asten, Knight, did assure him (Harrison) that Cotty's wife said to Lord Stafford, 'Let Bradshaw be bailed, and let Harrison be hanged'; that Mr. Humphrey Chatterton's wife, of Bowdisworth Park, interceded with Lord Stafford to procure bail for Bradshaw, and had money for her pains; that John Bratt, who repaired to him at Stafford Gaol, went to see him from motives of friendship—for they had been fellow-servants with Sir John Bowes, Knight; and that no persons had procured him instruments to enable him to break out of Stafford Gaol. The other questions related to matters which had been previously given in evidence, and were not of importance. The trial took place on March 25th, 1606 [1605?], probably in the present Town Hall—before Sir Peter Warburton, Knight, when Bradshaw was sentenced to be hanged, and Alice Grimbold to be burned."

From *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, Vol. IV., August, 1857, it appears

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that one source of this story is the commonplace book of Sir Roger Twisden, August, 1653. He had seen a Mrs. Cumber, who had herself seen Alice burnt, some 40 years before. He mentions a legend which had grown up by that time of the way in which Mrs. Clarke became possessed of the treasure for which she was murdered;—namely, that it had been found on the bedstead on which Richard III. slept before the battle of Bosworth, and which after his death was left at the Blue Boar. It will be observed that the automatic script does not adopt this legend, but states incidentally that Richard once slept there. On this point Mr. R. E. Smith, of 41, Princess-street, Leicester, writes to Mr. Wedgwood, as follows.—

"I give at foot a copy of the inscription you inquire about. It is on a mural tablet, adjacent to the Bow Bridge, and it was placed there some 30 or 35 years ago by the owner of the property.

"Tradition points to the locality as the spot where the remains of Richard III. were thrown after having been brought from the field of battle.

"However that may be, there can be no doubt that he slept at the 'Blue Boar' Inn, in the Southgate-street, the night before the battle. That was the house kept by Mrs. Clarke. It was pulled down about 50 years ago."

Near this spot lie the remains of
Richard III.,
The last of the Plantagenets.
1485.

As to the possible knowledge possessed by either automatist of the above story, Mr. Wedgwood writes, May 19th, 1891:—

94, Gower-street, *May 16th*, 1891.

Mrs. R. says: "One or two points remain unconfirmed, such as the way in which Mrs. Clarke was put to death (A. G. says she was strangled), also there having been a local tradition that 'Crook-backed Richard' slept at the Blue Boar; but I suppose Mr. Smith could not help us to any further verification? I am rather impressed by the fact that A. G. communicated with us in March (the 22nd and 23rd), so near the anniversary of her trial and condemnation, and probably also that of her awful death. I wonder whether the fact of my always having had an intense horror and dread of a death by burning, and of this manner of execution, could supply any link for the control?" Mrs. R. proceeds: "The effect of the influence on me was strong and peculiar. I should recognise its return even apart from anything written. . . . I have never been in Leicester or the neighbourhood in my life, nor have I ever seen a copy of Thompson's History. I did not know of the existence of the book till mentioned by Mr. Smith, and I have never consciously been under a roof with it in my life, except, as you suggest, at the British Museum, and my last visit *there* was at 12 years old! I have no friends or acquaintances living in Leicester."—Yours very truly,

H. Wedgwood.

As regards himself, he writes, May 21st, 1891: "I am quite certain that I never saw Thompson's *History of Leicester*, nor ever heard anything about the incident." Mrs. R. also in a letter to me, May 20th, 1891, repeats the statements above quoted from her by Mr.

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Wedgwood and adds: "I cannot now remember any communication through our circle for which so early a date was given as that of Alice Grimbold."

A story like this of Alice Grimbold's may probably enough be quoted in some books more easily accessible than the *History of Leicester*. We have made some search without finding it thus quoted, but should be glad to hear if it is found in any common work.

I have quoted these three cases in succession, so that the reader may see the kind of growing difficulty which the theory of forgotten memories here involves. It will be seen that with each automatist of good faith the question may with patience be capable of definite solution. Were Mrs. R. willing and able—which at present she is not—to find some other partner with whom she can write, now that Mr. Wedgwood and her sister have been removed by death, and to record a long series of communications, we might gradually obtain a conviction that the matters therein narrated either could or could not all of them have been previously seen and forgotten. Similar records kept by many other automatists might help to some general conclusion as to the source from which these retrocognitive facts come, if in any cases forgotten memory fails to explain them. One of the most important data for such a decision consists in the account,—absolutely trustworthy, as I believe,—given by Mr. Stainton Moses in *Spirit Identity*, (and soon, we hope, to be reproduced in these *Proceedings*), of a series of messages from musical composers, giving the principal dates of their respective lives, as they may be found in any Biographical Dictionary, with hardly anything more. Now were such messages offered to us as coming through an alleged automatist not of known probity or who could bring no proof of other messages *not* capable of being got up beforehand, we should naturally set them aside. But with Mr. Moses, as with Mrs. R. above,—and in a still higher degree,—there was so considerable an independent history of provably supernormal phenomena that we are bound to consider these musical biographies in their place as a part of that series. Their peculiar nature excited the surprise of Mr. Moses and his friends, who were informed by the "guides" that these were in fact messages from the spirits in question, but that these spirits had refreshed their memory of their earth-lives by consulting printed sources of information. It is obvious that this is to drop the supposed proof of identity altogether. If any given spirit can consult his own printed life, so also presumably can other spirits; and so perhaps can the still incarnated spirit of the automatist himself. This was of course felt by Mr. Moses, who told me that subjectively also the feeling which accompanied these biographical writings was very different from that which came when, as he held, some spirit was entering with him into real and direct communication.

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The truest analogy to messages like these from a remote past lies, as it seems to me, in the crystal-visions of scenes in a remote past, of which examples were given in my chapter on "Sensory Automatism." We are face to face with the problem of Retrocognition, closer akin perhaps to the still stranger problem of Precognition than to the question of personal intercourse with recently departed friends on which we are now dwelling. That vaster question of a Universal Memory, a Cosmorama of things past, present, and to come, must be left for later discussion.

Before leaving this series of cases I think it only fair to print a *fourth* experiment with the same operators, but apparently involving a "physical" or "telekinetic phenomenon," as well as either clairvoyance or spirit agency. Mr. Wedgwood is again the narrator. The account was printed in the *Journal* for February, 1890.

M. Cl. Aut. 674.

On the 4th December last I had a sitting with Mrs. R. and her sister, which afforded evidence not less decisive of the intervention of an intelligence cognisant of matters of which we had no intimation.

Not long after my arrival on a visit to Mrs. R., mention was made of a mysterious breakage of a thick washhand-basin which had taken place on the previous Sunday, closely resembling other breakages which had occurred in the house from time to time in a like unaccountable manner. On one occasion a water bottle was *seen* to explode on the dressing-table when no one was near it. On the Sunday in question Mr. R. and his sister-in-law, Mrs. V., were in the breakfast-room directly under Mrs. R.'s bedroom, Mrs. R. with the children in the drawing-room, and the servants at supper in the kitchen, when Mr. R. and Mrs. V. were startled by a loud crash in the room above them. Mrs. V. immediately ran in to her sister in the drawing-room and they went together upstairs to see what had happened. They found the thick washhand-basin in fragments on the floor; the larger pieces in front of the washstand, but quantities of smaller fragments scattered over the floor to a distance (as I estimated) of five or six feet, in a way that could not possibly have been produced by a mere fall on the carpeted floor: the basin must have been dashed down with great violence.

While talking of these matters I sat down to planchette with my hostess and her sister, and Mr. R. coming into the room and hearing what we were talking about, said that some half an hour ago he had heard a noise in the breakfast-room for which he could not account in any way. It sounded like the lid of the metal coal-box slamming down, but the box had been already closed, and, besides, the noise seemed to come from the other side of the room. Soon afterwards he said that his presence always seemed to interfere with planchette-writing, and he left the room. Mrs. R. and I had begun sitting, but planchette suggested a change, and Mrs. V. and I had our hands on the board.

Planchette: "If Mr. Wedgwood will ask I will try to answer."

I asked what was the noise Mr. R. had just heard.

Planchette: "Noise from upstairs made by spirits with material object."

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"Was it in the room above?"

Planchette: "Yes."

"What was it?"

Planchette: "Mrs. R. will find out."

Mrs. R. accordingly went upstairs to look, and while she was away something was said as to the probability of my witnessing some similar display.

Planchette: "Not yet—you see the better class of spirits war against the smashing fraternity."

Mrs. R. could find nothing out of order, and returned saying she had looked everywhere.

Planchette: "No, you did not."

Mrs. R.: "Whereabouts am I to look, for I can see nothing?"

Planchette: "Wash—(an illegible scribble)—that side of the room."

We asked, "Were you trying to write washstand?"

Planchette: "Yes."

Mrs. R. went up again, and, meeting with no better success, came down for more specific instructions where to look.

Planchette: "Slop-jar" (written very large).

Mrs. R., laughing, said she hoped that was not smashed, and went up for the third time. She found the slop-jar in its usual place by the washstand, and when she came to look closely into it, found the water-glass lying broken all to bits in the bottom. She had not removed it from its usual place on the top of the carafe since morning, from whence it had apparently been lifted off and dropped into the empty slop-jar from a height sufficient to cause the crash heard in the room below.

Mrs. R. brought us down the jar to show how completely the glass was smashed.

We then asked, "Was this done by the same spirit who broke the basin?"

Planchette: "The same adverse influence; not the same spirit, but influence."

Mrs. R. confirms and slightly corrects this account in a letter to Mr. Wedgwood dated April 16th, [1890]:—"I have referred to my journal of December 4th, 1889, and it confirms our clear recollection that the crash of the glass dropped into the slop-jar was heard by my husband sitting below in the breakfast-room *just before* he came in to join our planchette séance, and while [Mrs. V.] and I were both with you in the drawing-room. On the previous Sunday, December 1st, we had had a breakage in the same room, which was also referred to in the planchette writing. My sister and husband were both in the breakfast-room and they both heard a noise like an explosion in the room above, and running up immediately to see what had happened, found my thick earthenware washing-basin broken to fragments and scattered all over the floor. I was in the drawing-room with the three children at the time this happened."

D.—I by no means wish to assume any clear line of demarcation between messages referable to some intelligence unknown and messages referable to the special intelligence which claims to send them. In our present state of knowledge such a dividing line can merely subserve our own convenience of study. By beginning my next class at this

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point I would indicate that the six cases which follow involve messages avowedly coming from persons more recently departed, and into which something more of definite personality seems to enter. One element of this kind is *handwriting;* and in the next two cases it will be seen that resemblance of handwriting is one of the evidential points alleged. Now proof of identity from resemblance of handwriting may conceivably be very strong. But in estimating it we must bear two points in mind. The first is that, (like the resemblances of so-called "spirit-photographs" to deceased friends), it is often very loosely asserted. One needs, if not an expert's opinion, at least a careful personal scrutiny of the three scripts,—the automatist's voluntary and his automatic script, and the decedent's script—before one can feel sure that the resemblance is in more than some general scrawliness. This refers to the cases where the automatist has provably never seen the decedent's handwriting. Where he *has* seen that handwriting, we have to remember (in the second place) that a hypnotised subject can frequently imitate any known handwriting far more closely than in his waking state; and that consequently we are bound to credit the subliminal self with a mimetic faculty which may come out in these messages without any supraliminal guidance whatever on the automatist's part.

The case now to be quoted contains several points of interest besides the alleged resemblance of handwriting. It shows once more, for instance, the great similarity of ways in which this writing takes its rise with automatists all over the world, and the recurrence of the same puzzles with observers of many different types.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

M. Aut. 68.

By Sara A. Underwood.—Introductory Remarks by B. F. Underwood. (*Arena*, August, 1891.)

"The statements in this paper as to what was written in my presence purporting to be communications from 'spirits,' and as to the circumstances under which it was written, are scrupulously correct. The 'communications,' it is certain, are from an intelligent source. Mrs. Underwood is the person by whose hand they are put in form. That she is not labouring under a mistake in thinking that she is unconscious of the thought expressed until she has read the writing,—if, indeed, such a mistake in a sane mind is possible,—I am certain. Sometimes, owing to the illegibility of the writing, she has to study out sentences. The writing varies in style, not only on different evenings, but on the same evening; it is apparently the writing of not fewer than twenty persons, and generally bearing no resemblance whatever, so far as I can judge, to Mrs. Underwood's handwriting, which is remarkably uniform. The communications are unlike in the degrees of intelligence, in the quality of thought, and in the disposition which they show. Detailed statements of facts unknown to either of us, but which, weeks afterwards, were learned to be correct, have been written, and

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repeated again and again, when disbelieved and contradicted by us. All the writing has been done in my presence, but most of it while I have been busily occupied with work which demanded my undivided attention. The views expressed are often different from my own, and quite as frequently, perhaps, opposed to Mrs. Underwood's views."

Mrs. Underwood writes as follows:—"The *modus operandi* is the simplest possible. As I remembered that Mr. Underwood was rather averse to the planchette experiments of former years, thinking them unwholesome and deteriorating in their tendency, I at first said nothing to him of my new psychical experiments, though these were made oftenest in his presence in the evening when we both sat at one writing table, near each other, busied with our individual literary work. As I experimented in his absence as well as in his presence, I soon found that I got the most coherent writings when he was present. Indeed I could get nothing coherent, and very frequently nothing at all, when he was away, but when he was present the communications began to grow strangely interesting, and as he was called upon repeatedly, I felt obliged to invite his attention, when the most surprising answers were given, which roused his curiosity and interest. It has been explained that his presence is necessary for me to obtain writing, as 'blended power is best.' Two or three times, at the suggestion of this intelligence, we have asked two of our intimate literary friends—non-Spiritualists—to be present, but each time with comparative failure; afterwards we were informed that the cause of failure was the introduction of persons unused to the conditions, who broke up the harmonious relations necessary to communication; in time they could be of help.

"It would take a volume to present all the interesting statements as to an advanced stage of existence, only hidden from us because of the inadequacy of our sense perceptions, and by the conditions imposed upon us at this stage of our progress, which have been given from this source. Explanations have been made why communication through the agency of certain persons, though not through all, is possible. The conditions, it is alleged, are not entirely dependent upon the superior intelligence or morality of the persons with whom the intelligences can became *en rapport*. These invisibles declare that they are as seriously and anxiously experimenting on their side to discover modes of untrammelled communication with us, as we on our side ought to be, if what they write be true, and if such a thing is possible. 'Spirits' they persistently insist upon being called. In this paper I can give only a statement of some things which do not seem explicable on the hypothesis of mind-reading, thought-transference, hypnotism, or subconsciousness. In all these experiments I have been in a perfectly normal state. The only physical indication of any outside influence is an occasional slight thrill as of an electric current from my shoulder to the hand which holds the waiting pen, Step by step I have been taught a series of signals to aid me in correctly reading the communications. I have no power to summon at will any individual I wish. I have repeatedly, but in vain, tried to get messages from some near and dear friends. It has been explained that on their side, as on ours, certain 'conditions' must exist in order to get in 'control.' When 'eh?' is written I know that the operator at the other end of the line is ready to communicate. When in the middle of a sentence or a word

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'gone' or 'change' is written, I understand that the connection is broken, and I must not expect the completion of that message. When a line like this——is drawn, it is a sign that that sentence is completed or the communication ended. So with other things. Rhymes are often unexpectedly written, especially if the 'control' professes to be a poet, and they are dashed off so rapidly that I do not understand their import until the close when I can read them over. Impromptu rhyming is a feat utterly impossible to either Mr. Underwood or myself. Names persistently recur which are unknown to us. Many different handwritings appear, some of them far superior to my own. When I first began to get communications I destroyed, in a day or two after they were written, the slips of paper containing the writing, but as the developments became more interesting, Mr. Underwood suggested that they be preserved for reference. I acted on this suggestion, and thus in the instances of facts given outside our own knowledge, I am enabled to give the exact wording of each communication. Our questions were asked *viva voce*, and as they were often suggested by what had been previously written, I either at the time or soon afterwards wrote them just above the reply. I am not, therefore, trusting at all to memory in the statements I shall make.

"A gentleman of this city (whom I will call John Smith, but whose real name was a more uncommon one) with whom Mr. Underwood had been acquainted many years, but of whose family relations he knew little, died here more than a year ago. Mr. Underwood had met him but once in the year previous to his death, he having been away on account of failing health, staying, we understood, with a daughter recently married, whose home was in Florida. The first name of this married daughter, or of any of Mr. Smith's daughters except one, was unknown to Mr. Underwood. I had met one of his daughters whose name I knew to be Jennie. I also knew that there was another named Violet. I was not sure, however, whether this was the name of the married one, or of another unmarried, but had the impression that Violet was unmarried. One evening, while waiting for automatic writing with no thought of Mr. Smith in my mind, and Mr. Underwood sitting near me at the table with his thoughts concentrated on an article he was preparing, this was written: 'John Smith will now enter into conversation with B. F. Underwood.' I read this to Mr. Underwood, who laid aside his pen, and in order to test the matter, asked if Mr. Smith remembered the last time they met, soon after his return from the South, and a short time previous to his death. There was some delay in the answer, but soon reply came, 'On Madison-street.' 'Whereabouts on Madison?' was asked. 'Near Washington.' 'At what hour?' 'About 10 a.m., raining.' As it was rarely that Mr. Underwood was in that part of the city at so early an hour, and especially on a rainy day, I doubted the correctness of this reply, but Mr. Underwood recalled to my mind the unusual circumstance which made it necessary for him to be in that vicinity on the day and at the hour named, on which he and Mr. Smith, he distinctly remembered, last met. Only a few words passed between them on account of the rain. After this, writing, purporting to be from Mr. Smith, came frequently. Very soon something was written which induced Mr. Underwood half sportively to inquire whether there was anything which troubled Mr. Smith, anything which he

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wished he had done but had omitted, before his death. The answer came, 'One thing—change deeds on Violet's account. None of my wife's are at my daughter's disposal. All in her own disposal.' Mr. Underwood asked if it was meant that he had not left his property—for he was a man of some wealth—as he now wished he had. 'You are right,' was written, 'want all my girls to share alike.' 'Which daughter do you refer to?' was asked. 'Went away from her in Florida—Violet,' was the answer. I remarked, 'Why, I thought Violet was one of the unmarried girls, but it must be that that is the name of the married daughter.' Then Mr. Underwood was strongly urged to call on Mr. Smith's married son, James, with whom Mr. Underwood had a slight acquaintance, and tell him of this communication. 'Clearly state my desire that my daughter Violet share equally with her sisters.' Of course this was utterly out of the question. At that time we had no intention of informing any one of our psychic experience, and if we had, Mr. James Smith would have thought us insane or impertinent to come to him with so ridiculous a story, the truth of which we ourselves strongly doubted. Pages were, however, written concerning the matter in so earnest and pleading a manner that I came to feel conscience-stricken at refusing to do what was asked, and to shrink from seeing Mr. Smith's name appear. Once was written, 'Say to James that in my new position, and with my new views of life, I feel that I did wrong to treat his sister Violet as I did. She was not to blame for following out her own convictions, when I had inculcated independent thought and action for all.' This and other sentences of the kind seemed to convey the idea that Violet had in some way incurred his displeasure by doing according to her own will in opposition to his. This was puzzling to us, as we knew that in her marriage, at least, the daughter we thought to be Violet had followed her father's wishes.

"A few weeks later, however, came an unlooked-for verification of Mr. Smith's messages. In a conversation between Mr. Underwood and a business friend of Mr. Smith, who was well acquainted with all his affairs, regret was expressed that so wealthy a man had left so little for a certain purpose. Mr. Underwood then inquired as to what disposition had been made of his property, and was told that he had left it mainly to his wife and children—so much to this one, and that. 'But Violet,' continued Mr. Underwood's informant, 'was left only a small amount, as Mr. Smith was angry because she married against his wishes.' 'Why,' remarked Mr. Underwood, 'I understood that he approved of the match, and the fact that he accompanied herself and husband to Florida, and remained with them some time, would seem to indicate that.' 'Oh, you are thinking of Lucy, the eldest girl; her marriage was all right, but Violet, one of the younger daughters, going to Florida with her [Lucy's] husband, fell in love with a young man of whom her father did not approve, so she made a runaway marriage, and on account of his displeasure, Mr. Smith left her only a small sum.' The intelligence writing was aware of facts unknown to either Mr. Underwood or myself, and no other persons were in the room when these communications were given."

In *The Arena* for June, 1892, Mr. Underwood continues:—

"My presence has been and is now one of the conditions of Mrs. Underwood's getting connected and coherent writing. Only a few words and a

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sentence or two have been written occasionally in my absence. Once when I was absent from home the peculiar sensation which had always been felt in Mrs. Underwood's right hand before the writing began, was felt in the left hand, with which a name was written with letters reversed, and she could read it only when impressed to do so. She held it before the mirror. It was the name of a person two hundred miles distant, who was still alive, but, as was subsequently learned, in an unconscious state at the time, and very near death, which occurred two or three days afterwards.

"The word 'death' is never used except with 'so-called' before it, or 'which is a new birth,' or some other explanatory or qualifying expression. The writing purports to be from extra-mediumistic and extra-mundane sources—from invisible human beings who once inhabited this earth. The writing always, whether purporting to be from a person of high or low degree, claims that the controlling intelligence is a spirit—a discarnate human being. Any intimation that the communicating intelligence may be the medium's subconscious ego, a fraction of which only rises to the level of conscious knowledge, is met with responses to the effect that it is strange anybody can believe such a vagary. One claim, to which there has never been exception in any writing purporting to be a message, is that a 'spirit,' a discarnate human being, moves the hand that holds the pen. Generally names and dates are not given; and when they are, they are as liable to be wrong as correct. In answer to questions as to the reason of this, it has been said substantially that memories and reminiscences are only gathered up as the departed are able to come in contact with persons and objects of earth. Strange as it may seem, I get tired and nervous when this writing is prolonged; it exhausts me much more than it does Mrs. Underwood, on whom it never leaves any depressing influence.

"The intelligence which seems to be extraneous, which invariably claims to be a departed spirit, now one, now another, is sometimes inferior intellectually to the medium; at other times, in certain lines of thought, in the use of words, and in the statement of facts, the intelligence that directs the pen evinces larger knowledge than Mrs. Underwood consciously possesses. The spelling is sometimes different from her own, and the style is often stilted, and even grandiose, while her style is simple and natural. In some cases the writing relates to what is entirely unknown to the writer,—to her ordinary consciousness,—though in some of these cases I can conceive it as possible, and deem it probable, that the writing relates to what has been noted or learned by the passive consciousness, and is evoked therefrom even though there is no recognition of its having been included in the person's experience. But in other cases the writing has contained evidence of knowledge that Mrs. Underwood never could have obtained in any known way. She gave one or two instances in the August *Arena*. I will relate another of her experiences which, in my opinion, proves that there are supernormal methods of obtaining knowledge.

"One morning, a message purporting to be from a young man recently deceased was received. Neither Mrs. Underwood nor I had ever seen his handwriting. We knew his name only as William S. The message was signed 'Z. W. S.' At the time, I remarked that I did not believe there was any Z in his name, and in this opinion Mrs. Underwood concurred. A

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few days afterwards we met the father and the mother of the young man, who were so impressed with the resemblance between the handwriting and that of their son that they wished to take the writing with them. There was a Z in the name, but it was the initial of his second name, and not of the first, as it was written. In the presence of the young man's mother, Mrs. Underwood's hand was moved to write, and the lady asked if her father would give a test by writing his name. The first name, Solomon, was written slowly; and after a pause, the surname was written very quickly. Mrs. Underwood did not know and never had known the name, which was written correctly; and Mr. S., who is a lawyer and a man of critical and discriminating mind, and his wife both declared that the signature closely resembled that of the old gentleman. Some days ago I wrote to Mr. S., asking him whether, after further reflection, he could suggest a possible explanation of what Mrs. Underwood wrote without recourse to any occult theory. He replied and referred to the message purporting to be from his son, thus: 'I have compared it with signatures of our boy. As I told you in Chicago at the time, the writing bears a *very* strong resemblance to his writing. Mrs. Underwood did not, in my opinion, either consciously or unconsciously, have any knowledge of Will's full name. The writing, while quite similar to Will's, is very different from Mrs. Underwood's. My wife's father's name had not been mentioned at all. Never had been in Mrs. Underwood's presence. I don't think she had ever met a member of Mrs. S.'s family by that name, yet she certainly wrote the name of Mrs. S.'s father, Solomon M., very plainly, when asked to write the name of the person who had just written that he had something to say. This writing was also *very, very* similar to the handwriting of the old gentleman.'

"Fully aware that incidents long forgotten may be recalled, that possibly no lapse of memory is irrevocable, and that under certain conditions from the submerged self may be sent up memories which cannot be distinguished from newly acquired knowlege, still, I am confident that Mrs. Underwood's hand has written names and statements of facts not only once, but several times, which were not and never had been any part of her conscious knowledge.'

I proceed to a case whose interest for my readers is much impaired by my obligation to conceal the identity of the persons concerned. The two surviving witnesses are known to me, and are persons of position and intelligence. The third *dramatis persona*, who departed this life a few years since, was also known to me; and I am acquainted with the joint work which was for many years carried on by the deceased and a survivor, and which was of a kind which may be conceived as still interesting a departed spirit. I give to these three persons the names, in all respects fictitious, of Mrs. Laurence, Mrs. Plowden, and Mrs. Seddon, and I alter the Christian name quoted and the initial letter of Mrs. Seddon's home. The rest of the account is not altered except by abridgment.

Mrs. Laurence, whose account must first be given, had been interested in the work done by Mrs. Plowden and Mrs. Seddon, had

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interchanged a few letters with both, and had seen Mrs. Seddon on a few occasions. Some months after Mrs. Plowden's death (but in no apparent connection with that event) Mrs. Laurence began to experience certain automatic impulses, which were subjectively felt as proceeding from a deceased relative.

Late one Tuesday evening [date given] the impulse to some form of such communication came on with unusual force.

M. Aut. 69.

"Feeling very doubtful how to act, yet dimly conscious that I was being drawn into something unusual, and unknown to me, I seated myself at a little table.

"Soon I began to feel my thoughts drawn out strongly towards Mrs. Plowden. Next there reached me an impulsion to get writing materials. I now began to realise that I was *not alone*, and that my services were required for some purpose, which revealed itself when, on taking up a pen, I immediately felt a strange thrill flow through my right arm, which then ceased to be under my full control. Such an experience was entirely new to me, and with amazement I watched the pen write rapidly. Several pages were written in this manner. It seemed to me as if several influences had gathered around me, and were endeavouring to aid in the furtherance of a design much desired by someone whom they accompanied and to serve whom they thus sought to employ me. I quickly became convinced that the guiding mind was Mrs. Plowden's; the reason why I felt so positively assured of her presence is that I seemed to *see* (with an inner vision) the feelings which were prompting her, and her mental vibrations seemed to mingle with mine, making me share her emotion, even while I did not understand its cause. So deeply did her earnestness of desire and effort affect me that the tears ran down my cheeks as I felt her striving to greet and instruct the friend, Mrs. Seddon, to whom this communication was being poured forth.

"The variety of influences, my inexperience in such conditions, and the strangeness of the scene in which I found myself so unexpectedly participating, all combined, I fear, to prevent me from acting as a very manageable medium to write through; consequently the letter was written in a large scrambling handwriting, neither mine nor Mrs. Plowden's, though I felt and interiorly saw that she tried to reproduce her own handwriting; and it seemed to me that she was perplexed by the difficulty she discovered in using her instrument (my hand), which, owing to my inexperience and because it had never before been borrowed in this way, did not yield itself sufficiently passively, and thus failed to reproduce the mechanical yet *individual* movements of another hand.

"I was so absorbed by the pathos and strangeness of this effort made by one 'beyond the veil' to communicate with the friend and co-worker who had shared her aspirations and life mission on earth, that I paid small heed to the contents of the letter; which, moreover, referred to matters of which I was entirely ignorant. All that I understood about it was that it was a message to Mrs. Seddon. The letter ended with the words, written with extraordinary intensity and underlined several times:—

"'Ruth! Does not my voice reach you?'

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"I was rather puzzled at this name (Ruth) employed by Mrs. Plowden, till the recollection flashed into my mind that Mrs. Plowden was accustomed to address Mrs. Seddon by it, [in consequence of certain private circumstances]. It is impossible for me to describe adequately in words the intense earnestness with which the above appeal and question were made. It was an exceeding bitter cry, as though the speaker-writer could not comprehend what barrier could prevent her voice from being heard. And, looking back to that memorable evening, I can distinctly remember how there appeared before my mental vision the picture of a grassy spot, shaded by trees, close to a river. I did not understand the meaning of this till afterwards, when Mrs. Seddon explained the reason why Mrs. Plowden had thus exclaimed and written: 'Does not my voice reach you?'

. . . . . .

"The letter was duly dispatched. I did not even glance at its contents, feeling that the letter did not belong to me in any way. The sentences I have quoted were impressed on my consciousness, and have remained in my memory, because of the great earnestness which prompted them, causing me to feel and hear the sentiments they expressed. A day or two after this first letter was written I again felt myself impelled to get writing materials, and once more my hand was used in the same (to me) extraordinary way.

"This time the conditions and mental atmosphere were calmer, and I was not conscious of such a mingling of influences as on the previous occasion. I was also reassured by receiving a strengthened impression of Mrs. Plowden's actual presence, and of her urgent desire to discharge what she evidently regarded as a duty, viz., the expression of her wishes respecting work left undone by her.

"This second letter contained a message to Mrs. Seddon bidding her to use as preface to a book by Mrs. Plowden, which Mrs. Seddon was editing, a paper which Mrs. Plowden had written some time previously. Mrs. Plowden endeavoured to explain that Mrs. Seddon would find the manuscript which Mrs. Plowden wished her thus to use 'in the window-seat of the school-room at K.'

"On this second occasion Mrs. Plowden used my hand to write a note to Mrs. Seddon, and one to a relative.

"This time also I felt how strenuously she endeavoured to produce her own handwriting; perhaps because she thought that thus her wishes would receive more attention; perhaps simply because there is something so characteristic and involuntary about one's handwriting.

"When these letters were being written I felt my hand grasped by some soft intangible substance; sometimes in forming the words the unseen hand seemed to become tremulous, as if the writing was only executed by an effort of will of one to whom a return to any material conditions was painful and difficult.

"I watched the words trace themselves on paper and again seemed to see them arising in the unseen writer's mind. I longed to help, but did not realise that probably complete passivity on my part would have been the most helpful course to follow; on this point the intimation reached me another time: 'Try to stop thinking and I will try to speak.' The writing

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of these letters resembled Mrs. Plowden's. The envelopes were addressed in a writing exactly like Mrs. Plowden's own hand, I was afterwards told. I distinctly remember that while the addresses were being written the hand which was resting on mine and writing with it pressed with increased firmness and resolution, as if the writer were determined that no mistake should be made in the names and addresses of the persons for whom the communications were intended.

"The envelope containing the note to the relative bore the name in full.

"The letter to Mrs. Seddon bore her London address; where, however, she was not, as she was then at K. (These details were explained to me afterwards.)

"Owing to a delay in posting the letter to the relative, the two letters reached K. at the same time, as Mrs. Seddon's was forwarded to her from London. After a day or two I heard from Mrs. Seddon that all the contents of the letters apparently written by Mrs. Plowden in the way just described, were correct in every respect, excepting that the room called in the letter the 'school-room' was usually called the 'study.'

"I tried throughout to pay as little attention as possible to the contents of the letters, because they were not intended for me and were only brought thus under my notice from stress of circumstances."

This account is corroborated by Mrs. Seddon, the recipient of the two aforesaid letters. Mrs. Seddon's account begins by stating that she had been vainly endeavouring to enter into communion with the spirit of her departed friend by sitting in the churchyard where that friend's body was buried. On the Tuesday aforesaid she visited that spot for the last time, and retired in despair of obtaining any increased sense of nearness by that means. "My last attempt was made on Tuesday [same date as above], and I made no mention to anybody of any attempts or of my wish." On this same evening, as we have seen, the impulse as from Mrs. Seddon came to Mrs. Laurence at a distance; and this coincidence was heightened by the fact that the scene flashed upon Mrs. Laurence's mind corresponded (so far as such scenes can be expressed in definite words) with the actual look of the churchyard—the general aspect of which had, however, been described by Mrs. Seddon to Mrs. Laurence shortly before. I continue in Mrs. Seddon's words:—

"The letter which I received on Saturday was written on Wednesday, and in it she stated that late on the previous night—the night of the day on which I had abandoned my attempts at the grave—she had been influenced by someone whom she recognised as Mrs. Plowden, and who had caused her to write to me the letter now enclosed.

"The message thus dictated contained warm assurances of Mrs. Plowden's continued regard for me and interest in our work, and concluded with the exclamation, emphatically underlined and written with great energy: 'Ruth, does not my voice reach you?' the effect being as if she was then actually calling to me just as I had desired her to call, and as I had felt that she was calling though the sounds failed to reach me.

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"On the following day, Sunday, I received from Mrs. Laurence, also forwarded from London under cover, another letter purporting to be dictated by Mrs. Plowden. The object of this letter was to charge me to use for the book I had just edited a preface which she herself had written, instead of one of my own composition; and a copy of which I should find in a certain place in the room which had been her study. The particulars given were correct, with the exception that the word 'school-room' was used for 'study.' As it happened, I had already made use of the preface in question, having set aside one that I had commenced writing, under a strong impression that in so doing I was acting as she would have preferred had she been consulted. The book, moreover, had actually been published, so that the instruction now received came too late to be observed. From which it was clear that her knowledge of my doings was not fully up-to-date.

"The letters thus dictated showed a gradual and increasing assimilation of the medium's handwriting to that of Mrs. Plowden. But the envelope containing the last one was addressed in a hand which was not merely *like* Mrs. Plowden's, but *was* hers, and was written with great freedom, clearness, and firmness, and as if dashed off at speed, only with a somewhat coarser pen than she was wont to use, the strokes being thicker as through the effort of using another's hand, and all the characteristics were hers and not in the least the medium's.[1] It was accompanied by a letter from Mrs. Laurence, describing the sensation in her hand when writing as that of being controlled by some pervading substance which, while strong and firm, was soft and impalpable. This was a description which tallied exactly with that which other mediums had described to me, and which I myself had experienced on the single occasion when it had been considered desirable to give me a practical example of the method of 'automatic writing,' though in my case my own consciousness was not set aside, the words being presented to my mind when being written."

Mrs. Seddon proceeds to describe the disquieting effect upon the relative to whom the second letter was addressed of the close resemblance to the handwriting of the deceased. The subject being distasteful to this relative, no corroboration can be sought in that quarter. In a subsequent letter Mrs. Seddon says: "The full description, written through the medium, of the place of the MSS. in question is 'the drawer at the left-hand side of the window-seat where I once put them long ago.' This was a receptacle which stood by Mrs. Plowden's accustomed seat in her study, and in which I had found the preface referred to. The study may have been called the schoolroom [at a previous period]. My own impression is that intending to say 'study,' the controlling influence succeeded only in impressing a corresponding word on the medium, and was content with it as understanding what room was meant. . . . No reference to or mention of a window-seat

[1] I have seen the envelope and compared the handwritings. I think the statement in the text too strong; but there is much resemblance;—and undoubtedly Mrs. Laurence's envelope bears the impress of speed and confidence.—F.W.H.M.

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had occurred anywhere until the phrase was used in Mrs. Laurence's message."

I hold it as certain that Mrs. Laurence had never visited K., nor had she ever heard of the window-seat and the drawer. Of this, I repeat, she has completely satisfied me; nor indeed would it have been in any way likely that she should have known of these details. She had not known that Mrs. Seddon had hesitated between two prefaces, and although she knew that the book was out, she had not specially noticed the preface, and cannot now recollect whether she had or had not read it. The degree both of knowledge and of ignorance shown in the automatic message is therefore noteworthy. There was knowledge of a very specific place—left-hand drawer of a *window-seat*. Against this must be set the minor mistake of school-room for study, but here I think that Mrs. Seddon's explanation is in accordance with analogy. On the other hand, we have ignorance of a fact fully known to Mrs. Plowden, and partially known to Mrs. Laurence, namely, that the book had already appeared with the desired preface. The message, therefore, is not exactly like the product of either living mind, and does somewhat resemble that which might be sent by someone remembering past facts, imperfectly acquainted with recent facts, and feeling a strong personal interest in the matter.

An interesting corroboration is furnished to this case by a previous experience of Miss A.'s, quite unknown to Mrs. Laurence, who is not acquainted with the A. family. I copy the following passage from the original notes taken by Mrs. A. at the time of the incident,—shortly after Mrs. Plowden's death. ["We knew," writes Mrs. A., "that Mrs. Plowden was dead; but did not personally then know Mrs. Seddon; and there had not been any special conversation respecting Mrs. Plowden."] One of Miss A.'s accustomed "guides," giving the name of "E. Swedenborg," wrote: "I want, through you, to fulfil a promise which I have given to one very dear to me; one who drew me to her through her kindly and unselfish influences; one whom I helped to the best of my ability while the beautiful spirit was yet chained to earth. I speak of her whom I knew best as 'Naomi,' but whom you would only recognise under the name of 'Mrs. Plowden.' . . . I would for her sake have those to know from whom she has parted in bodily form that she is but removed to a higher sphere of action, there to await those who worked with her on earth."

The evidential point here is the name which I have given as "Naomi,"—the correlative to the "Ruth" which appears in Mrs. Laurence's letter. The A. family, who alone were present when the above writing was given, all of them feel sure that they had never heard that this name was ever given to Mrs. Plowden.

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"As far as I can see by my notes," continues Mrs. A., "we did not meet Mrs. Seddon till [some months later]. Like many other messages, we did not like to send it to the person it concerned; but it was given to her at last by a mutual friend, and she came to see us." There was then much writing, which Mrs. Seddon considers as so specially appropriate in content as much to strengthen the proof of identity. She also states that "Swedenborg" had influenced Mrs. Plowden in life in a similar manner—"a fact of which no one knew but ourselves." On the degree of proof which such coincidences of *thought* can afford, I may have to speak in a later paper. The point to which I here call attention is the appearance of the two private names through two automatists entirely independent of each other. In one case the private name was unknown to the automatist, in the other case the name had been heard, but another fact, unknown to the automatist, was given in the same connection.

I will now place together four cases where a leading point of interest is the writing of words which the automatist could not have written by conscious effort. In one case an unlettered man wrote Greek; in one a girl ignorant of Kaffir wrote Kaffir; and in the two other cases a young child who had not learnt to write, wrote, we are told, legible and significant words.

In the first case of this group the phenomena were various, but consisted mainly of automatic writing and speech. Some of the writings evinced a knowledge greater than the automatist possessed. Especially, two lines from Homer were correctly written in response to a request for some Greek, although the writer was certainly quite ignorant even of the Greek alphabet. Some indications of identity were also given.

Certain physical phenomena (the most important of which occurred in my informant's absence) were interpolated as it were at random among the intellectual phenomena, and carried with them no clear indication of their source; except that they occurred only in the presence of the sitter, here styled Mr. Andrew.

For my introduction to Mr. O. (as I shall call him), the narrator of these incidents, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Andrew Lang. I first heard Mr. O.'s narrative from himself by word of mouth on November 20th, 1889, while the events were still fresh in his memory. I regard him as an excellent witness. The delay in producing the evidence has been partly caused by Mr. O.'s persistent but unavailing efforts to induce the survivors among his fellow-sitters to add their testimony to his own. I have reason to believe that their refusal is in no way due to any disagreement with Mr. O.'s account, but mainly to scruples of a quasi-religious nature. Such scruples have repeatedly baulked our inquiries; but I hope that they may gradually die out

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among our informants, as the innocence and the importance of experiments of this kind come to be better understood. In Mr. O.'s own case there are, I think, amply sufficient reasons why his anonymity should be preserved. His brother—in deference to whose serious wish during dangerous illness the sittings were undertaken—is now dead.

I will add that the intimacy among the members of the circle was such that I cannot doubt that Mr. O. heard, without delay, from his brother and others, of the physical phenomena which had occurred during his own absence from the circle. Mr. O. writes in 1890 :—

S. 11.—In the winter of '88-9 I began, along with a few intimate friends, to investigate the phenomena commonly called Spiritualistic. None of the company was at all anxious for any specific communication from another sphere, but partly for the gratification of an invalid brother, and partly for the sake of satisfying ourselves as to the possibility of some things we had read, we attempted a sitting. The results far exceeded our expectation. We were favoured with phenomena somewhat startling to novices in the art —phenomena styled in Scotland *uncanny*—but their interesting nature soon overcame our natural diffidence, and before the end of the winter we were on quite familiar terms with our unsubstantial visitants.

As a rule the circle consisted of two of my brothers, two personal friends, and myself, though occasionally we admitted other members of the family, and once or twice an acquaintance. We were not Spiritualists, nor had we any desire to be known as such : all we did was done solely by way of experiment and amusement. The opportunity was the best possible : we had all our sittings in our own home, the circle was confined to personal friends in whom we had full confidence, so that there was neither motive nor opportunity for deception. We usually met twice a week when my invalid brother was able for company, but during the winter months relapses of his illness caused interruptions ; and indeed, I often thought the excitement of our sittings did not affect him beneficially.

Our sittings were all in the dark. Our medium was, in most cases, Mr. Andrew, though we had also a less efficient medium in the case of Mr. S——. The performances of the latter were mostly of a somnambulistic kind, and do not call for special notice.

With Andrew, however, phenomena assumed quite another aspect. He would play charming music on the violin, or produce beautiful pencil sketches of city and rural scenes. Sometimes the *locus* of these scenes was named, oftener not, but they were invariably unknown to any member of the company.

For a time I failed to see anything *very* unaccountable in Andrew's trance productions. I knew him to be an accomplished violinist and a fairly good sketcher, and I naturally put everything down to an unconscious exercise of his own skill. One little thing did perplex me, namely, the very different styles of handwriting he seemed to accomplish with equal facility.

I mentioned an invalid brother. He suffered from a heart affection known as presystolic murmur. At one sitting we consulted a medical man, who called himself Dr. Snobinski of Russia. This gentleman not only prescribed for my brother, but also furnished us with a diagram of the human heart, and put a special mark to indicate the valve diseased in my brother's

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case. How this diagram was accurately drawn by a person ignorant of human physiology, and how the diseased valve was shown and explained by one ignorant of pathology, was more than I could account for.

On another occasion another doctor, calling himself Arnold, confirmed the diagnosis of Dr. Snobinski, and rated my brother for having neglected to follow the regimen recommended by the famous Russian. On this occasion, during examination of the chest, when the patient chanced to laugh, the doctor [in the person of Mr. Andrew] suddenly gave him a mild box on the ear with his open palm. This I understood was to rebuke his laughter, which, as is well known, is a dangerous luxury to one suffering from valvular disease.

At times we were entertained by a negro, who gave us no little fun. His effort to speak English was most amusing, and presented just those difficulties which perplex the negro in this more matter-of-fact sphere.

These phenomena had led me to perplexing thoughts, and, though unable to explain them on purely psychological grounds, I was slow to admit that the medium was not also the cause of the effects he produced. I had so far accounted for the music and the sketches; the varieties of handwriting were a little puzzling, the diagram and the prescription a little more so, but I was still inclined to suspend judgment till I should acquire more facts. With a view to this, I one evening interrogated: "Where are you?" Answer: "In the sphere next the earth." "Could you tell anything of the future?" Answer: "We are as ignorant of the future as you are." This I thought was at least honest, and very probable, but too general to be of service to me in arriving at any decision. I resolved to put what seemed to me a searching test. None of the others knew Latin or Greek, so I asked an answer in Latin. This was readily given, but so badly spelt that I failed to fully translate it. Not yet satisfied, I asked any quotation from a Greek author—so that by comparison with the original, identity or variation might be satisfactorily apparent. This resulted in a quotation from the Odyssey, Bk. XI., lines 57-8:—

Ἐλπῆνορ, πῶς ἦλθες ὑπὸ ζόφον ἠερόεντα;
ἔφθης πεζὸς ἐὼν ἢ ἐγὼ σὺν νηῒ μελαίνῃ.

These lines were beautifully written in cursive characters, and minute even to the accents. As a student I had read Odyssey XI., but could not have given the lines from memory, or written them out with correct accents. On comparing the lines with the Greek text I found them to be without flaw. My puzzle was now twofold: (1) That I was not able to read the Latin proved that what was given was not anything I had previously been revolving in my own mind, but had come from an independent intelligence; (2) The medium was not acquainted with either Latin or Greek—did not know one from the other. Clearly I must now quit the hypothesis that the medium was the author of his own message, as not adequate to account for all the facts.

The Greek and the Latin [Mr. O. adds in a later letter] were both obtained at the same sitting. I asked for the Greek because the Latin was so badly written I could not fully make it out. The medium that evening was *Andrew*, who, I am fully convinced, could not possibly have any knowledge that Greek would be asked for—and even if he had known, he could

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not have given it, since he did not know the Greek when it was given. The controlling spirit was unknown to any of the company. In reply to my questions he described himself as a youth of nineteen, according to *their* reckoning, but was only twelve years of age when he died. When I asked how he was occupied, he told us he was still at school. This information led me to ask for the Latin, and subsequently for the Greek.

Still more inexplicable was the evidential sign given to a doubting acquaintance. This gentleman requested permission to be present at one of the sittings, but his general behaviour there indicated that he regarded a sitting as a kind of farce. He brought with him another gentleman of equally sceptical temper. The first remark from the medium that evening was: "There are strangers present to-night." This remark seemed to our friend so commonplace that he requested evidence of the presence of a spirit. On being asked what evidence he would like, he jokingly said, "Bring a candle!"—an idea probably suggested by sitting in the dark. The wish had scarcely been expressed when a candle was placed on the table before him, with the request that he should immediately quit the company. The candle was found to be warm, a circumstance explained by the fact that it had been used in the next room only a few minutes before. My brother immediately went to the next room, and asked for a candle. The good lady was much surprised to find that while the candlestick was still standing where she had placed it shortly before, the candle itself was gone. My brother then showed her the candle which he held in his hand, and this she identified as the one she had used a few minutes before—indeed there could not be two opinions, as there was only one candle in the house. This was regarded by the circle as the most wonderful result yet obtained. Here was proof amounting to a demonstration that a material object had been passed through matter; the candle had been brought from one room to another, though both doors (there were two doors in the room in which the sittings were held) were locked before the sitting was commenced.

This candle incident I give on the testimony of the others, as I myself was not present that evening, a circumstance which I afterwards regretted. Personally I have not seen a case of matter through matter.

During that winter we obtained many interesting phenomena. The spirits (?) would strike any note we asked on a violin or harmonium which stood by. The notes requested would sound forth distinctly, though no visible hand was near; and this was done both in the dark and in the light, though more often in the dark.

One evening a visitant addressed one of my brothers as an old schoolfellow, and in proof of his identity he reminded my brother of a poem they had once learnt together as boys, namely, one by "Surfaceman" (Alexander Anderson), entitled "*The blood on the wheel.*" My brother perfectly recollected the exercise, and had no doubt as to the identity of the speaker. The wonderful thing here was that the medium had become acquainted with my brother later in life, and had no knowledge of his schooldays.

Of the scientific value of these results I was not aware till I had the pleasure of meeting yourself, and if we had met some months earlier I should certainly have preserved the legible results of our sittings. They were destroyed in ignorance of their scientific worth, and chiefly because associated

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with a departed brother whose early death we still lament. Though our sittings are long past their results still dwell with me in all but their first freshness. Circumstances conspired to break up our little company. Of our circle of five two have since married, one has left the district, and another has departed this life. The death of our most spirited member was the end of our meetings.

On the "telekinetic phenomena" involved in this case I must not here dwell. The case of Mr. Stainton Moses, with which I hope to deal later, will afford a better opportunity for discussing the relations between automatism and telekinesis.

The next case came to Dr. Hodgson from a group of persons who may not be very critical, but who are plainly sincere. The phenomenon alleged, however surprising, involves but a simple act of observation and should have been easy to note and remember.

M. Aut. 70.

Flushing, *July 19th*, 1890.

Mr. Richard Hodgson.

"Dear Sir,—It affords me pleasure to respond to your inquiry concerning the item of *spirit writing* through the hand of a little child just four years of age who had no knowledge of its letters, unaided and untaught.

"My wife had a niece who passed to spirit-life twenty years ago, who was in life strongly attached to her, and whenever we come in contact with a mediumistic person she invariably makes her presence known to us. My daughter, fifteen years of age, and another young lady of the same age, opened a school for small children in a little room used for a Sunday-school by the Baptist society, where the event took place. It was approaching Easter, and to add to the coming exercises, the little girl was especially invited to join them in rehearsing their pieces, as most all the pupils were members of the Mission Sunday-school. The first morning of her attendance a slate and pencil were given her to keep her quiet; she scribbled awhile, when it was noticed that she had written very distinctly the name Emma. As it was known that the child had never been inside of a school before, and that she knew no single letter of the alphabet, it was a great surprise. The slate belonged to some of the pupils, hence was not preserved by the young ladies. I regretted the loss of such a rare test of spirit control, and urged them should such a thing ever occur again to preserve it. The child attended the day following, and instead of slate a leaf from a tablet and lead pencil were given her. After she had amused herself awhile she returned the paper, and it was seen that a number of attempts to write the name Emma had been made. As she handed in the paper she said, 'Nozer,' and another sheet was given, with an improvement; the third was given, when upon either side was written with bold running hand, 'your aunt Emma,' quite as large and perfect as the above.

"True, she was aunt to the little one whose little hand she was holding. The pressure upon the paper of the first two sheets was uneven and it requires close attention to follow some portions of the first attempt, but in

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the last she seems to have overcome all difficulties and accomplished her purpose of giving us a fact of spirit control.

"Little Etta has passed on to the higher life within a year of this event.

"It is fair to say her parents were not Spiritualists. They took the child and gave her paper and pencil, but failed to get satisfactory results.

"That little circle of innocent children singing their songs had created an atmosphere of harmony favourable for that sensitive little child to receive the impress or control of a decarnate spirit. Those familiar with phenomena of this kind will readily appreciate the difference in conditions.—Yours truly, A. E. HEMPSTEAD."

"This is to certify that we were present and witnessed the writing of little Etta, as described in the foregoing statement, and know that neither Etta, nor any other pupil present at the time, could have written the messages of their own abilities.

(Signed) LAURA HEMPSTEAD.
L. A. K."

"I am the mother of little Etta, and know she had not been taught the alphabet, or how to hold her pencil.

(Signed) MRS. B. W. TERRY."

Newtown, N.Y., *October 16th*, 1890.

In another letter Mr. Hempstead adds :—"In reply to your last inquiry I will say Etta's message was written just before Easter.

"The messages we still have, although somewhat difficult to read, as they were in pencil, and the uneven pressure upon the paper requires close attention. We did not ink it over, as we wished to preserve its purity. Remember she held the pencil between the middle fingers of her left hand, as she was not taught the art of holding her pencil. I have written in ink upon their margins in the order that she wrote them.

"Will gladly loan them to you, trusting they will be duly returned."

Newtown, *November 19th*, 1890.

MR. HODGSON.

"DEAR SIR,—By a strange grouping of circumstances your letter, little Etta's mother, the young lady who witnessed the writing, all came into our home here in Newtown together, bringing the mail with them, as if unconsciously directed, so I am prepared to return your paper promptly. They all read it and without hesitation gave their signatures. In the case of Miss K., she said she would rather not have her name mentioned publicly on account of her connection with the church, &c., which you may readily understand.

"The mother explained that the child was left-handed, and L. did not remember about the manner in which she (Etta) held the pencil. But my daughter is positive, and one not likely to forget so novel a feature. Hoping the above will suffice, I remain, very truly yours for humanity,

"A. E. HEMPSTEAD."

Mr. Hodgson adds :— *October 30th*, 1890.

"Mr. Hempstead has kindly sent me the writings by the little girl Etta for my inspection. There are three small sheets of paper with several attempts at writing on both sides of each sheet. There are indications of 'Aunt'

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and 'Emma' on the first and second sheets; Emma being written tolerably well on the second sheet.

"The enclosed tracing is of the last attempt."

[An account (seen by me and concordant with the above) had been sent by Mr. Hempstead to the *Banner of Light* immediately after the incident, and was printed May 4th, 1889. I have seen the tracing of the last written phrase, "your aunt Emma." It is a free scrawl, resembling the planchette-writing of an adult rather than the first effort of a child.—F.W.H.M.]

I know not in what light I should have regarded my next case had I seen it only in a book bearing the somewhat alarming title of *The Holy Truth*, (Arthur Hallah, 1876). But just as my last-cited narrative is not necessarily proved to be fictitious by having once appeared in that not over-trustworthy periodical, *The Banner of Light*, so also the aggressiveness of religious conviction with which Mr. Hugh Junor Browne's experiences have inspired him does not prevent his being, as I have heard from the Hon. Sir W. G. Windeyer, Judge of Supreme Court, Sydney, and have found on personal acquaintance, a man of high standing as to both character and practical capacity. He is a prosperous man of business at Melbourne, and the elder of the two daughters with whose automatism we have to deal is married to one of the foremost men of the Colony of Victoria. I regard him, therefore, as a witness whose strong opinions, indeed, might help a fraudulent medium to deceive him, but who is fully to be trusted as regards easily-observed events occurring in his own family circle. I discussed this case with him and Mrs. Browne on October 3rd, 1891. Mrs. Browne seemed to me a good witness, and corroborated the facts so far as immediately known to her, giving me a written confirmation of the writing of the young child, who was present at our interview, as a young lady of about twenty. Miss Browne cannot remember the incident in her fifth year, but told me that she had sometimes written automatically since that date;—her arm used to feel numb while doing so.

M. Aut. 71.

"In this [automatic writing] we were unsuccessful, until it came to the turn of my eldest daughter, a girl of eleven years of age, to take the pencil in hand. Immediately on her doing so her hand was influenced to write, causing her to be considerably alarmed. She called out, 'Oh, mamma! I am so frightened, my hand is moving.' We all pacified her as much as possible, and on taking up the paper we found her hand had written on it quite legibly, though in rather tremulous characters, quite different from her ordinary writing, the following sentence: 'Helen, Grace, Browne, I am come to see you. Your beloved aunt. You will,' &c., &c. The remainder of the writing was too faint to decipher. The name written above is that of my second daughter, between five and six years of age, who is called after two of her aunts, my sisters; one of whom, the wife of an officer in the

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Indian army, passed away many years ago, having died on her passage home from India, and whose spirit we afterwards ascertained influenced the girl's hand to write this message to her little niece and namesake. We had a number of communications through the same source that evening from different spirit-friends, and since that time, except on two occasions, when she said she felt no influence (a reason for which afterwards was given) whenever my eldest girl sits down for the purpose of communicating with our spirit-friends, her hand is almost immediately influenced to write. Her hand has written as many as forty pages of large notepaper within half-an-hour, which in her ordinary handwriting would take her several hours to copy.

"My daughter is quite unaware of what she is writing and describes the sensation of the influence as though electricity were running down her arm from the shoulder. This is what is termed mechanical writing mediumship. She often writes far beyond her own powers of comprehension on subjects of which she has not the least conception, spelling words correctly which she does not understand, and of which, when read over, she inquires the meaning—such words as clairvoyantly, physically, &c. At other times she spells small words incorrectly which in her ordinary writing she would spell correctly. She has written in French, of which language she knows but the rudiments; she has written in Chinese characters, and also in the Kaffir language, of neither of which does she understand a word. She has written in blank verse, which, though it would not stand the scrutiny of a critic, is decidedly beyond her powers in this line, she being more of a romp than a student.

"My daughter has frequently been influenced to write messages to strangers from their spirit-friends, giving them particulars about things of which she could not possibly know anything, and signing correctly the names of their spirit-friends in spirit-life of whom she had never before heard. Her mother and I have thought of a question, to put to one of our spirit-friends when she was not present, and calling her into the room have given her a pencil and paper, and she has written a correct reply to the question mentally asked, and signed the name of the spirit-friend of whom we thought. She can write either looking away from or on to the paper. A difference can be seen in the writing from each of our spirit-friends. If I see even the word 'yes' written through her, I can generally tell what spirit is influencing the medium's hand. I have seen her write the letters upside down, backwards, left-handed, and in various ways quite impossible for the child to do herself, and sometimes so fast you can hardly see her hand join the letters, and at other times slow; sometimes in a very small hand, at others in bold text-writing.

"On one occasion it was written through my daughter's hand that I was to take a bottle of a specific I have for rheumatism to a Mr. Reed, directing me to inquire at a shop in the next street to where he used to live and I would be directed to where he then resided. I had formerly given a man of this name some of this mixture, which had relieved him of the pain, but had not seen or heard of him for months, and I was not aware that he had removed from where he then lived. On calling at his former residence I found he had removed, and on calling as instructed at the shop indicated I

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was told where Reed then lived. I found him confined to his bed, suffering acutely from rheumatism, and gave him the specific.

"I may mention another incident which occurred. One day when out walking with my wife I met a black man whom I had never seen before, but whom I recognised as a Kaffir from large holes made in his ears peculiar to that race. I accosted him in his native tongue, at which he seemed rather surprised, and I gave him my address, telling him to call on me. This he did just as we were sitting down to investigate this subject. I told the servant to show him into the room, and on asking him if any of his spirit-friends were present, my daughter's hand wrote out several Kaffir names, which on my reading out to him he recognised, and which evidently caused him great astonishment. On asking if they had any message for him, a sentence was written in the Kaffir language, some of the words of which were beyond my comprehension. On my reading the message out to the Kaffir he understood every word of it except one. This I pronounced in various ways to try to make him comprehend, but all to no purpose, when my daughter's hand was influenced to write 'Click with the mouth.' This reminded me of a peculiar click which frequently accompanies the sounding of the letter 'T' in the Kaffir language, and on my pronouncing this word he understood the meaning of it at once. I may state my daughter does not know a word of Kaffir, having been born several years after I was last in that country. I inquired who influenced her hand to write, as the art of writing is generally unknown to Kaffirs, and was informed my old friend H. S., whose native name was 'Nonquambeen,' had written the message at the request of the Kaffir's spirit-friends. I may add H. S. was a well-educated man, whose memory I hold in regard, and who when in this life could talk the Kaffir language fairly, having been an old settler in Natal. I explained to my Kaffir visitor that the Inslesees, or souls of his friends, were present, at which he seemed rather terrified. I assured him there were numbers of my spirit-friends present also, and that my children frequently described both the spirits of my friends and of some of his countrymen who were in my employ, and others whom I knew many years ago. This only seemed to increase his fear. I think I have referred to Chinese having been written through my daughter's hand imperfectly, and on my remarking that I did not think it was like the Chinese characters, I was informed by one of my Anglican spirit-friends that it was the first time the Chinese spirit had influenced a medium to write, and that he would improve by practice. On showing it to a Chinese (there were thirteen or fourteen pages of it) he could not make out many of the characters, but here and there he said, 'That means sound,' 'That means twenty,' and so on, and remarked, 'This like little China boy's writing, not know write good.'

"One day, while receiving communications through my daughter's hand, I observed written, 'Put down that balloon.' I remarked to my wife, 'What on earth have they to do with balloons in spirit-life?' She smiled, and told me that our daughter had in her left hand one of those pink india-rubber toy balloons, which she, childlike, had been trying to inflate with her breath whilst her right hand was writing the communications. I was sitting on the medium's right-hand side, and was so interested in the communications as written that I had not taken notice what she was doing with her left hand,

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on which side my wife sat. At another time, in reply to a query by me on some deep theological matter, through my daughter's hand it was written, 'How can you expect an answer to such a question through a child's organisation?' I have several reams of paper filled with communications received through my daughter's hand." (*The Holy Truth*, pp. 63-71.)

The incident of the child's writing is given in the same book (p. 71), being then of quite recent date. I will, however, give here the account, of course much later, but concordant, and in some points fuller, which was given to me at the interview above mentioned.

M. Aut. 72.

"When our daughter Nelly was nearly five years old, she had not learned a single letter of her alphabet. She had certainly received no instruction whatever. One day her elder sister was writing automatically. To please the child, we put a pencil in her hand. Presently we observed that she had written some words, and on looking we saw that the words were 'I am a mesmeric medium.' [Words 'I am a' not present in earlier account.] She had been under our eyes all the time. The words were written in a small angular lady's handwriting. I then asked my elder daughter's 'guide,' the late Dr. Godfrey Howitt, to explain this. Instead of the accustomed writing, a message came in the writing of my elder sister, the late Mrs. Colonel Kelso, to the effect: [here I give the correct wording as in earlier record] 'She will be very mediumistic, but is too young to be influenced; do not let her sit until she is older, or you will injure her health.' We did not let her write automatically for some years afterwards; then she did write for some little time, and then the power left her.

"HUGH JUNOR BROWNE.
"ELIZABETH BROWNE.

"*October 3rd*, 1891."

I must here close for the present my budget of evidence. In spite of repeated limitations of the subject proposed for this paper, I have been unable within my limits to deal adequately with any one group of motor messages. Of the class last touched upon, indeed,—alleged communications from the departed,—I have already in other papers published several examples. Some of those have pointed, as some of these fresh narratives do also point, towards a direct transmission from a personality still vividly concerned with the loves and deeds of earth. Other cases, especially in this present group, suggest something of less personal intercourse, as though the communion were rather of man's own incarnate spirit with some vaster knowledge existing somewhere beyond his earthly ken.

But indeed the question, "Can I communicate with a departed soul?" can seem simple only in so far as it is imperfectly understood. At each end of that desired communication lies a group of problems which only darken beneath our steadier gaze. Suppose that an inhabitant of some other world were to ask me, "Can you communicate with other men, and if so, with which men?" what should my answer be? Can

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I claim to communicate with Homer,—whose very personality is remote and uncertain,—in a truer sense than I communicate with a living clown? Must I not needs begin any intelligible reply by explaining the bodily senses which I possess, and the forces of nature which are to some extent at my disposal, and the power afforded by printed books of holding converse with the past, or even of affecting minds akin to mine in the near future? Is it not the answering thought, the common emotion, which is the true companionship, whether words and glances have passed between the two organisms or no?

And if there be such difficulties in defining communication between two personalities which still employ methods material, familiar, and measurable, what will be the case when one of those interlocutors is already "beyond our bounds of time and place," and operates by unknown forces from a centre inconceivable by men?

For what indeed is to be our conception of identity prolonged beyond the tomb? In earth-life the actual body, in itself but a subordinate element in our thought of our friend, did yet by its physical continuity override as a symbol of identity all lapses of memory, all changes of the character within. Yet it was memory and character—the stored impressions upon which he reacted, and his specific mode of reaction—which made our veritable friend. How much of memory, how much of character must he preserve for our recognition? We do not ask that he or we should remember always, or should remember all. It would suffice us if, as Plato has it, the potential memory of an endless Past, lost for awhile in each dreamlike incarnation, should revive in intercurrent spaces of absolute Being. But what if some vaster memory should comprehend our friend's and ours, and should speak for him with complete retrospection, and should know us better than we know? Again, must his faults, his limitations, persist if we are to love him still? Or may memory be expanded into omniscience and character elevated into divinity, if only the imagined Friend can still be touched with the feeling of our infirmities?

Nothing, surely, need be lost even if some part of what might seem immediate converse with a soul known and dear should prove rather to be a faint, a confused, a grotesque intimation that somewhat within us also is an integral element in the Source and Sum of Things. No communion of finite with finite soul can be like the communion of finite soul with Infinite;—"the flight of the One to the One." No other knowledge can be like the knowledge that not far from every one of us is that indwelling and limitless Spirit which—as one of these strangely-written messages themselves has phrased it—"is at once thine innermost Self and thine ever unattainable Desire."

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I.

THE SUBLIMINAL SELF.

By F. W. H. Myers.

Chapter VIII.

The Relation of Supernormal Phenomena to Time;—Retrocognition.

In a series of chapters dealing with the existence and faculties of a Subliminal Self,—a part of our mind or faculty which lies below the threshold of our ordinary consciousness,—I have called attention to many facts which indicate that we are in reality beings of wider scope and deeper powers than we habitually suppose. Reviewing almost every known group of supernormal phenomena in turn, I have tried to show that this submerged faculty has much to do with the perception or production of them all.

There remain, however, two considerable groups of phenomena which in this connexion I have hardly yet touched. One of these groups consists of *physical* phenomena, such as have been described in these *Proceedings* especially in connection with the late Mr. Stainton Moses. Their relation to man's subliminal faculty must be reserved for future discussion. There remains that varied group of incidents which raise the question of the relation to *Time* borne by these hidden powers which in other ways have shown themselves so far-reaching and flexible. I have indeed already touched the margin of this subject in a chapter on "Hypermnesic Dreams" (*Proceedings*, Vol. VIII). And a more direct attack on the problem has been made by Mrs. Sidgwick, who published about six years ago (*Proceedings*, Vol. V.) a paper "On the Evidence for Premonitions."

That paper contained a collection of the best cases of apparent premonition which we had received up to that time, during six years of enquiry; with a discussion of those sources of error, such as illusion of memory and accidental coincidence, which need to be fully considered before we can even provisionally believe that anything so apparently inexplicable as a real prefigurement of the future has in reality occurred. Mrs. Sidgwick's cases (some thirty in number) were in her judgment (with which I agreed) inadequate to establish so strange a conclusion. "We cannot, I think," she says, p. 353, "demand

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that the possibility of supernormal prevision should be accepted even as a working hypothesis by the scientific world, as I myself consider that telepathy ought to be accepted. Still, there is enough evidence to make us think about it; and one advantage of having a society like ours is to bring home to people the importance of observing and recording at once facts bearing on such subjects, and to supply a centre where such records can be kept."

Mrs. Sidgwick's discussion has been effective in the direction desired; and at least double the amount of evidence of this type which our society had amassed during the six years which preceded that paper has been sent to us, or printed elsewhere, during the seven years which have followed it. On this ground alone the time has plainly come for another stock-taking;—which in consequence of other engagements of Mrs. Sidgwick's it devolves upon me to attempt.[1]

The evidence, I say, has grown in the way which was to be expected *if* precognition were—and hardly *unless* it were—a true fact in nature. And at the same time the whole question has gradually assumed a new aspect. In the earlier years of our research the evidence for precognition was entirely divorced from experiments; was derived from sources almost wholly separate from our sources of evidence to other supernormal phenomena; and even had it bulked large enough for acceptance on its own merits, would in its nature and scope have found no manifest link with other results of our enquiry.

In each of these three respects there has been an improvement in the situation. In the first place, there is now a beginning—it is not yet more—of actual experiment in this direction, from which experiment seemed wholly excluded. In place of the spontaneous, confused, imperfectly remembered *dreams* which still form the main bulk of our evidence for precognition, we are now sometimes able to substitute those voluntary, externalised, and easily recordable visions which constitute the "crystal pictures" to which attention has begun to be directed, and which include a small percentage of precognitive scenes.

As I have often urged, the first discovery of an actual method of *experiment*—however difficult and uncertain—in such an enquiry as this brings it at once out of a region where we can never count on advance into a region where, if sufficient diligence be used, progress must in time follow.

[1] I shall assume that the reader is familiar not only with the cases, but with the evidential criticisms in the article referred to. I am treating the subject in a somewhat different manner; but those criticisms of course continue to apply equally to the cases which I shall quote.

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In the second place, the lapse of years has now allowed us to observe with some continuity the experiences of a good many informants; and in most cases we have found that where there is frequent telepathy or clairvoyance, there is pretty sure also to be some anomaly in the time-relations of the phenomena which no simple formula (such as a supposed *latency* of telepathic impressions) will serve to explain. Our living *sources*, that is to say, of telepathic and of precognitive evidence are now in many cases the same.

And thirdly, as we get some further glimpse into the laws which underlie our varied phenomena, we see more clearly that retrocognition and precognition—supernormal knowledge of Past and Future—cannot safely be set aside as isolated problems;—as fortresses which we may leave behind us unattacked as we advance over our newly conquered realm. On the contrary, our work tends to become more and more emphatically an *exploration of faculty*;—not merely a collection of evidence to particular occurrences, but a following out of every clue which may lead to knowledge of what is actually going on beneath the threshold while certain resulting phenomena are showing themselves above it. We must search for the *natural groups* into which our cases fall; contenting ourselves no longer with the first obvious lines of classification.

On no side, then, may we leave supernormal phenomena unattacked. We must not take for granted their relation to any great category of human thought. Their relation to time is as unknown to us *a priori* as is their relation to space or to physical causation. Their relation to space, indeed, was necessarily our first subject of enquiry. Our first task was to prove that space is bridged by some form of mental transmission which no known laws will explain. Into this enquiry time only entered in so far as it was needful to prove temporal coincidence, in order to prove causal connexion, between the event in one place and its spiritual repercussion in another.

And could our enquiry have been arrested here there would be a comparative simplicity even in our novel conclusions. In a universe where instantaneous gravitation operates unexplained,—where a world of ether coexists with a world of matter,—men's minds must needs have a certain openness to other mysterious transmissions; must be ready to conceive other invisible environments or co-existences, and in a sense to sit loose to the conception of Space, regarded as an obstacle to communication or cognition. A similar emancipation from the limitations of Time is more difficult. We can, of course, imagine increased powers of remembering the Past, of inferring the Future. But we can hardly conceive the Past revived, save in some mind which has directly observed it. And to imagine the Future as known, except by inference and contingently, to any mind whatever is to induce at

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once that iron collision between Free Will, and "Fixed Fate, Foreknowledge absolute," from which no sparks of light have ever yet been struck. Still more unwelcome is the further view that the so-called Future actually already exists; and that apparent time-progression is a subjective human sensation, and not inherent in the universe as that exists in an Infinite Mind.

Nor shall we in fact find it necessary to insist upon any very revolutionary line of explanation. There is one analogy which will meet most of our evidence (although not all), and to which we shall repeatedly recur as our simplest guide. As is the memory and the foresight of a child to that of a man, even such, I shall suggest, is the memory and the foresight of the man's supraliminal self as compared to the retrocognition and the precognition exercised by an intelligence unrestrained by sensory limits;—whether that intelligence belong to the man's own subliminal self, or to some unembodied spirit. I maintain that in this thesis there is nothing incredible;—nay, that it is the necessary corollary of belief in the existence anywhere of any extension of the powers which we habitually exercise.

If there is a transcendental world at all there is a transcendental view of Past and Future fuller and farther-reaching than the empirical; and in that view we may ourselves to some extent participate, either directly, as being ourselves denizens all along of the transcendental world, or indirectly, as receiving intimations from spirits from whom the shadow in which our own spirits are "half lost" has melted away.

This I believe to be the central reflection to which the study of supernormal knowledge of Past and Future at present points us; and I shall be well satisfied if the evidence which I shall adduce should persuade the reader that in some undefined fashion we share at moments in this transcendental purview. As to the precise manner in which we share it, the difficulties are just those which meet us when, in any other group of our phenomena, we try to distinguish between the activity of the automatist's own spirit, and of other spirits, embodied or unembodied, and perhaps also of a World-Soul or of Intelligences above anthropomorphic personification. But this uncertainty will be a secondary matter; since our first business in this little-explored region will be simply to collect trustworthy experiments, well-evidenced narratives, and to cement them together with only just so much of theoretic mortar as may enable them to be surveyed without needless confusion.

Such will be my course in the two chapters which follow, in which I shall in the first place briefly describe the general character of our evidence for retrocognition and precognition; shall then cite the narratives; and shall finally give a diagrammatic and provisional

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view of what I conceive to be their relations to each other, and to other supernormal facts.

The general characteristic, then, of these occurrences is to show us fragments of knowledge coming to us in obscure and often symbolical ways, and extending over a wider tract of time than any faculty known to us can be stretched to cover. On the one side there is *retrocognition*, or knowledge of the past, extending back beyond the reach of our ordinary memory; on the other side there is *precognition*, or knowledge of the future, extending onwards beyond the scope of our ordinary inference.

In each direction, indeed, there are certain landmarks; the regression and the progression alike seem to develop gradually, and to follow lines which we can learn to recognise. In the direction of the Past we begin with hypermnesia; our first step lies in the conception that what has once been presented to our sensory field, although never gathered into what we deem our conscious perception, may nevertheless have been perceived and retained by the subliminal self. It is partly through dream and partly by automatic artifices that this fact is realised; and those same dreams, those same artifices of script or vision, presently carry us a step further, and reveal a knowledge which must have come from the memories of other living persons, or (as I hold) of departed spirits. Then in another direction a less direct source of knowledge opens out; living organisms, our own or others', disclose (in ways unknown to biology) the history implicate in their structure; objects which have been in contact with organisms preserve their trace; and it sometimes seems as though even inorganic nature could still be made, so to say, luminescent with the age-long story of its past. Or it may even be that some retrocognitive picture is presented which we may discover to be veracious, but with which we can discern no spiritual or material link; as though a page of the cosmic record had been opened to us at random, and had closed again without sign or clue.

And next let us look forward into the Future;—across that impalpable, almost imaginary line of the Present Moment, which for us is the greatest reality of all. Naturally enough, the first time-confusion which we find is a confusion affecting that present moment itself; namely, that sensation of already remembering what is happening or is just about to happen to which some authors have applied the too wide term *paramnesia*, but for which *promnesia* seems a more exact and distinctive name. Next we have the wide range of *suggestive* phenomena, where the subliminal self possesses knowledge of the future unshared by the supraliminal; since the subliminal self has in fact wound up the organism to strike a given note at a given hour. Self-suggestion in turn merges into *organic prevision;* where the

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subliminal self foresees what will happen—not in consequence of any determining effort of its own, but by virtue of its deeper knowledge of the organism and of the changes which that organism must by physiological laws undergo. This *organic prevision* may lead us far; but as it grows more distant and complex, involving more and more of a man's future *environment*, as well as of his future *organic history*, it merges into a form of precognition which cannot depend on insight into material bodies alone.

We now proceed, that is to say, along a line which is an extension of ordinary intellectual inference. First comes hyperæsthetic inference;—that enlarged span of anticipation which acuter sensory impressions permit; as a sensitive patient will be able to predict her doctor's visit when his step is merely heard in the street, although others cannot recognise that step until it is close to the bedroom door. Then comes an obscure point where this hyperæsthesia seems to pass into telæsthesia;—where sensory perception seems to cease, and supersensory, telepathic, or clairvoyant perception to begin.

Thus to take the common instance of auditory hyperæsthesia alluded to above, Lady Eardley, (a witness already cited), tells me,—and her husband, Commander de Lousada, confirms to me her recollection,—that for some weeks, when she was in very weak health, and also much distressed by a business matter, she distinguished from her London bedroom the special sound which a *heavy* letter made in falling into the letter box.[1] I have listened from the same room, and cannot myself hear any sound of letters falling in. But Lady Eardley also knew, she says, that these heavy letters, or certain among them, were *lawyers'* letters; and thinks that she did not discern this by hearing alone. No notes were taken at the time, (some years ago), and the account, therefore, is not evidential; but it illustrates the confused percipience which marks the line between hyperæsthesia and telæsthesia, when impressions are referred to a sensory channel through which they may possibly have not really arrived. Some of Mrs. Verrall's experiments (*Proceedings* Vol. XI., p. 184 &c.), illustrate the same form of confusion.

Well then, when we have definitely passed from the sensory to the transcendental mode of perception, it is probable that our power of inference as to the future will be greatly enlarged. We cannot, indeed, guess how far this enlargement will extend. There is nothing absolutely to forbid us to regard *all* precognitions as the result of this wider outlook of the subliminal self.

[1] Indications of a similar hyperæsthesia were observed by Dr. Hodgson with Miss Mollie Fancher;—a sensitive well-known in America.

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Nor shall I attempt to draw the line at which this telæsthetic inference ceases. If I do still look further for other sources of precognition, this is partly because in some cases I think that there is actual evidence that the precognition comes from a disembodied intelligence; and partly also on the wider ground that I distrust all explanations which give to man, embodied or disembodied, any monopoly of the transcendental world. The simplicity of our instinctive anthropomorphism is not the simplicity of truth;—it is no more so, when we are thus dealing with intelligences which may be far above our ken, than when the savage ascribes to a man-like demon the movements and influences of gross inanimate things.

But first, as I have said, I ascribe some precognitions to the reasoned foresight of disembodied spirits, just as I ascribe some retrocognitions to their surviving memory. I have tried in an earlier paper to show ground for believing that some spirits have a continued knowledge of some earthly affairs; and if they have such knowledge, and can show us that they have it, they may presumably reveal to us also their not infallible inferences from what they know.

Thus far I have been indicating roads along which I fancy that believers in any kind of transcendental faculty will some day be forced to travel. What follows is a speculation, or suspicion, which no records or experiments of ours can prove, but which seems to me to loom behind them all. I suspect, then, that it is not by wider purview, wiser inference alone, that finite minds, in the body or out of it, have attained to knowledge of what yet must be. I imagine that the Continuity of the Universe is complete; and that therefore the hierarchy of intelligences between our minds and the World-Soul is infinite; and that somewhere in that ascent a point is reached where our conception of time loses its accustomed meaning. To Plato's "Spectator of all Time and of all Existence" there may be no barrier between Then and Now. The idea, of course, is familiar enough to philosophical speculation. The novelty is that this, with many other ideas which have hitherto floated gaseously *inter apices philosophiæ*, like helium in the atmosphere of the sun, may now conceivably be tested in earthly laboratories and used as a working explanation for undeniable facts. For the moment I say no more; the reader will judge with the cases before him whether amid contingent prefigurements we find something of inevitable; or among individualised inferences some trace of a Cosmic Mind.

We shall have to set forth evidence illustrative of each of these main lines of speculation in turn. But before we embark definitely on either our backward or our forward survey, we are met by a familiar psychological puzzle, of no great evidential significance, but yet afford-

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ing a useful introduction to further problems. I allude to the sensation, much discussed in France of late, of the *déjà vu*; the feeling which many men have experienced, "I have lived through all this before, and I know what will happen this next minute."[1]

Ordinary explanations of promnesia (as I shall call this sensation) follow two main types.

1. The reminiscence is a true one, depending (*a*) on a past waking experience, or (*b*) on a past dream which some similarity in circumstances recalls to memory.

2. The reminiscence is illusory, depending (*a*) on a kind of malady of perception or attention affecting the whole personality, or (*b*) on some sort of splitting of the personality, as, for instance, on asynchronism of cerebral hemispheres, etc.

1 (*a*). It is probable that most of my readers share the belief which was my own so long as I argued from my personal promnesic sensations in boyhood; namely, that a confused recollection of actual past events gave rise to the feeling that I knew what was going to happen. This view was supported by the triviality of the occasions when I had the feeling, as in the course of some familiar game or talk. Until one learns how small a fraction of human sensation or emotion one's own capacity comprehends, one is apt to think that the strongest records of what others feel are mere exaggerated descriptions of something one has felt oneself. And often, after all, this is true; and probably a large proportion of promnesic experiences have this simple source.

1 (*b*). It is obviously possible also that a suddenly evoked reminiscence of a past *dream* may give rise to the feeling of "*déjà vu*," —of having witnessed the actual scene at some indefinite time before. If such coincidence with a previous dream were a merely *casual* one, this heading would be a mere variety of 1 (*a*). The really important question—to which we must presently return—is whether the connexion may be other than casual, whether the dreamer may in some supernormal way have visited the scene, or anticipated the experience, which he was destined afterwards to behold or to undergo.

2 (*a*). The hypothesis of some kind of interruption or indecision in the acts of perception and attention, giving rise to a confused location

[1] It seems to me undesirable to give to this phenomenon the name *paramnesia*, as has been commonly done of late. The word paramnesia should mean simply "erroneous or morbid memory,"—as paræsthesia and parageusia (for instance) mean erroneous or morbid sensation or taste. It is inconvenient to try to narrow a word of this general type to connote one small group of phenomena; not to say that it is begging the question to assume that those phenomena are in any way morbid. The paradoxical term "promnesia,"—memory beforehand—seems to me to express unmistakably the paradoxical sensation under review,—and to express nothing more.

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in time of the object perceived, has been worked out in various ways, all of which seem purely hypothetical.[1] Such confusions may exist, but they can in any case explain only the slighter and momentary forms of promnesia, not those cases where the sensation of memory becomes definite enough to attract to it the percipient's full and deliberate attention.

2 (*b*). The old idea of a lack of precise concordance between the perceptions of the two cerebral hemispheres seems to be scouted on the Continent, but is still occasionally revived in England. (See *Brain*, Winter number, 1895.) I cannot myself see how a functional asynchronism of this sort can be proved except by indications of a definitely right-handed or left-handed character—such as mirror-writing—none of which have, so far as I know, been as yet noted in direct connection with promnesia. It would not, indeed, surprise me if they were so observed, since I have in an earlier paper, (*Proceedings*, Vol. III., p. 1), collected some indications that the subliminal self sometimes manifests itself preferentially through the right or less-used hemisphere; and since I am also disposed to think, (as I must now explain), that one among many causes of promnesia may lie in a double perception of the present moment by the subliminal and the supraliminal self.

This view, although it must inevitably remain a conjecture like the rest, rests at any rate upon a plausible deduction from what I regard as the facts of subliminal hyperæsthesia, hypermnesia, telæsthesia. If the subliminal self notes and remembers more than the supraliminal, its process of perception must be in some way different and superior, even when concerned with objects within the ordinary sensory field. And this difference in mode of perception may sometimes involve a duplication or confusion of the sense of time.

To understand this let us endeavour to realise the apparently simple, but really complex notion of the actual present moment.

The true Present is an evanescent, an infinitesimal thing. It is the imaginary meeting-point between two eternities; and the more finely we divide Time the less is left which is not Past or Future. But for us men the "specious present," as it has been well called, is a solid "duration-block," consisting of a small fragment of Time Past *plus* a still smaller fragment of indistinguishably vivid anticipation of Time Future;—the length and context of the duration-block being conditioned for each of us by our several organisms.

Let me consider in what ways this "specious present" of mine is obviously defective.

[1] See various papers in the *Revue Philosophique* for 1894, or summarised in the *Année Psychologique* for 1895.

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In the first place I observe that my perception of the actual moment is always retarded, and is irregularly retarded; so that it is both in arrear as a whole and also blurred by the trails or prolongations of special perceptions which are still more in arrear than the rest.

In the second place I observe that the *span* of my present,—my *protensive* span, to adopt a word of Hamilton's,—is after all so *short*, in spite of its tardiness and its blurring trails, that the actual external or organic event of the instant is only dimly intelligible to me, and needs to be perpetually explained by memory and anticipation. Let us consider these complaints in order.

1. The *retardation* of our perception of the content of the actual moment by the necessary journey of our impressions from end-organ to sensorium is matter of common knowledge, and even of practical inconvenience, where, as in astronomy, exact measurements of time are needed and "personal equations" have to be allowed for.

2. Our perception is *irregularly* retarded, not only by the variable media of our environment, which split up one instantaneous event into past, present, and future (as when I recollect the lightning and anticipate the thunder), but also by the nature of our nervous system, which continues the heterogeneous changeable character of the environment, and makes perception slower at some moments than at others, and at some peripheral points than at others,—so that a tap on the leg appears later in time than a simultaneous flash in the eyes.

3. Our perception is blurred by the reverberation of our sense-organs, which, having been stirred into one special thrill, cannot instantly arrest it and start on another.

4. Our protensive span suffices us under familiar conditions, but is inadequate in sudden crises. The *presence of mind* which then becomes so important means, in fact, a resolute maintenance of the protensive span of the specious present, so that the immediate past may be firmly realised and the immediate future foreseen; in place of the mere bewildered instantaneous consciousness of shock to which the present is then apt to shrink.[1]

Let us consider in a simple example the effect of all these weaknesses together upon our perception of a given scene, as compared with what that perception might be, were it direct and unhindered by organic disabilities. A horse leaps a fence, and goes through attitudes ABCDE, with sounds corresponding to each moment of movement through the air. Now most of the details of this moving scene,—the separate hairs of the horse, the minor noises,—lie beyond my sensation altogether. What I do perceive is a general effect, irregularly retarded.

[1] On all this see Prof. James' *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. I., chaps. XV., XVI.

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When the horse is at E I hear him at A and see him mainly at C; but a trail of vision persisting from A and B gives me, in fact, a confused dissolving view of ABC, modified by a dim but irresistible foresight of D. Meantime (let us say) an instantaneous camera photographs the horse in each attitude, and thus decomposes my dissolving view into a series of definite successive pictures.

Now suppose, for argument's sake, that while my supraliminal self is looking through my eyes, my subliminal self is looking through the camera; and that when the horse is at E the self which views the first prospect becomes partially aware of the self which views the second; somewhat as happens in "competition of visual fields," when one looks through a stereoscope which offers a different scene to right and left eyes. What will the result be? When the horse is actually at E I shall, as before, see him at C; but I shall have also an impression that I have seen him at C already,—and that I know, moreover, that he will pass through D and E,—up to the point at which the subliminal self has already registered the pictures.

Now this exactly corresponds to the promnesic sensation, which, along with the impression that the present moment has been traversed already, contains the impression that the immediate future has been lived through also, and is already known. At any given moment, of course, the subliminal perception would be only a fraction of a second in advance of the supraliminal; but the coalescence of consciousnesses might last for some time, much as it does in the case of automatic writing or other automatisms. This explanation would not apply to cases where the subject believes himself to have a knowledge of facts not instantly impending; such a knowledge of a place, for instance, as enables him to guide others about it, or such a knowledge of words yet unuttered as enables him to forestall them by speech or act. Cases of that kind, though sometimes classed with promnesia, really present a different problem, and will be considered further on.

In the meantime I can perhaps best explain what has been said above by a few extracts from a paper by M. Lalande (*Revue Philosophique*, November, 1893), in which that psychologist, who seems to have been at more pains than any one else as yet to collect first-hand statements as to promnesia, comes to a conclusion essentially the same as that to which the facts which we in England have collected seem to me to point.

Dealing then with this phenomenon, M. Lalande, while of course recognising that the ordinary explanations will cover many cases, considers nevertheless that we often have here a supernormal fact, accompanied by subjective symptoms such as trifling errors of memory do not produce. The feeling is said to be sometimes accompanied by a distressing emotion which may become actual terror. Among the phrases

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used are "a disquietude," "an oppression on the chest," "a kind of vertigo." Other subjects remark that the feeling is like that of nightmare, and gives the impression of a world other than that in which we live. The subjects of promnesia, however, do not seem to be specially morbid or nervous persons; the main fact noticeable about them being that they have often also experiences of veritable telepathy or precognition. I translate, with slight abridgement, M. Lalande's principal reflections. (*loc. cit.* p. 495.)

"It is possible in the first place that paramnesia may be produced by that singular and almost indefinite acceleration which thought occasionally assumes. The striking examples quoted by M. Taine place beyond doubt the capacity of the human spirit to represent to itself in a few seconds series of conscious states whose ordinary subjective duration would occupy several hours. On the other hand we must remember that we are never conscious of *all* the perceptions which we experience at a given moment. Compare these two facts. You are presented with a new landscape, and you receive thence a mass of images which your intelligence does not at once comprehend, but which enter therein none the less, like an instantaneous photograph. Suppose then a distraction of the tenth of a second, during which your thoughts fly elsewhere, and rapidly summarise a subjective period say of ten or fifteen minutes;—what will happen when you return from the distraction? You will behold and recognise the scene which your thought quitted for a moment, but you will not refer the first act of perception to its right place in time;—in the first place on account of the partially unconscious character of the original perception; but especially on account of the apparent length of the moment of distraction. The second perception might thus easily assume that form of spatial prevision which it wore with M. Sch. (who feels that certain things ought to be in certain places in a room really seen for the first time, and on looking attentively finds that these things *are* there.)

"But something more is needed to explain prevision in time, which appears to be real according to the evidence quoted above. It seems that between simple cases of paramnesia and sensations called telepathic, there exists a series of intermediate cases, which connect the two by insensible transitions. Numerous facts accumulated during several years by hypnotists, doctors, and psychologists, give some appearance of probability to the existence of a very powerful hyperæsthesia, which is almost always unconscious, and which permits objects to be seen at a distance, or under quite unusual conditions. This second sight may be simply an excitation of the senses already known, or it may arise, as has often been suggested, from a different sensorium, rudimentary as yet, which might assist sight by extending it, as sight assists the sense of touch. It is unnecessary for the present question to decide between these two hypotheses; either would do equally well. I shall then call this abnormal and unconscious perception "telepathy" without entering on the question of its cause.

"But if it is admitted that by accident a more or less intense excitement of the mind brings it into play, the result ought really to be, to make us see the same object twice, in a time which will often be very limited. Thus on seeing a blow coming one believes one feels it beforehand. Let us take an

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example to make the idea clear: I am walking with a friend; he is thinking a sentence which he is about to utter. A telepathic sensation is produced and I perceive clearly the inward speech in which he has thought his sentence. But this perception to which I am unaccustomed remains unnoticed if the sentence is not really pronounced. If on the contrary he pronounces it immediately, the auditive sensation will immediately awake in the hidden depths of my mind the same perception that I had a minute ago; I shall think I recognise it, or rather I shall really recognise it. The only mistake will be in projecting my remembrance into a more or less far-off past in order to explain to myself its confused character, which belongs only to its origin.

"But it is very evident that this special sensation would be likely to become equally apparent under the influence of other causes, such as dream, passion, hypnotism, and perhaps many other physiological agents, which have not yet been remarked. The transitions between the two phenomena would thus be quite natural. Quite natural also would be the comparison made by observers between paramnesic prevision and a straying memory just "on the tip of one's tongue." There would be the same passage from unconsciousness to perfect consciousness. This fact also would be explained, that very often persons, who experience the most distinct cases of paramnesia, state that they frequently have veridical presentiments also. This is the case with M.M. L——, Bo——T, ——, amongst observers whom we have quoted. The frequency of paramnesia with children again renders the existence of this special sensation probable. With them as with savages the senses are more subtle and impressionable than with developed men. Life blunts our sensibility little by little, and above all, crystallises it in a set form. The organs of children on the contrary, more supple and more easily modifiable, respond to slight actions (movements) to which our intellectual hardening has rendered us insensible."

The following case illustrates the kind of incident (familiar enough in these *Proceedings*) which M. Lalande finds not uncommon in the experience of his promnesics.

"I was at one time (says his informant) the pupil of Father B., a Jesuit, with whom I continued to correspond. After a silence of eighteen months, I felt one day some remorse, and I wrote him a letter to the Jesuit College at Dôle, where he was Professor. Shortly afterwards I was suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by a hand placed on my arm; and I heard the voice of Father B. saying to me, 'My dear friend, I am no longer at Dôle; I am professor of mathematics at the College of Saint Michel, at Saint-Etienne.' I lit my candle and looked about me; I saw no one, and nothing unusual; I went to sleep again, supposing that it had been a dream. Next morning I received a letter from Father B., beginning with the very phrase which I had heard in the night. I was absolutely ignorant that he had changed his residence, or that there was a Jesuit college at Saint-Etienne. The letter gave me quite a shock."

This is not strictly a premonition, as the letter was already written and passing through the post (*Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 289); and its occurrence to a man habitually subject to promnesia seems to point to

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telepathy as the explanation of both phenomena. Thus, when this same M. J—— repeated to a friend (Lalande, p. 488) initial phrases yet unuttered of speeches in *Ferdinand le Noceur* which he had never heard or read, he may have derived these phrases telepathically from the minds of the actors awaiting their cues to strike in. Somewhat similarly, when a question is being passed down a class a boy previously ignorant of the answer sometimes *catches* it (it is said) from the eager (though silent) knowledge of the boy standing just below him. Such little incidents are hardly capable of proof, but yet are worth observation.

There are not, however, many of the more advanced promnesic cases which telepathy would explain. Generally there is no other mind apparently involved, and it simply seems as though the promnesic either enjoyed at the moment a wider than ordinary percipience, or had already visited in some supernormal way the scene which he feels that he remembers. Now these are actually two possibilities of which we have well-attested examples. A telæsthetic extension of knowledge at the moment lies at the base of what we are accustomed to call *monitions*; and dreams premonitory of future scenes or incidents form a great part of our evidence to precognition. And it can make no theoretical difference whether the *objects* of extended knowledge of either of these kinds are in themselves momentous or trivial. It may be of great value to me to receive a warning, through some supernormal faculty, that I am on the point of walking into a dock in the dark;—very valueless to apprehend similarly that I shall come upon a church with a copper spire after the next turn in the road; but both impressions alike must fall for the psychologist into the same category.

These small oscillations about the specious present, in short, whenever they mean more than mere mistake and confusion, are strictly analogous to the ampler oscillations with which we are in these chapters mainly concerned.

And passing on now to retrospects and prospects of wider scope, let us begin with the backward swing of the pendulum, and consider to what extent our knowledge of the Past will sometimes open itself beyond the familiar bounds. Brief discussion may serve, for many points of detail have been already dealt with elsewhere.

Let us, then, begin our study of supernormal retrocognition by first inquiring in what ways we ordinarily and normally acquire our knowledge of the Past. We acquire such knowledge partly from direct personal memory, and partly from retrospective inference based on what we see or hear. We might, indeed, define memory as an acquisition of fresh potential changes of consciousness concomitant with changes in our organism, which imply certain past events as

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their cause. But this definition, which sounds natural enough when applied to diffused or organic memories, such as the cricketer's memory of the feel of the bat, would seem pedantic if applied to the minute cerebral changes which accompany the learning of a new fact. In such a case we ignore in common speech the real organic change which the learning of any fact implies in us, and we merely refer to the specialised sensory channel through which the information comes to us—as hearing, reading, and so forth. In a vague but quite intelligible way, we thus mark off organic memory from definite sensory or intellectual memories.

In our inquiry into retrocognition it will be well to keep roughly to some division of this sort, and to begin by inquiring into the extensions which seem to be given to *organic memory*.

We know, of course, that there is a great difference between our *evocable* memory—that which we can summon up and use at will—and that much ampler memory which we must suppose to exist, in some potential form at least, imprinted upon our organism. The faint and crude recollections of sensations and movements, which are all that we can call into ordinary consciousness, would be far from enabling us to recognise sensations, or to repeat movements, as we actually do recognise and repeat them. The study of hypnotic suggestion, moreover, has shown us how these potential or latent memories may be grasped and used. The increased *power* over the organism which the subject under suggestion shows necessarily implies an increased *memory* of the organism's past; the hyperboulia, as I have termed it, is hypermnesia as well. That wider will-power, indeed, is probably no more aware of the exact mechanism which it employs in its control of secretions, &c., than I am of the exact mechanism by which I raise my hand to my head. And, similarly, the hypnotic memory is probably itself very shallow as compared to what a complete summation of all the lapsed memories of the organism might be. But already we find it descending deeply to gland and blood-vessel, implicated as these are in stigmatisation and similar phenomena, and we can draw no clear line below which all organic consciousness must cease, and memory must become no more than a metaphor.

We cannot draw such a line, I say, either on the basis of smallness of magnitude or of remoteness in time. We cannot assert that organic memory may not inhere in a single cell or neuron, or even in a single living molecule. Neither can we assert that organic memory cannot be prolonged backwards before birth. Birth, indeed, is but an incident in each organism's history; that organism has an embryonic life before birth,—and a pre-embryonic life in countless lines of ancestry. Although we no longer say with the "traducianist" schoolmen that Adam's body included not only his own soul but the souls of all his

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descendants, we still trace to ancestors more remote than Adam characteristics which even now influence our psychical life.

It is a moot point how far the life-experiences of each organism modify by what we regard as purely physiological transmission the characteristics of its descendants. The rude suggestion (so to term it) of the amputated limb, or other injury, is commonly not accepted by the offspring; the embryo develops unaffected by the shock which the parent has undergone previously to the act of union. But if that shock fall upon the mother during the embryo's life, and if it chance—(in post-natal suggestions also there seems much of what we must needs call *chance* in this)—if it chance to reach the mother's subliminal self in effective fashion, it may then transfer itself to the embryo, and imprint upon the child the organic memory of the mother's emotion of admiration, disgust, or fear. No one doubts this form of heredity when it is exhibited on a striking scale,—as with children born during the alarms of a siege, or of the Reign of Terror in France. And I believe that there is evidence enough (although I cannot quote it here) to show that isolated and momentary suggestions—as the sight of a crushed ankle or missing finger—may produce a definite localised effect on the embryo in much the same way as a hypnotic suggestion may produce a localised congestion or secretion.[1]

If, then, we thus find imprinted on the child's organism such a conspicuous, specialised memory of perhaps an almost instantaneous emotion of the mother's, we must surely suspect that his organism may contain also some inborn memories less conspicuous and more purely cerebral than such a gross phenomenon as a mark on the face or a deformed finger. And by this new route we shall come round again to something like the *innate ideas* of certain philosophical systems. Nor can we absolutely limit such influence to the actual parent organism alone. For aught we know, the "germ-plasm"—whatsoever may be the continuous link of all generations—may be capable of reacting to psychical suggestions as sensitively as the embryo. The shaping forces which have made our bodies and our minds what they are may always have been partly psychical forces,—from the first living slime-speck to the complex intelligences of to-day.

This view is not inconsistent with the suggestion which I have made elsewhere, that the human spirit's supernormal powers of telepathy and telæsthesia are survivals from the powers which that spirit once exercised in a transcendental world. It may well be that the spirit already modified by cosmic experiences dating back to infinity may inform the

[1] To what extent the nature of the connexion between the maternal and the embryonic organism may modify the mechanism of suggestion this is not the place to inquire.

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body already modified by terrene experiences dating back to the first appearance of life on our planet. Both the old traducianist and the old transmigrationist view would thus possess a share of truth; and the actual man would be the resultant not only of intermingling heredities on father's and mother's side, but of intermingling heredities, one of planetary and one of cosmic scope.

I, at any rate, follow those who can see no fundamental dividing-line between the most purely intellectual act of memory,—say the recollection of a mathematical formula,—and the habit or predetermination which has made each new cell in a man's body take on the peculiarities of its predecessor,—back till the time when the segments of the fertilised ovum took on the peculiarities of their progenitors. The introduction of consciousness into this series is, I conceive, a quite gradual process; our own human consciousness being merely a casual intermediate point between such dim unnamed self-awareness as may pervade at least all sentient things, and that far intenser consciousness which mortal man forefeels only in some moment of ecstacy.

The physiological changes which follow upon self-suggestion depend, in my view, upon a revival of memories which have long lapsed from supraliminal consciousness; upon a recurrence to primitive powers, exercised in days when all that the organism had to attend to consisted in processes of absorption, secretion, and so forth. And somewhat similarly I hold that much which we now term hyperæsthesia may rather consist of some rudimentary sense of unfamiliar type derived from a primitive *panæsthesia*, or diffused undifferentiated sensibility, from which our special senses, and the special senses of other animals, have developed under the pressure of special needs. As to telepathy and telæsthesia, the case is different. I do not say that these powers may not have existed in our lowly ancestors, or may not now exist among the inferior animals, but I cannot regard them as faculties dependent (as the senses are dependent) upon the vitalisation of matter. Rather I hold them as a part of our inheritance upon the other—the cosmic—side of our descent. They belong to the transcendental world and to our transmigrationist pedigree; and have been, I take it, not fostered but concealed by this planetary alliance between spirit and matter.

For the present, however, our inquiry concerns the traducianist aspect of heredity alone. We have to consider, that is to say, whether any of the phenomena of retrocognition which lie before us are explicable as extensions of organic memory;—as evocations into daylight consciousness of imprints made in this life, or in ancestral lives, upon our physical being. So much of intellectual predisposition is hereditary that it would be rash to fix *d priori* any point where a memory was too definite to be capable of transmission. It is a

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question of evidence; but I may say at once that for an ancestral memory as definite as would here be needed there seems to me to be at present no adequate evidence, and that the hypothesis is worth mentioning mainly because any other explanation of some of these facts or pictures from a remote past, with which we shall presently have to deal, seems at first to be still more incredible.

While, therefore, I do not at present see evidence that memories either of words or of scenes can be inherited, I think we ought to be on the watch for cases like the following, where the writer, the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, believes that there was an innate cerebral picture, due to parental suggestion :—

P. 252. HEREDITARY MEMORY.

To the Editor of the "JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH."

SIR,—There is one obscure subject on which I should like to see an inquiry by the Society for Psychical Research. I mean hereditary memory. I know it is usually accepted, even by sceptical physiologists, that we inherit instincts and habits from our ancestors. The case of a hereditary passion for hunting in certain English families is adduced. Also certain acts, *e.g.*, in women a peculiar mode of threading a needle (as in one branch of my own family) is hereditary. The Stuarts and Bourbons both had a manifest and remarkable heredity of thought (which might result partly from instinct, partly from education). But may not this power of inheritance extend still further, even to the recollection of certain places by descendants, and may not this account for some cases at least of that well-known mental phenomenon of persons feeling suddenly that they perfectly recollect places and scenes where a moment's reflection shows that they have never been in their lives? I may explain what I mean by my own experience.

In early childhood I was much given to day dreams, as many only children of active imaginations are. Two scenes have haunted me many hundred times, I am sure, though as I attained manhood they faded and were only recollected as childhood's dreams. I will describe each of them. They were two of my dominant scenes to the inner visual organs in childhood.

1. A large village lying northward, with heaving plain and woodlands in the back. In front there is a little stream crossed by a small bridge. It is looked at from a hill. There is one church in that village, and a road going north, and a park to the east. I have thought of that village a hundred times and peopled it with imaginary people and quaint adventures, as children will.

Now when I was an undergraduate in Oxford, my mother suggested my going to visit Adderbury, which had been connected with our family since 1800, and where she had spent some of her childhood, staying with her uncle who dwelt there. She intended going herself there, but was prevented. Still she told me to go there and see the old place, full of her childhood's memories. I did so one winter's day. I came to a low hill, and

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there before me was almost exactly the scene of my childhood's dreams—the large village, the little stream, the park, the woodlands, and the church. Now my mother had never described to me Adderbury. It is curious I should have thought of it, for, spending my childhood in Devon, I had conceived a typical Oxfordshire village, totally unlike any place I had seen in childhood.

2. Another scene was more curious and more persistent. It was a large village near the sea, facing eastwards. The hill is very steep—so steep that you must descend part of the way by steps. The houses are in terraces one over the other. Above there is a woodland. I always thought I dwelt there, and had a house on the north side. Hundreds of day dreams had I of that village and its steps and terraces, and blue sea, but my home was always on the north side and a little inland. Till last July, I never in all my journeys had seen any place like that scene of my day dreams. I was then asked to visit Clovelly in North Devon, where my maternal ancestors (my great grandmother was a Cary) had long lived. To my astonishment, there were the terraces, the steep hill, the steps down to the sea facing eastward, and to the north, Cary Court, where for ages our people had lived. I saw in the church seven of the Cary tombs. Clovelly is described in *Westward Ho*, which I only read some years ago for the first time, and the resemblance never struck me.

Are there not many other instances of this ancestral memory?

W. S. Lach-Szyrma.

Newlyn St. Peter, Penzance, *February*, 1890.

Thought-transference in childhood from the percipient's mother or other relatives might probably suffice to explain a case of this kind. And we shall find cases where a scene similarly viewed in advance can never have been looked upon by any ancestor of the percipient's.

Leaving now the question of an ancestral memory, let us speak of the organic memory of impressions received by each man during his own past life. In my chapter on *Hypermnesic Dreams*, *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 362, I set forth evidence tending to show the possibility that all definite sensory experiences of this present life may be preserved in a subliminal memory. I would now suggest in addition that there may be a conservation of the psychical aspect of the past organic sensation itself, as well as of the resultant condition from which that past sensation may be inferred. In the case of a *pain*, there will thus be the instant pain, then its brief resonance through the organism, then its permanent picture, so to call it, which can still be revived as painful, and lastly the symbolized memory, no longer actively painful, which we use when we wish to recall the fact of the pain. I speak first of a *pain*, since that is a comparatively definite thing, approaching near to the sensations due to specialised end-organs, of which also we shall soon see that similar records remain. But I would extend this suggestion to all states of organic sensibility, including, for instance,

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the possible revival in adult life of the freshness of youth, or the possible renewal of the sensation of hungry emptiness after a copious meal.

The following cases illustrate what has been said, both as to the continuous perception exercised by the subliminal self,—none the less when the supraliminal self has been held in abeyance by chloroform,—and also as to the possibility of a revival—preferably in a half-dreaming state, as with *illusions hypnagogiques*.

The cases were contributed by a surgeon, Associate of the S.P.R.

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THE SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS AT WORK DURING THE INFLUENCE OF AN ANÆSTHETIC.

(1) On November 3rd, 1893, a middle-aged woman was operated on for a bony tumour of the upper jaw. She was of course under an anæsthetic. When she awoke, after completion of the operation, she said she had no recollection whatever of what had occurred. When I called on her, on November 7th, she said she had had severe neuralgia during the night in the situation of the operation. During the continuance of this pain, and while half awake and half asleep, she thought she could follow each step of the operation of November 3rd. She described the cutting and slipping of the steel chisel, the blows of the mallet, and scraping back of the gum—in fact, it seemed to her that she underwent the whole operation again.

(2) A lady to whom I told the above said she once took "gas" for a tooth extraction. This was quite successful, for she "felt nothing." But on an occasion subsequent to this she had a return of toothache--some time in the night. She declared that she could then feel all the symptoms of becoming unconscious while inhaling the gas; then came the digging of the forceps to get a grip on the tooth, the wrench, and awful pain—every detail was "felt" now, although her waking consciousness had been quite unaware of any pain during the actual extraction.

(3) I have many times noted that people while anæsthetised, who do not feel pain in the ordinary sense, and who on coming to themselves declare that they did feel no pain during the operation, have struggled, groaned, spoken, or given some other evidence that some stratum of their consciousness was awake during the anæsthesia, and was being impressed by the pain of the operation.

The above appears to show that the subliminal consciousness does take note of what is going on, while the work-a-day self is oblivious to all external stimuli when under the influence of an anæsthetic; and that the memory of this subliminal self may be brought to the surface by some appropriate stimulus, such as the neuralgia, which, we may note, occurred between sleeping and waking—that is, at a time when the subliminal is more active than the supraliminal stratum of our conscious personality.

Analogous to the foregoing is the fact similar in hypnotism, where it is often possible to recall a memory in the subject after awakening of what has been done and said during his hypnosis.

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Note to Case I.—The patient did not see the operator's instruments at all, nor was she told after the operation how it was done, but merely that the tumour had been cut away entirely and successfully. No one was present at the operation except the patient, operator, and myself. The operation was described by the patient as accurately as a non-medical person was likely to do. It may be thought that she was enabled to describe the operation by her vivid imagination; but under the circumstances I should regard this "vivid imagination" as only another name for her subliminal memory.

With regard to Case II., as I was not present during the extraction of the teeth, I know none of the details.

In each of these two cases I was of course careful *not* to suggest to the patient the details of the operation—such as "Did you feel this or that?" I merely asked them twice over to tell me what they felt. Both the patients were thoroughly under the influence of the anæsthetic—chloroform in the first case, and nitrous oxide gas in the second.

C. Theodore Green,
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London.

Somewhat analogous to this revival in half-sleep of memories which anæsthetics had till then obscured, is the occasional revival during drowning—or, in Charles Darwin's case, during a fall from a wall—of a series of life-memories both swifter and fuller than conscious effort could have supplied. Such cases can hardly be recorded in detail by the percipient himself, but they are numerous enough to make it pretty certain that the phenomenon is more than a mere subjective illusion. In a case which I have heard from a friend, nearly drowned in boyhood, the marked feature was the *delightfulness* of the panorama,—a review of childish games, &c.—rising in the effortless fashion of that subliminal uprush which we term a flash of genius. I suspect that similar resurgences of lapsed memory occur both in health and in disease more frequently than has yet been observed. Almost any mental tempest may bring remote impressions to light,—as storms will wash up cannon-balls on a long-since bombarded shore. "I knew one man," says Dr. Clouston (*Mental Diseases*, p. 147), "who, as he was passing into mania, could repeat a whole play of Shakespeare or a book of Milton, which when well he could not do."[1]

Somewhat akin to this is the following case of revival during health,—and during the deep sleep in which changes of personality are generally effected,—of a special vividness of youthful memories. The

[1] With quite healthy persons sudden and insistent memories sometimes occur, with details fuller than could have been voluntarily called up. Thus a young officer recounts the following experience, undergone while he was reading in bed, awake and with calm mind:—"Everything that had happened since I first went to sea flashed before me like a dissolving view; places, events, faces, names, everything. This lasted for over an hour, and then the picture faded away, and nothing but a blurred impression remained. The effect it had on me made me feel uncomfortable for a couple of days afterwards."

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accompanying telepathic phenomenon,—the discharge, if we may so term it, of telergic energy,—perhaps testifies to the profound character of the shock; as when similar phenomena occur at a moment of external crisis, or at the change of death.

L. 984. A^e P^n Auditory.

From Mrs. Manning, who writes to Professor James as follows:—

105, Winter Street, Portland, Maine, *October 28th* [1894].

DEAR SIR,—At the request of Colonel Woodhull, I send you the following statement, which I hope may be of use to you.

When I was a child at my home in Rochester, N.Y., my elder sister had almost entire care of me. At night, after putting me in bed, she would sit beside me for a few moments until I fell asleep. Frequently I would wake up, and finding myself alone and in the dark, of which I was much afraid, I would call out to her; she would come and soothe me to sleep again. In 1875, I was living at Fort Hartsuff, Nebraska, a military post, the station of my husband. Our nearest railway station was Grand Island, on the Union Pacific Railroad, 75 miles away. My sister then lived at Omaha, about 300 miles east of Grand Island. Our mail reached us by buckboard from Grand Island every Wednesday and Saturday. One night in November, I awoke from a dreamless sleep, wide awake, and yet to my own consciousness the little child of years ago, in my own room in the old home; the sister had gone, and I was alone in the darkness. I sat up in bed, and called with all my voice, "Jessie! Jessie!"—my sister's name. This aroused my husband, who spoke to me. I seemed to come gradually to realisation of my surroundings, and with difficulty adjusted myself to the present. In that moment I seemed to live again in the childhood days and home. I cannot express too strongly the feeling of actuality I had. For days after this the strange impression was with me, and I could recall many little incidents and scenes of child-life that I had entirely forgotten.

I wrote to my sister the next day, and told her of the strange experience of the night before. In a few days I received a letter from her, the date the same as mine, and having passed mine on the way, in which she said that such a strange thing had happened the night before—that she had been awakened by my voice calling her name twice; that the impression was so strong that her husband went to the door to see if it could possibly be I. No one else had called her; she had not been dreaming of me. She distinctly recognised my voice.

MARY M. CLARKSON MANNING.

Captain Manning writes:—

Portland, Me., *October 29th*, 1894.

I distinctly recall the circumstances as related above by my wife.

W. C. MANNING
(Captain 23rd Infantry, U.S. Army).

Mrs. Manning's sister and brother-in-law give their testimony as follows:—

Detroit, Mich., *November 1st*, 1894.

The statement made by my sister is as I remember the experience.

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That it made a deep impression upon us both is evidenced by each writing of it to the other on the day following its occurrence. The impression made was so forcible, it has never been forgotten.

JESSIE CLARKSON THRALL.

Detroit, Mich., *November 1st*, 1894.

The within statement of a curious coincidence might have been forgotten by me during the past twenty years, had the facts not been recalled to my memory from time to time as they have by the principal actors in it. I have always regarded it as a strange coincidence, but nothing more.

I heard no call, but went to the door to satisfy my wife that her sister was not in the hall.

GEORGE THRALL.

In reply to Dr. Hodgson's enquiries, Mrs. Manning informed him that the original letters referred to had been destroyed long ago, and that neither she herself nor her sister had ever had any similar experience.

Still more noticeable is another group of cases where the recent impressions are in various ways suppressed in favour of the old. We are familiar, in the first place, with what is termed ecmnesia,—the gap sometimes left in memory after a blow on the head, or even after a sudden emotional shock,—which gap may or may not include a period of time before the shock as well as after it, and may or may not be ultimately filled up by a slow or hidden influx of recollection. The superposition of memories, so to term it, may in such cases be very curious. Suppose that I have an ecmnesic gap from Monday to Thursday; I shall tack on the events of Thursday to the events of Monday, and shall regard them as continuous;—taking up the brain-cells, so to say, at the point where Monday left them. But all the time a true memory of Tuesday and Wednesday will have formed itself and will be waiting to appear; so that perhaps on Saturday I shall discover that my brain on Thursday was by no means, as I had imagined, still in its Monday condition. Yet I have been working on Thursday and Friday upon the basis of the old Monday brain-condition which, in an ordinary view, would be held to have been irrevocably altered by Tuesday's events, and thus to have passed away for ever.

The various forms and stages of double personality, so often mentioned in these *Proceedings*, exhibit a similar phenomenon. Louis Vivé, for example (*Proceedings*, Vol. IV., p. 29, &c.), could, by certain empirical processes, be made a boy again at will, reverting to the memory and character belonging to the age at which any given distribution of his defective nervous energy had last prevailed in his organism. Or, again, in a case observed by Dr. Pitres, of Bordeaux, (*Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, January, 1891, p. 201), the recovery of youthful sensation and nervous integrity was the affair of a moment. "When the patient is carried back by her delirium [or by suggestion] to

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the time when she was six or seven years old, not only does she express herself and amuse herself like a child, but her hemianæsthesia has disappeared, and her hysterogenous zones, very active in her ordinary life, have lost their excitability."

I will add another example which may tend to show that these renewals of former states of organic sensation affect the whole system in a way that no voluntary effort of mind can rival. Hardly anything affects our normal cœnœsthesia or general organic sensations more deeply than the alternation of hunger and repletion. Yet the elder Despine, a most careful observer, reports as follows as regards the changes effected by light hypnotic trance in his well-known patient "Estelle." "The aliments," he says (*Médecine Pratique*, p. 47) "taken in abundance during the trance [when she was able to eat freely] did not seem to have satisfied her in the smallest degree on her return to the waking state, and *vice versâ*. In fact, whenever Estelle passed from one of these conditions to the other, she never failed to experience in her new form of existence the physical appetites and needs appropriate to the new state. How did her digestive organs arrange themselves to effect this singular phenomenon? Where did all the food go which had assuaged the devouring hunger of the state of trance?—and how could all those cold drinks of beer, coffee, snow and ice, milk of almonds, raspberry vinegar, and so forth, leave room a few moments afterwards for the thin broths of herbs, &c., and the vegetables which in her normal state had long formed her only nourishment; and all this when the food taken in the trance could not possibly have been so far digested as to allow any appetite to be felt?"

Allied, I think, to this power of subliminally arresting and recalling organic sensations which for the waking self are lost beyond discovery, is a phenomenon for which there is some evidence in the records of early mesmerism. I mean the power possessed by some entranced patients of a self-diagnosis profounder (as some physicians then said) than medical skill could have attained. Such self-diagnosis of the patient is still sought and obtained with success by Janet and others in the special case of hysteria; where the hysteric, under skilful hypnotic treatment, can recall and reveal the long-forgotten incident which started her malady. I believe that a similar subliminal history of their disease might be educed with advantage from some hypnotised patients of other types.[1]

There is a further degree, yet more important, to which this organic retrocognition may, I believe, be carried. Readers of Professor Richet's article in *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 18 foll., will remember that a long

[1] A curious case of subliminal medical guidance will be found in *Proceedings*, Vol. VI., p. 206.

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inquiry,—more careful, probably, than any inquiry on this subject had ever previously been,—convinced that physiologist of the occasional reality of a claim which no doubt has been often fraudulently made;—the claim, namely, of a clairvoyant insight into the organic condition of an absent person. Here, of course, we come to a definitely supernormal power; and it is a power which claims to involve both backward and forward knowledge such as actual medical examination of the patient could not attain. On this point I add one further case of Professor Richet's.

M.Cl. 670. Paris, *le* 8 *Mars*, 1889.

J'ai un très beau cas de lucidité, que je vais vous raconter avec détail.

Vous ne savez peut-être pas que mon beau-père, Mr. F. A., a été malade assez gravement à partir du mois d'août, 1887. (C'est lui dont j'ai eu l'occasion de parler dans les *Proceedings* S.P.R., 1888, p. 126, Exp. XL.) Il a été de plus en plus malade jusqu'au mois de janvier, 1888. A ce moment (janvier et février, 1888) j'interroge à plusieurs reprises Alice [a person whom Mr. Richet hypnotised] sur la santé de Mr. F. A. J'avoue que je croyais Mr. F. A. absolument perdu, et un jour entre autres en février, 1888, j'ai interrogé Alice; elle m'a dit, "Ne vous inquiétez pas." Pour ma part je croyais que Mr. A. ne vivrait plus que huit jours.

De fait, contrairement à ce que je pensais et ce que pensaient tous les médecins, il a à peu près guéri. [Certain symptoms, however, described by Mr. Richet, remained, which necessitated the constant attention of a surgical nurse.] Quoiqu'il soit âgé (76 ans), qu'il s'amaigrisse beaucoup, et que ses forces ne s'améliorent pas, à partir du mois de février, 1888 (vers le 9 février environ) il a été sans empirer. . . .

A diverses reprises (peut-être trois ou quatre fois) j'ai demandé à Alice de me parler de lui. Elle m'a dit, "Ne vous inquiétez pas; je vous en parlerai."

Il y a deux jours, le Jeudi, 7 mars, à une heure de l'après-midi, dès que j'ai endormi Alice, elle me dit (ce sont ses paroles textuelles que je copie d'après la sténographie que j'ai prise): "J'avais hâte de vous voir; je voulais vous voir hier pour vous parler de M. A. Ou il est plus souffrant ou il va avoir une crise; de la fièvre, de l'altération, de la fatigue. Quel mauvais moment! Le mal s'aggrave; il est très abattu. Il ne faut rien attendre pour cette crise-là." (Cela signifie que la crise ne se terminera pas par la mort.) "Il ne pourra pas bouger ni faire un mouvement. La douleur est surtout dans les reins, à gauche, et très forte. Ce ne sera pas la dernière crise. Il la supportera encore. Elle aura lieu avant peu, dans deux ou trois jours. Elle sera plus forte que toutes celles qu'il a eu depuis un an. Le moment approche. Il souffrira moins à la fin. Il mourra au moment où vous ne vous y attendrez pas; ce n'est pas dans une crise qu'il mourra. Il ne pourra pas prendre d'aliments, on lui mouille les lèvres. . . . Il avait peur de mourir; maintenant c'est bien changé, et il est plus indifférent."[1]

[1] Ces détails sur les aliments, la sécheresse des lèvres, et l'indifférence progressive à la mort, sont absolument vrais.

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Voilà ce que m'a dit Alice à une heure le Jeudi. Ce même Jeudi soir, en rentrant chez moi, je trouve ma femme fort inquiète, et elle me raconte que dans la nuit du mercredi au jeudi, vers une heure du matin——[here Mr. Richet relates in detail how for the first time for 13 months the attendant had been unable to assist Mr. A., who had been in great agony for three hours, until at length a surgeon was sent for, with whose aid the sufferings of the patient were instantly relieved.] Il est évident, et même absolument sûr, qu' Alice n'a pu savoir cela ; moi-même je l'ignorais absolument à une heure.

Il y a donc là un fait de lucidité très remarquable, que je vous signale d'une manière tout-à-fait spéciale. Remarquez combien cela coïncide avec (1) l'observation relative à la maladie de mon beau-père que je vous ai racontée ; (2) l'Observation XIV., p. 164, que j'ai publiée dans les *Proceedings* S.P.R., 1888.

Il faut noter comme essentiel que depuis un an et un mois jamais Mr. A. n'a eu une crise aussi forte et avec autant d'angoisse que dans la nuit de mercredi à jeudi.

(Signed) CH. RICHET.

Let us now turn from these diffused organic sensations and memories to those more definite sensations and memories which are received by the end-organs and stamped upon the brain. For simplicity's sake I shall generally take the sense of sight as representative of all the senses.

And here at once I may distinguish three different stages of visual memory, often apprehended with some confusion.[1] First comes that peripheral or entoptic memory which consists in the short-lived persistence of a retinal impression as a true after-image, which passes through certain physiological stages and then disappears, so far as we know, altogether. This may be compared with the actual primary pain itself, which presently dies away. Next to this comes another form of "brute" or unintelligent memory, which is often confounded with the first, but which is in fact quite distinct from the ordinary retinal after-image, and far more permanent. This is, if I may so term it, a *cerebral after-image;* a persisting possibility of the resurgence of a complex scene just as it presented itself in the visual field, and perhaps with details now discernible which were not wittingly noted at the time. This kind of photographic or phonographic after-image need not involve any intellectual selective action. It forms a treasure-house from which *illusions hypnagogiques*, crystal-visions, and other sensory automatisms seem often to be drawn[2]; nor do we know any necessary limit to this revival. The following cases from Professor Hyslop may serve as examples of these cerebral after-images.

[1] On this subject see *Proceedings*, Vol. X., pp. 134-148 (viz., the chapter on the *Physiology of Hallucinations.*)

[2] See *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., pp. 449-455.

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P. 171. Columbia College, New York,
May 19*th*, 1893.

My Dear Hodgson,—I enclose an interesting experience of one of my students, who asks that his name shall not be used. I should say regarding it that he told me the incident a day or two after it occurred, and remarked, what he has not included in his present account; namely, that the colours stood out clear in the after-images, if the impressions or apparitions may be called that. The case thus bears a close relation to *positive* after images, though experienced at an unusual interval after the original impression.

J. H. Hyslop.

May 18*th*, 1893.

Dr. Hyslop,—Dear Sir,—You asked me to write out my "experience" on St. Patrick's day some time ago, and it was my forgetfulness and procrastination which prevented me from doing so. Here it is. On last St. Patrick's day, March 17th, 1893, I left college early in the afternoon, cutting my laboratory work in chemistry. I went through to Fifth Avenue, as I had an errand to do over on Sixth. When I struck Fifth I saw part of the parade of the loyal sons of St. Patrick, with their green sashes, banners with harps surmounted by fools' caps, and all the other paraphernalia. I think I then walked up a couple of blocks and walked through to Sixth to do my errand. I am certain of doing the errand, but do not quite recollect what streets I went through. When I had finished my errand, I walked directly to my house, 17, East 55th Street, and when I crossed the Avenue, Fifth, (on my way home), the parade had passed, so between the time when I last saw them and the time when I entered my house, I should say that a full quarter of an hour elapsed. Meanwhile, the parade had quite passed out of my consciousness. But as I was going up my front stairs, which are quite dark, I got a distinct picture of the paraders, green sashes, banners and all,—seemingly projected on the dark wall paper with which the hall is covered. The picture was so vivid for an instant that it seemed as if I could see the features of the paraders' faces.

This is as detailed an account as I can give of the circumstance, and there is one particular in which my memory plays me false in a singular way. I could not state which way the paraders were going, although I think it was uptown.

Columbia College, New York, *May* 19*th*, 1893.

My Dear Hodgson,—I may add to this a frequent experience of my own when a boy. I was in the habit of attending the country fairs with my parents. There were exhibitions of stock, farm produce and machinery, etc. I suppose I was about 10 or 12 years of age. The music given on such occasions was by an ordinary brass or cornet band, which always had a strong attraction for me, and I listened to it in preference to doing anything else, though I have no doubt now that it was of a bad quality and poor in selection. But nevertheless it had a fascination for me. I always observed that for hours after I could hear the bands playing their music. My home was seven miles distant, and on the way thither in returning, and after my return, I could hear the sounds of the music. It was not an ordinary case of imagination and

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memory, but more like real sound, though I distinctly remember being under no illusion as to its purely subjective nature. I recognised that it was not a real sound, and so the experience had not that feature of a hallucination which causes it to be mistaken for a reality. I knew that it was not real, and that it was merely internal. It was not so distinct as an objective sound, but was like the continuance of a sensation after the stimulus is gone, less vivid than before. But it was a sound of a kind that I could not get rid of, and was no doubt an extraordinary case of after-image in hearing.

J. H. HYSLOP.

But meantime a process has begun as to which physiology can tell us nothing, and of which psychology describes, under the name of Attention, a small part alone. A selection is made among the countless details with which the brain has been stored; a synthetized and abbreviated memory reduces the unmanageable complexity to orderly usefulness. Unconsciously we chew the cud of recollection; and when any picture is again summoned up to the surface it is found to have assumed a more or less symbolic form, appropriate to the furniture of each man's mind. It is this symbolized or organised memory on which we practically live; and every day a fresh portion of these digested memories becomes, so to say, absorbed into our system; influencing our character, or habit of reaction to psychical stimuli, but no longer distinguishable from our central consciousness any more than food when digested into chyle is any longer distinguishable from the eater. At which stages in this mnemonic process, then, do we find evidence of supernormal action, as of hypermnesia, or of telepathic perception of the content of other minds?

With the mere *retinal* memory, in the first place, we are here little concerned. Some ingenious experiments on its prolongation have been quoted elsewhere.[1] But, however prolonged, it will still be characteristic; a mere retinal after-image is not likely to be mistaken for a supernormal image.

With *cerebral* after-images the case is quite different. It is plain that if these persist for some days or months in latency and then suddenly reappear, say in a crystal-vision, the "scryer" may well have forgotten that he ever witnessed the scene, and may take the mere brute memory for a revelation of facts unknown.

It must be remembered, moreover, that these resurgent pictures are not always exact reproductions of the primary impression. On the contrary, they have often undergone some subliminal modification,—*intelligent* but not *reasonable*,—a dream-like change, for which no mind except our own need be held responsible. Just as, for instance, the faces which some people see in the dark generally present some slightly

[1] *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 450.

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novel combination of features in themselves familiar, so also do crystal-visions often contain some merely fantastic element. The seer must therefore be on his guard against supposing that if, for instance, he sees a familiar scene with new details, those details must needs represent any fact whatever.

These, then, are forms of retrocognition which it is needful here to distinguish and specify, but which may henceforth be left aside from our inquiry. What we wish to study is the retrocognition which depends on the exercise of supernormal powers,—on telepathy or on telæsthesia; —on the perception by us of knowledge contained in other minds, embodied or disembodied, and possibly on the absorption by us of knowledge afloat, so to say, in the Universe;—which may be grasped by our spirit's outreaching, or which may fall on us like dew.

I will begin with a group of cases which seem to illustrate both telæsthetic and telepathic faculty, and which may serve as a watershed from which we may descend on either side in turn. They are cases, moreover, which approach somewhat closely from the *intellectual* side those cases of *organic* retrocognition which we have already discussed. For the idea that it may be possible to review or retrocognise a man's grosser corporeal conditions by merely contemplating the man or some object pertaining to him naturally suggests the question whether, if the past state of his lungs or stomach be thus discernible, the past state of his consciousness may not be so too. Thoughts and emotions have left traces on his nervous system; nay, on his spirit; in some sense they still exist; are these decipherable by any seer's inward eye? This question opens the way to a crowd of answers which fall short of actual evidence. Sudden unreasoning sympathies and antipathies may be striking enough to those who feel them: but it is impossible with such vague phenomena to be sure of marking the misses as well as the hits.

Here is a case which suggests some slight retrocognitive power under hypnotism.

P. 243.

From Dr. Van Eeden, of Amsterdam, Corresponding Member of the S.P.R.

The following, says Dr. Van Eeden, is a very strange case of telepathic influence, to the exact truth of which I can however testify:—

On January 11th, 1892, I treated Miss M. for hysteric aphonia. I sent her to sleep in my own study. As she showed signs of simulation, and seemed to need an energetic treatment, I threatened to throw a glass of cold water in her face, if she did not speak immediately in a clear voice. I was obliged to fulfil the threat with the expected result. She awoke and spoke in a clear loud voice. This was the first time in five years' practice that I took this measure, and I told nobody of it.

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On January 13th, I treated Miss F. in the same chair in my study. I had treated this lady several times before in the same place, and she always went into a quiet sleep. But this time she told me after the treatment that her sleep had been very much disturbed. For she had heard me saying in a threatening voice: "I shall awake you by throwing a glass of cold water in your face." And as she is very afraid of cold water, she was in constant fear and uneasiness. Now I had said nothing of the sort, had not left her, and had not spoken to anybody of the occurrence with Miss M. two days before.

Miss F. often hears voices in her sleep, but seldom so clearly as this time.

F. v. E.

The above statement is the literal translation, (made in 1892 for the S.P.R.) of the note I took down immediately after the occurrence of the incident related.

I add the version of Miss F., written now (1895) while she is staying in my house, I having asked for her corroboration. I seem to have been mistaken in the notion that she had heard me threatening *her*. This mistake is the result of my impression of her fright, which struck me principally. According to her version, I was [in her hallucination] speaking to somebody else, and on this point she is positive. As for me, I am absolutely sure I did not say anything of the kind, during her sleep, nor did I mention the fact to anyone.

August 13th, 1895. F. v. E.

The corroboration of Miss F. runs as follows:—

Often, during my sleep, I hear at a distance different voices speaking, — though not to myself.

On the above-mentioned date I heard distinctly the voice of Dr. van Eeden saying: "And so I threw a cup of water into her face." As I have a particular dislike to being frightened, I thought at that moment how very angry I should be if he should behave so badly towards me!

Bussum, *August 13th*, 1895. A. F.

[Miss F. gave me orally (at Utrecht, September 19, 1895) an interesting account of her somewhat unusual experience under hypnotism. There is no trance, and no break in memory, but a unique rush of *illusions hypnagogiques*, among which the impression above related was specially distinct.—F. W. H. M.]

There are, however, a few cases of a much stronger kind, where a definite fact in a man's life has manifested itself phantasmally to a sensitive's gaze. Thus Miss X. recounts (*Proceedings*, Vol. XI., p. 125) the vision of a striking picture of long-past disgrace, in the close vicinity of an acquaintance whom she had no reason to connect with any such scene. Similarly Dr. D. J. Parsons, of Sweet Springs, Missouri, published in the *Medical Brief* for May, 1891, a long account of retrocognitive perceptions of a similar kind. As has been the case with many of our informants, it was not until lately that Dr. Parsons recognised that such experiences could have a scientific

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interest; and most of his cases are remote and now incapable of corroboration. I select for quotation a case which is well confirmed, and where the oddness of the emergent symbol seems to preclude mere chance coincidence.

P. 172.

D. J. Parsons, M.D., Sweet Springs, Mo., writes as follows in *The Medical Brief*, April, 1891 :—

Twenty years after my first experience I learned that I could see things mentally, I will call it, just as others had seen them many years before and hundreds of miles distant. To illustrate: While in company with Dr. Trotter, of Lexington, Mo., I could see before and near to him a delicate hand on which was a dark red kid glove. The hand was all the time in motion. I called his attention to it and he was much surprised. I told him the hand had a history, and if he had no objections I would be pleased to know it. He said, "I was travelling in Canada, on the cars, and one day we ran up to a train that had been wrecked a little while before. I went to the wreck and about the first thing I saw was a young lady lying upon the ground dead; one hand was naked and the other was covered with a dark red kid glove." Instantly upon his uttering the words, the dark red kid glove and the hand vanished.

Dr. D. J. Parsons writes to Dr. Hodgson from Sweet Springs, Mo.,

June 25th, 1891.

RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—In regard to Dr. Trotter's case I would state, in addition to what I have written, that the Doctor came into the drug store where he found me alone on one Sunday morning, and we talked for about an hour, the gloved hand all the time present and in motion. The dinner bell was rung, he going to dinner and I going home. I returned about half-past one and immediately he called in. Saw the hand all the time soon as he entered, as before. I then called his attention to it as stated. My experience has taught me to believe that the hand would have returned with the Doctor perhaps hundreds of times, or until he explained to me the cause of its presence. Soon as he uttered the words *dark glove*, it vanished; would never appear again under any circumstances.

Dr. Trotter writes from Lexington, Mo. :—

July 12th, 1891.

R. HODGSON, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR,—The circumstance to which you refer, connected with Dr. D. J. Parsons, of Sweet Springs, Mo., is indeed very remarkable—the gloved hand. The following is about the way it occurred. About the year 1852, I was travelling on the (then) Great Western R.R., Canada, when one of the worst R.R. accidents occurred in the annals of R. Roading, known as the Baptist's Creek accident. Over 70 were killed outright, and about 100 wounded. I saw them all and there were many horrible and striking sights, all of which passed out of my mind, excepting one: it was the corpse of what had been a very handsome young lady, who had had a beautiful hand; her right hand was lying across her chest with a fine neat glove, her left was bare. The gloved hand made a strong impression on me which has remained to this day, about 40 years. I have no

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recollection of ever mentioning it to any one till some 10 or 12 years ago to Dr. Parsons. We had been intimate friends for years, and had talked a great deal on various subjects, Spiritualism among the rest. One day he said to me, "Doctor, there is something connected with a glove which has made a strong impression upon your mind." These are about his exact words. It astounded me, and I hadn't to think a second to tell him there was, and I told him the circumstances, and that the sight of the gloved hand clung to me, and I will say does so yet. It has been a great wonder to me how Dr. Parsons referred to it. He certainly never got the idea from any physical source.—Very respectfully,

R. TROTTER.

P.S.—You are at liberty to use this as you think proper.—R.T.

These two cases, of the boy "running the gauntlet," and of the red glove, illustrate better than any others in my possession the suggested adherence of phantasmal scenes to a living person,—or, say their inherence in that person,—with no suggestion of spirit agency.[1] It is plain, on the other hand, that where instead of a glove, or a picture of A himself in the past, it is the phantom of a deceased person which is thus seen in the neighbourhood of a living one, we can no longer feel confident that it is the living man's memory only which is at work. But there is no need, I say, to suppose that the red glove implied the presence of the spirit of its quondam owner. We may regard it as a psychical image accompanying the man in whose memory it was lodged, although as imperceptible to ordinary observers as the special scent by which a bloodhound would have tracked his footsteps along a crowded street. Nor need we, on such an analogy, suppose that such trace can be left only by the presence of the living man himself. His cap or glove will give trace enough for the hound to follow his movements,—to reconstruct his life from the hound's point of view; and similarly there may be signs in the man's body or environment which may afford a transcendental trace, from which his history may be reconstructed by a gaze which is not of the eye alone.[2]

This influence of material objects in facilitating retrocognitive telæsthesia has been already more than once discussed in connection

[1] For a discussion by Miss X. of alternative explanations of such pictures, see *Proceedings*, Vol. XI., p. 114 foll. And compare a case quoted by Mr. Podmore, *Proceedings*, Vol. VI., p. 286.

[2] It is worth noting that this is precisely what Æschylus suggests when he makes the phantom of Clytemnestra appeal to the sleeping Eumenides to recognise, by the internal visions of their profound sleep, the long-past source of the wounds which she shows in her breast. (*Eum.* 98).

Ὁρᾶτε πληγὰς τάσδε καρδίας ὅθεν·
Εὕδουσα γὰρ φρὴν ὄμμασιν λαμπρύνεται·
Ἐν ἡμέρᾳ δὲ μοῖρ' ἀπρόσκοπος βροτῶν.

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with Mrs. Piper's trances, and will call for further discussion when those trance-phenomena shall be again dealt with. For the present I will merely refer to two cases, both of them from informants with whose names the readers of these *Proceedings* are already familiar. The first, the tracing of the history of a ring, will be found in a paper signed J. M. Soames, in the *Contemporary Review* (1891), whose author—his real name is Major Schreiber—is known to me. The case is remote and now hardly capable of corroboration, but it seems to have been carefully observed and described. (See *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 526.)

The next case is from Mr. Dobbie, a correspondent known to many of us, and of whose conscientious care we feel assured. It is quoted by Mrs. Sidgwick in *Proceedings*, Vol. VII., p. 65.

In these and similar cases the inanimate object is regarded as leading to a knowledge of part of the history of persons connected with it. But it is sometimes asserted that the inanimate object reveals its *own* history,—suggesting scenes in which, perhaps, no human being has taken part. This further claim, I think, is simply a matter of evidence, and it is as yet quite insufficiently supported. One might regard it as consistent with a view of the universe as a completely conservative system, that record should somehow persist, even of scenes which have never been reflected in human minds. Human minds probably constitute but an infinitesimal fraction of the mind in the Universe. But as to whether a record formed apart from human minds can be *reached* by human minds or no;—that, I repeat, may be discussed with more profit when better evidence than now exists for so extreme an assumption shall have been produced.[1]

But now, continuing our survey of modes of retrocognition which do not directly depend upon telepathy, we come to two groups of phenomena which, as far back as the publication of *Phantasms of the Living*, seemed hardly to fall under the heading of *Transmission from Mind to Mind*, which that book was primarily intended to prove. Edmund Gurney has there said much as to "telepathic clairvoyance," and something also (Vol. II., p. 365, sqq.) as to "a curious little group of cases in which it is difficult or impossible to assign the impression to the 'agency' of any particular person, and which recall the Greek notion of Φήμη—the rumour which spreads from some unknown source, and far outstrips all known means of transport." In crude language, there are cases where a living man's spirit seems to wander about and pick up knowledge for itself, and cases where it seems to sit at home while knowledge flows in upon it from no trace-

[1] The works on this subject by Buchanan and Denton lack precision and corroboration from the evidential point of view.

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able source. The dividing lines of hypothetical classes of this sort are of course obscure; but I may say that the cases given in Mrs. Sidgwick's paper on *Clairvoyance* (*Proceedings*, Vol. VII., p. 30), belong mainly to the former of these two groups,—sometimes called Travelling Clairvoyance;—of which, again, we shall in this paper hear more when we come to discuss precognition. For the moment I turn to the second class;—the passive reception of impressions which no assignable mind, incarnate or discarnate, can plausibly be supposed to have transmitted. Convenience demands a name for this class; and new words of fresh derivation and definite meaning do assuredly save more trouble in the end than they give at the beginning. The early Christians used the term *κοσμοπαθής* for a man readily affected by impressions from the surrounding world. I therefore propose to term these experiences *cosmopathic;*—impressions which come to men from the transcendental environment; borne like seed on the wind, rather than wittingly directed towards him by the voluntary or involuntary sympathy of any assignable intelligence. In this class I should place the several instances quoted by Mr. Gurney (*loc. cit.*) where a sudden and true impression of the death of some distinguished personage comes to a percipient with no special interest in the event.[1] Various crystal visions already published seem to fall under this category, and several narratives quoted in this paper may be so interpreted. But often a link of some kind can be found; and we may well suppose that such links may be differently perceived, and may link human spirits in unguessed ways, in the subliminal world.

L. 976. A^{d} P^{s}

Received through the American Branch.

The following case was received by Professor James from Mr R. T. Van Deusen, of 600, Addison Avenue, Albany.

Mr. Van Deusen writes:—

January 30th, 1893.

I am a collector, and of late a dealer, in old china. My home and business are in Albany, N.Y., where I issue a small sheet, called the *China*

[1] One of the most curious of these cases to my thinking is that given in the note to *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. II., p. 367, where Mr. C. Mayne Young, a man of some note in his day, was troubled for some hours of the night with the inward insistance—almost amounting to an auditory hallucination—of four apparently meaningless syllables, "Dowd," "Swell," "Pull," "Court," and only afterwards discovered that Mr. Dowdeswell, of Pull Court, a stranger to him, was at that time on his deathbed. I happen to know the ladies—daughters of Mr. Horace Smith, the once well-known author of "Rejected Addresses,"—to whom Mr. Young communicated this dream before the coincidence was known. They fully remember the circumstances, and their evidence is made the more valuable by the fact that not only did they *then* regard Mr. Young's narrative of his experience as pointless;—but even now that the coincidence is known—and by them inexplicable—they take no interest in the matter. See, also, a case in the S.P.R. *Journal* for October, 1892;—"Earl Howe of Gopsal."

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Collector. Some 14 months since, I found an article in *Scribner's Magazine* bearing on the subject, and written by Mrs. A., of Brooklyn, an entire stranger to me. I wrote Mrs. A. at the time, and may have received three to five letters from her, all of which are brief and pertaining strictly to our common interest. Once, when in New York city, I called upon Mrs. A. at her Brooklyn home, meeting only her, and of course learning nothing of her family. At this call Mrs. A. expressed a desire to possess a certain specimen, which I found later on; and, having a trip to town in view, decided to again call and tell her of it. Arrived at the house, I was told by a maid that Mrs. A.'s son was very ill, and that she saw no one. In response to an inquiry, I was told that they then regarded him as improving. I thus left the house with the impression that he was on the road to recovery. During the next two or three weeks I frequently considered the advisability of writing, but hesitated for some time, fearing to intrude so trifling a matter at a time of anxiety and care. I, however, received a complimentary copy of her book *China Collecting in America*, at this time, and acknowledged the same in a note, expressing hope of recovery, &c. Very shortly after this, I awoke one morning at an earlier hour than usual (why I knew not), and fell into a doze, from which I was wakened at about seven by the announcement, in a low voice, close to my right ear, "*Willie A. died this morning at two o'clock.*" I never for a moment doubted that my wife, who sleeps in an adjoining room, had been in and told me. It is her custom to wake me very gently, and I believed I heard *her* voice. I "gathered" myself rather slowly, wondering how Mrs. Van Deusen could have received the information. The acquaintance between Mrs. A. and myself was of the sort described, and there was no reason why any notification of this death should be sent us. I went out into the hall, met my wife, and asked the question, only to receive from her the startled reply, "Who is dead?" when mutual explanations and astonishment ensued. I was so impressed with the precise and emphatic character of the announcement that I mentioned it to two or three friends, and sought to find out if it was true. I was only able to learn that the lad died that night. On my next meeting with Mrs. A. this fall, I asked if the name of her son was *Willie*, and on hearing that it was *not*, I then explained my reason for asking, when Mrs. A. told me that her son did die *at two o'clock that morning.* Mrs. A. then volunteered the information that she had heard a similar case in connection with the death of her son.

I fancy that I was too heavy with sleep to catch the first word of the sentence—note its order. This is the only instance of the sort that ever happened to me.

It happened that friends came to us the day that I received the notification of Mrs. A.'s son's death, and I mentioned the fact to them. I was sick most of that day—a peculiar nervous dyspepsia and accompanying disturbance. I knew this was not due to the knowledge of this boy's death. There was no reason why I should feel his death. I think I was not much impressed with the occurrence until it became the subject of talk.

Do you suppose that the disturbance of my nervous centres was in any way connected with the incident, and if so, how? I am 33 years old, and am fairly strong.

ROBERT THOMPSON VAN DEUSEN.

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In a later communication, Mr. Van Deusen said that he was unable to give the exact date of his experience, having made no note of it. After ascertaining that it was on the same morning that the boy died, he ceased to feel any active interest in it.

In reply to Dr. Hodgson's request for corroboration, Mrs. Van Deusen wrote:—

The Addison, Middlebury, Vt., *March 31st*, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to Mr. Van Deusen requesting a statement from me was duly received.

I have a distinct recollection of my husband's asking me that morning whether I had told him of the death of Mrs. A.'s son, and his surprise at my reply that I had not been in the room, and knew nothing of it. Indeed, I did not even know she had a son, so slight was the acquaintance. I only know of Mrs. A. as one of Mr. Van Deusen's customers. My husband seemed much impressed with the occurrence, and we talked more or less of it at the time. It gradually passed out of our minds until two or three months later, when during a call on Mrs. A. he mentioned the circumstances and learned the correctness of the intelligence. So much time has since passed, that it is impossible to recall names of those to whom it was told. Mrs. William O. Stillman remembers the occurrence, and I presume our maid, who was much in the dining-room in attendance on the table, might remember it, but she has left me, and I have not her address.

Mr. Van Deusen wrote to Mrs. A. for permission to give her address, as you requested, but has received no reply.

ALYS B. DEUSEN.

Dr. Hodgson wrote to Mrs. Stillman, asking for her recollections of the occurrence, and received the following reply:—

287, State Street, Albany, *February 27th*, 1893.

DEAR MR. HODGSON,—This morning I received your note about Mr. Van Deusen's experience, and regret I made no note at the time. He told me the day after he received the impression that a voice said to him the night before: "Little Willie A. died at —— o'clock." He told me the hour, but I have forgotten it. Shortly afterwards he said to me that he heard from Mrs. A. that the hour at which her little boy died was the hour he had heard, and I was quite struck by the coincidence.—Very truly yours,

FRANCES STILLMAN.

It must be noted here, I repeat, that there had in fact been some slight link between the dying boy's mother and the percipient; and that, for aught we know, this connexion may have been more operative below than above the conscious threshold.

And similarly in cases where a man has a vision of some incident at a distance;—say of some accident in which he is not directly concerned;—one can still say that the event was one which it would have interested him to see, which might have attracted his *telæsthetic attention*, so to term it, in sleep.

Both this and the following case resemble the dream (*Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. II., p. 368) in which a gentleman at Leicester

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discerned an accident then occurring in the Thames Tunnel. Mr. Wack's narrative recalls also Mrs. Storie's experience, (*Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 370), except that the person whose fate was represented in the dream was in this case entirely unknown to the dreamer. Mr. W. H. Wack is an attorney.

P. 224. Court House, St. Paul, Minn.

February 10th, 1892.

I believe I have had a remarkable experience. About midnight on the 29th day of December, headsore and fatigued, I left my study where I had been poring over uninspiring law text, and, climbing to my chamber door, fell into bed for the night.

Nothing unusual had transpired in my affairs that day, and yet, when I gave myself to rest, my brain buzzed on with a myriad fancies. I lay an hour, awake, and blinking like an over-fed owl. The weird intonation of an old kitchen clock fell upon my ears but faintly, as it donged the hour of two. The sound of the clock chime had hardly died when I became conscious of my position in a passenger coach on the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha railroad. I was journeying to Duluth, Minnesota, from St. Paul, in which latter place I had gone to sleep. I was aware that I had been on the train about four hours and that I was somewhere near the town of Shell Lake, Wis., distant from St. Paul about eighty miles. I had often been over the road, and as I peered through the coach window, I recognised, in the moonlit scene, features of country and habitation I had seen before. We were plunging on, almost heedlessly as it seemed, when I fancied I heard and was startled from my reverie by a piercing shriek, which was protracted into a piteous moaning and gasping, as if some human creature were suffering some hideous torture.

Then I felt the train grind heavily to an awkward stop. There was a sudden commotion fore and aft. Train men with lanterns hurried through my car and joined employés near the engine. I could see the lights flash here and there, beside and beneath the cars; brakemen moved along the wheels in groups, the pipe voice of the conductor and the awe-stricken cry of the black porter infused a livening sense to a scene which I did not readily understand. Instinctively I concluded that an accident had happened, or perhaps that a break to the train had occasioned this sudden uprising of train men. A minute later I was out upon the road bed. The brusque and busy search and the disturbed manner of the attendants did not invite elaborate inquiry from a curious passenger, so I was content to be told, in very ugly snappish English, that if I had eyes I might see for myself that "some one got killed, I reckon," Everybody moved and acted in a spirit of stealth, and each, it appeared, expected a horrible "find." The trucks were being examined from the rear of the train forward. Blood splotches were discovered on nearly all the bearings under the entire train. When the gang reached one of the forward cars, all lights were cast upon a truck which was literally scrambled with what appeared to be brains—human brains, evidently, for among the clots were small tufts of human hair. This truck, particularly, must have ground over the bulk of a human body. Every

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fixture between the wheels was smeared with the crimson ooze of some crushed victim. But where was the body, or at least its members? The trucks were covered only with a pulp of mangled remnants. The search for what appeared of the killed was extended 500 yards back of the train and all about the right-of-way with no more satisfactory result than to occasionally find a blood-stained tie.

All hands boarded the train; many declaring that it was an unusual mishap on a railroad which left such uncertain trace of its victim. Again I felt the train thundering on through the burnt pine wastes of northern Minnesota. As I reclined there in my berth, I reflected upon the experience of the night, and often befuddled my sleepy head in an effort to understand how a train, pushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, could so grind and triturate a vital bulk, staining only trucks behind the engine, unless the killed at the fatal time were upon the truck or huddled closely by it. I concluded, therefore, that the being destroyed under the train had been concealed near the bespattered fixtures of the car. I had read of death to tramps stealing rides by hiding themselves under or between cars, and finally I dismissed meditation—assured that another unfortunate itinerant had been crushed out of existence. Horrible! I shuddered and awoke—relieved to comprehend it all a *dream*.

Now the fact that the foregoing is an accurate statement of a dream experienced by me is not a matter for marvel. Taken alone, there is nothing remarkable in the time at which this vision blackened my sleep. The spell was upon me between two and three o'clock in the morning—of that I am certain. I am positive of the time, because, when I awoke, I heard the clock distinctly, as it struck three.

On the morrow, I,—who usually forget an ordinary dream long before breakfast—recounted to the family the details of the night's distraction. From my hearers there followed only the ordinary comments of how ghastly and how shocking the story was as told and how strange the nature of the accident—*that no parts of the body had been found*. The latter circumstance was, to me also, quite an unusual feature of railroad casualty.

The evening following the night of the dream (December 30th), at 5 o'clock, I returned to my home, stepped into my study, and, as I am in the habit of doing, I glanced at a page of the *St. Paul Dispatch*, a daily evening newspaper. It had been casually folded by a previous reader, so that in picking it up flatly, the article which first fixed my attention read:

"Fate of a Tramp. Horrible Death Experienced by an Unknown Man on the Omaha Road.

"Duluth, December 30.—Every truck on the incoming Omaha train from St. Paul this morning was splashed with blood. Trainmen did not know there had been an accident till they arrived here, but think some unfortunate man must have been stealing a ride between St. Paul and this city. Trainmen on a later train state that a man's leg was found by them at Spooner, and that for two miles this side the tracks were scattered with pieces of flesh and bone. There is no possible means of identification."

Here was an evident verification of all that transpired in my mind between two and three o'clock on the previous night. I reflected, and the more I

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pondered the faster I became convinced that I had been in some mysterious form, spirit or element, witness of the tragedy reported in the columns of the press—that my vision was perfect as to general details, and the impression complete and exact to time, place, and circumstance. The next morning I scanned the pages of the *Pioneer Press* of December 31st, and read the following paragraph :—

"Unknown man killed, Shell Lake, Wis. Special telegram, December 30th.—Fragments of the body of an unknown man were picked up on the railroad track to-day. Portions of the same body were also found on over 100 miles of the railroad. He is supposed to have been killed by the night train, but just where is not known."

With this came the conviction to me that, living and asleep, 100 miles from the place of the killing, I had been subjected to the phantom-sight of an actual occurrence on the Omaha railroad, as vivid and in truth as I have stated it above.

I have not written this account because Mark Twain and other authors have published in current magazines their experiences in what is termed Mental Telepathy or Mental Telegraphy. On the contrary, having read a number of those articles, I have hesitated to utter, as authentic, what I now believe to be a material and striking evidence of the extent, the caprice, and the possibilities of this occult phenomenon.

HARRY W. WACK.

In reply to Dr. Hodgson's enquiries, Mr. Wack wrote :—

St. Paul, *February 20th*, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,—Replying to your valued favour of the 15th inst., I will say that you *are right* in understanding that my account of the dream submitted to your Society is a true narrative.

I reaffirm every word of it, and give you my solemn assurance that, as I have stated, I informed my family and friends of the dream and its details, before I had the first suspicion that the public press ever had contained or ever would contain a report of such an actual occurrence.

If desirable I will make affidavit as to the truth of the substance of the narrative in your hands.

I enclose a few corroborative letters, the signatures to which I procured yesterday, February 19th. If these serve you, well and good.

HARRY W. WACK.

The following were the corroborative letters enclosed :—

(1) St. Paul, *February 20th*, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—Referring to an account of a dream submitted to you by Mr. Harry Wack of this city which I have read, I beg leave to add the following facts corroborative of the narrative.

After careful consideration of the article, I find that the story of the dream on December 29th-30th is in substance identical with that which was related by Mr. Wack at breakfast on the morning of December 30th, 1891. On that occasion Mr. Wack stated that he had been agitated the previous night by a dream of unusual features, and then, at the request of those present, he recited what now appears in his article, which I have just perused for the first time. On the evening of December 30th, 1891, when Mr. Wack

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discovered the newspaper item, he again mentioned the dream and called my attention to the newspaper item, and several of the family discussed the matter. On the morning of December 31st, another newspaper clipping bearing on the same matter was debated by the family.

Aside from the unusual features and hideousness of the dream, there was nothing to startle us, until the newspaper accounts developed the affair in a mysterious sense. The first version of the dream was given in the morning of December 30th. The first newspaper dispatch appeared and was discovered in the evening of the same day. This I know of my own knowledge, being present on each occasion.

MRS. MARGARET B. MACDONALD.

(2) St. Paul, Minn., *February 20th*, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—I have read the letter of Mrs. Macdonald, with whom I visited on December 29th, 30th, 31st, and days following, and with your permission I will say that I also was present at breakfast when Mr. Wack mentioned the dream, and at dinner (6 p.m.) when Mr. Wack called our attention to the newspaper item, which he then declared was a positive verification of the dream he experienced the night before. I have read the account of the dream, and I believe it to be precisely as I understood it from Mr. Wack's account given on the morning of December 30th, 1891.

ROSE B. HAMILTON.

(3) St. Paul, *February 20th*, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—Having read the foregoing letters of Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Rose B. Hamilton, and being familiar with the facts and incidents therein set forth, I would add my endorsement to them as being in strict accord with the truth.

Mr. Wack stated his dream as he has written of it in the article which I understand he has submitted to you, on the morning of December 30th, 1891. He came upon and drew our attention to the newspaper articles in the evening of December 30th, and on the morning of December 31st, 1891. It was these newspaper dispatches which made the dream interesting, and thereafter it was freely discussed.

C. E. MCDONALD.

Mr. H. W. Smith, an Associate Member of the American Branch, writes to Dr. Hodgson in connection with the case :—

Office of Smith and Austrian, Commission Merchants,
290, E., 6th Street, Produce Exchange,
St. Paul, Minn., *April 14th*, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,—It has been impossible for me to accept Mr. Wack's invitation to meet at his house the witnesses he cited in his communication to you. I have already written you of my preliminary interview with Mr. Wack, and it confirms in my own mind the high opinion which I previously held of him through our acquaintanceship, extending over a series of years. There is no reasonable doubt in my mind that the statement he makes is substantially correct, at least as respects any and all allegations of fact. Of course the application of these facts to an unknown force is a matter upon which I cannot speak.

HERBERT W. SMITH.

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The fact that Mr. Wack had often travelled over this road may possibly have turned in this direction the telæsthetic perception of his sleeping hours.

The following case bears an absurd resemblance to the tragedy just recounted.

M.Cl. 12.

Mr. Podmore writes :—

Mr. Watts, who told me the incident immediately before writing it down at my request, is quite unable to find any explanation of the matter. He is quite clear that he had no opportunity to tell anyone beforehand, that the image of the broken statue had actually come into his mind at the moment when he was brushing his hair, and the violent shock which he seems to have felt when he saw his dream realised is strong evidence that he is not mistaken on this point.

From Mr. J. Hunter Watts, of 39, Seething Lane, E.C.,

July 16th, 1889.

I will endeavour to commit to paper the little episode which I related to you verbally. About six years ago I was with my brother George in Paris, where he bought for some eight or ten francs a Plaster of Paris "Venus de Milo"—a ghastly copy of the original. I protested against the purchase as I had to share the bother of bringing the thing home, and as it was some four or five feet high our fellow travellers imagined we had with us a corpse rolled up in paper. Arrived home I would not consent to the house being disfigured with the thing, so as a compromise my brother planted it on the summit of a fern rockery in the corner of the garden, where it stood for many months, and I had forgotten its existence save when it was directly in sight. Out of sight it was out of mind. One autumn morning, just after I had risen from bed, I was combing my ambrosial locks before the looking-glass, and I caught myself reflecting that after all it was a pity the thing had blown down and broken, for it did not look so bad at a distance surrounded by the ferns. "Strange too," I thought to myself, "that the head should be so neatly decapitated, though the fall made no other fracture." Then I pulled myself up mentally, for all at once it came to my mind that I had been dreaming, and I smiled to myself that such a trumpery thing should be the subject of my dreams. The whole matter would have been forgotten, would have gone to the limbo of things unremembered, but on going downstairs to breakfast and finding the table not yet furnished, I went for a stroll into the garden. It was wet underfoot and a strong wind was blowing. When I came to the fernery I gave a start and for a moment I stood *tout ébahi*, for there was the poor Venus de Milo, the body unbroken, lying across the ferns, and the head, neatly decapitated, in the middle of the walk, exactly as I had seen it in my dream. For the moment I was convinced that I had been walking in my sleep and had visited the garden, but that I found could not be the case, as it had rained all night and my garments would have been wet through, and my feet, if unshod, muddy, or their covering, if they had any, defiled, which was not the case. Neither am I given to walking in my sleep. I have never done so. I walked back to the

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house feeling, to use a vulgar phrase, "knocked all silly." Can it be, I asked myself, and I have asked myself the same question a score of times since, that while my body material slumbered in bed, some immaterial part of my being wandered in the garden? If so, that immaterial part of me had a remarkable disregard for wind and rain.

The episode is a trifling one, but it has often given me pause and it remains to me inexplicable. As you know I am a Bank Holiday sort of young man, not given to day-dreams.

J. HUNTER WATTS.

In answer to the inquiry whether the statue could have been seen from his bedroom window, or from any other window in the house, Mr. Hunter Watts says:—"No, impossible; only by stretching the head out of window another side of house—from rooms occupied by ladies."

A lady to whom Mr. Watts related the dream corroborates as follows:—

45, Hungerford Road, Camden Road, N., *August 9th.*

All I can at all remember about the Venus is that Mr. Watts told us one morning that a strange thing had happened, he having dreamt that the statue had been decapitated, and on going into the garden he found it was so, and that the head of the Venus had been cut clean off, and had rolled on to the path from the figure, which had been placed in the rockery among the ferns. He was very much astonished, as the dream was vivid, and he saw the headless statue as he had seen it in his dream. We could never explain how it happened, the head being, as it were, cut off.

M. ADAMS.

Again this quasi-instinctive knowledge, realised on awaking from sleep, of the mutilation of a secluded statue may be compared with cases where a seer becomes aware of the position of a dead body,—sometimes of no special interest to himself.

P. 226.

The following case was borrowed originally from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and quoted in *Light*, February 7th, 1891.

A prominent Chicago journalist states that his wife asked him one morning while still engaged in dressing, and before either of them had left their sleeping room, if he knew any one named Edsale or Esdale. A negative reply was given, and then a "Why do you ask?" She replied: "During the night I dreamed that I was on the lake shore, and found a coffin there with the name of Edsale or Esdale on it, and I am confident that some one of that name has recently been drowned there." On opening the morning paper, the first item that attracted his attention was the report of the mysterious disappearance from his home in Hyde Park of a young man named Esdale. A few days afterwards the body of a young man was found on the lake shore.

This case, with further matter, was sent to Dr. Hodgson by an informant, to whom Dr. Hodgson replied as follows:—

Boston, Mass., *October 22nd*, 1888.

The first two substantial paragraphs appear to be a statement quoted from the Chicago *Times*. You do not say whether you have any personal

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knowledge of the gentleman in question; whether he personally confirms the account; whether you have the statement of his wife, over her signature, confirming the details so far as she was concerned; what the date of the experience was, and what the date of the first written account of it was; whether any memorandum of the circumstance was made on the day itself; whether you have the independent confirmation of the finding of the body of Esdaile; whether it was possible that some account of the young man's disappearance may have appeared in an evening paper of the day before, rendering it possible for [your informant's] wife to have read the account, or seen some heading referring to it, and afterwards forgotten it; and I venture to suggest that if you have not worked up the case in this way, it should be so worked up.

I am desirous, of course, that whoever is engaged in collecting such cases should present as much corroboration as possible for each.

RICHARD HODGSON.

On this the then Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the late Colonel Bundy, remarks:—

I have known the gentleman and his wife mentioned in case No. 10, by reputation, for some fifteen years, and personally for six years. I obtained from each of them a report of the case when first published, October 14th, 1885, and each said that the statement was true as published in the Chicago *Times* of that date. I saw both of them September 23rd, [1888], just prior to publishing the report, and read it to them; each declared it to be a true report of the occurrence. After receipt of Mr. Hodgson's letter I called to see what further information they could furnish in regard to the other points mentioned therein. After reading the letter, the gentleman, who is Mr. Franc B. Wilkie, the well-known editorial writer, and "Poliuto" of the Chicago *Times*, at once volunteered the following statement:—

Chicago, *October 26th*, 1888.

In October, 1885, I was one of the editorial writers on the Chicago *Times*, and wrote the item referred to. I am the individual mentioned therein. The date of the occurrence was about a week prior to the date of the report in the *Times*. I did not make any written memorandum on the day it occurred; as the coincidence was so strong and distinctly marked, it made such an indelible impression on my mind, I did not forget any of the details during the time prior to writing the item. The name was one unknown to me previous to seeing it in the Chicago *Daily News* the morning referred to. I had not seen any reference to the disappearance before that morning. My wife said at the time, and still says, that she had never seen the name, or heard in any way of the disappearance. I was, of course, on the look-out for any report of the return of the young man, or of the finding of his body, and saw the account of the finding of the body in the Chicago papers a few days after the appearance of the first item in regard to his disappearance; and then wrote the item for the *Times* of October 14th. I had at the time carefully examined the case in all its bearings, and although I may not agree with the various explanations or theories that might be offered in regard to it, I gave it as a curious coincidence and one that I knew to be true.

FRANC B. WILKIE.

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To which Mrs. Wilkie adds the following :—

Having read the foregoing statement, I wish to certify to its truth. The dream was the cause of considerable comment for the few days following, as to the various features of the case, and whether the dream would be verified. My previous presentiments had been with reference to intimate friends, which made this one appear the more marked, and caused Mr. Wilkie to examine the matter more carefully in all its details.

The residence of the young man was eight miles from our home. I am not aware that we have ever known any of the young man's friends, or anyone who knew him ; and am certain that had the fact of his disappearance been mentioned in my hearing prior to the morning after the dream, I should have remembered the name, for I distinctly remembered that it seemed peculiar to me, when I saw it in apparently large silver letters on the coffin.

MRS. FRANC B. WILKIE.

The Chicago *Daily News* of the morning of Wednesday, October 7th, 1885, was an eight column paper, and at the top of the seventh column appeared the following :—

W. E. Esdaile, in the employ of Robert Warren and Co., commission merchants in the Royal Insurance-building, and residing at 4,523, Woodlawn-avenue, Kenwood, has been missing since last Friday morning. Mr. Esdaile is a Canadian, unmarried, and twenty-seven years of age. His family resides at Montreal. He has been resting from business during the last week, and has spent much of his time strolling along the lake shore. As his accounts are all right, and there is no assignable reason for his disappearance, his friends fear that he has committed suicide. Overwork, it is thought, and an injury to his skull, received some years ago, may possibly have brought on insanity. The police are searching for him.

The records in the Coroner's office for Cook County, Ill., show that inquest No. 941 was held on October 10th, 1885, on the body of Wm. E. Esdaile, drowned October 2nd, in Lake Michigan, whether by accident or otherwise the jury were unable to determine.

Mr. Robert Warren, of the above-named firm of Robert Warren and Co., says that he landed in New York on his return from a trip to England, on Monday, October 5th, 1885, and reached Chicago, Wednesday, p.m., October 7th ; that he did not hear of the disappearance of Mr. Esdaile until he reached home, and knows of no public announcement of the disappearance prior to that in the *News* of October 7th ; that, had there been any, he would very likely have heard of it between New York and Chicago, as he was on the look-out for news from Chicago.

Mr. Ward, who had charge of Mr. Warren's business during his absence, says that he was informed of Mr. Esdaile's disappearance on Friday evening, October 2nd. On Saturday, a.m., he examined the papers, etc., found in the young man's room ; found no evidence of suicidal intent, but indications that he was not in his right mind, and concluding that he might have wandered off, a detective was employed to search for him. The matter was kept very quiet, so as to prevent publication of sensational reports that would alarm his friends, and also render it unpleasant for the young man should he be found. Mr. Ward is not aware that any announcement of the

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matter was made in any papers, before the item in the *News* of October 7th. They were following on the track of a young man, whose description corresponded somewhat with that of Mr. Esdaile, who had been seen at the waterworks of Hyde Park (and Kenwood), and then had travelled around the end of Lake Michigan into Indiana, and were expecting to find him very soon, when on Saturday morning, October 10th, notice was received that the body of Esdaile had been found on the lake shore near his home.

In referring to the matter, the Chicago *Tribune* of Saturday, October 10th, 1885, says: "It will be seen that the detectives are on a warm trail and will probably overtake the young man, who is believed to be insanely wandering about without aim or purpose." [There was thus no general belief that he had been *drowned*.]

A Chicago reporter, who resides at Kenwood, and was acquainted with Esdaile, says that he first heard of the disappearance through the school children, who said that the teacher had told them that Mr. Esdaile was missing, and requested them to tell their parents, and ask if any one had seen him. The reporter, knowing Mr. Ward, called on him to obtain the particulars for publication, but Mr. Ward objected, saying that Mr. Warren had been away for some time; that Mr. Esdaile had been practically in charge of the affairs of the firm; that Mr. Warren had just landed in New York, and a public announcement of the matter in the papers would cause him unnecessary alarm. The reporter says that the item in the papers, Wednesday, October 7th, was the first public announcement of the matter.

The next case is somewhat similar; but the precise time-relation between incident and vision is not clear. It is evidentially a weak point that the vision was not mentioned before the incident was known.

M.Cl. 90.

The following account was written in the early part of 1892. The writer is a retired professional man.

Wednesday, November 18th [1891], I was lying on a sofa about 2 p.m. in half doze, when my thoughts reverted to Southsea, where I had spent about a fortnight in June last. A mental picture, realistic enough almost for a dream, of the animation and stir of the pier and steamboats interested me, when all at once my mind became absorbed with the conception of a barge-like vessel with diving apparatus engaged in some submarine work. The impression of something being wrong, with a hurried agitated effort to raise a diver from the water, impressed me. There seemed to be a difficulty in working the winding-up machine, and in my dream, or semi-dream, I was excited with the fear that they would fail to get the diver up alive through the apparent hitch. At last in my reverie, they succeeded in raising him, and then, as if I were in the barge, I seemed to see the helmet removed, and the diver was dead. I thought no more of the matter except as a rather peculiar instance of a half-awake dream. But the next day when reading the *Daily News*, I was startled on coming across a paragraph stating in effect that "yesterday morning" (the day of my mental impression, dream, or call it what you will), whilst a diving party were engaged in doing something to

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some chain moorings in Portsmouth Harbour, the diver got probably in some way entangled, and signalled to be taken up. The effort was at once made to do so, but considerable delay was occasioned by the supposed obstacle, and when at last he was brought to the surface he was quite dead, black in the face, and blood oozing from his mouth and nostrils. Struck with the at least remarkable coincidence, I read the paragraph to my wife and a lady who was present, as answering so precisely in every particular to my mental impression of the previous day, which could not have been more than three or four hours at the earliest from the time the accident actually occurred.

The lady through whom the case was received writes :—

May 16th, 1892.

I called upon Mr. ——, and he said that he had not mentioned his dream (or vision) to any one until some hours afterwards, when the newspaper came in. A Miss ——, an elderly lady who was present when I called, said that she was also there when the newspaper came in, and remembered his exclamation of surprise and his saying, "Why, this is the very thing I dreamed of yesterday," or some words of that sort.

The following is the account of the incident given in the *Daily News* of Thursday, Nov. 19th, 1891 :—

Death of a Diver on Duty.—Yesterday morning a party of men were engaged in repairing the moorings of the Corporation Buoy in Portsmouth Harbour, which had been damaged during the recent gale. A diver named Luke went down, but he had been below only four or five minutes, when he gave the customary signal for being hauled up, having apparently become entangled. Some difficulty was experienced in getting him above water, but this having been accomplished and the helmet removed, he was found to be black in the face and bleeding from the nose. As soon as possible he was conveyed to the Harbour Railway Station, where he was found to be dead.

It is sometimes claimed that a specially gifted seer is able to discover missing corpses by some effort of clairvoyance,[1] or perhaps, as claimed in the first of the following cases, by intimation from some spirit interested in the deceased.

P. 257. Through Rev. M. J. Savage.

Dear Mr. Savage,—My mother has written out for you, at my request, the particulars of the drowning of the Mason boys. She has told the story in her own way. She has suggested copying it, but at her age, seventy-five, I think it is too much of a task for her. All the parties she refers to, excepting Mrs. Brigham, who was the one she wished to take her place in going to Boston, are now living, and on my return from Washington I will go to N. and get the evidence of the mother, brother, and Mr. Clark.

I do not remember the particulars as does my mother. A sister of the boys was a schoolmate of mine. I knew at the time that the boys were missing. I knew from the sister the particulars of the case as it went on.

[1] See a case communicated by Dr. Wiltse, Vol. VII., p. 77.

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I went to the lake on the Monday morning my mother speaks about, to see the cannon fired. It was—the firing of a cannon—an unusual event to us children. The town was so small we knew everything that was occurring. I was at the lake when the grappling irons were used in the afternoon, and remember to have heard the men say it was no use to drag the lake further, as the boys certainly were not in it, notwithstanding the mother felt so decided that they were there. I was in the crowd that met my mother at the station, and heard what she said, and went with the rest to the lake, and stood and listened to the laughs and jokes of those about me at what was going on.

It is just as she said. A silence that was terrible fell over us all, as, in less than five minutes, both boys were lying dead on the shore before us all.—Very truly yours,

ELEANOR F. CROSBY.

March 23rd, 1891.

In March, 1864, I was living in N., about 17 miles from Boston. I had a neighbour who had, among other children, two sons, the eldest about 15, the younger brother 11. Their names were Willie and Joshua Mason. The older brother, Willie, was employed in the store of Weeks and Potter, druggists, on Washington-street, Boston. This Willie Mason had come to N. on Friday at two o'clock, to spend Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Critcherson. (The boys' father was dead, and the mother had married again.) The mother had gone to Boston the same day Willie Mason had come out to make the visit. It had been her intention to come out on the same train with her son, but he had come out earlier than he had expected. He reached N. about two o'clock, and went immediately to his home. He said to his younger brother, not finding his mother at home and not meeting her at the station, "Let us go to meet mother."

These are the last words he is known by anyone living to have spoken, and this was his intention as he left the house in company with his brother to the depôt. Mrs. Critcherson did not come on this train from Boston, but on the one following; her boys did not meet her, neither did she find them at home when she reached there. This was late Friday afternoon. They did not return that night, but all day Saturday, as nothing was heard from them, she became almost frantic with grief. She said her boys would never keep away from her and give all this trouble if they were where they could come to her. Her husband, the stepfather to the boys, was in the army, and was then in Washington. On Saturday, friends of the family sent to Boston to see if they had gone there. They interviewed the train conductors to learn if any such boys had been seen going in any direction. All the mother knew of the boys was what the sister of the boys had told her on her return, that Willie had left the house saying he was going to meet his mother.

Mrs. Critcherson, so far as I know, was not acquainted in any way with Spiritualism, and she afterwards became a member of the orthodox church in N. She had all the time, while gentlemen were visiting camps and telegraphing in different directions, a very strong impression that her boys were in the lake, and did not come to her because they *could not*. No one in town believed this to be possible. In the first place, they were not

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seen by any one on the lake. Then, in March, there was nothing to attract boys to the lake. But, to quiet the anxiety of the mother, some of the gentlemen of the town had agreed to take cannons to the lake, and fire them from a point near the boat-house on Monday morning, as it was known that bodies having been long in the water could be raised by this procedure. For, granting that the mother's impressions were correct, which no one else believed, the boys had been from Friday afternoon till Monday morn in the water. A Mr. Andrew Clark, who had a livery stable in N., agreed to go to Boston Monday morning to get grappling irons to drag the lake more thoroughly. I had not been to see Mrs. Critcherson till I went about nine o'clock on Monday morning. I knew she had many in and out continually, and, believing the boys would come back before long, I was not uneasy about them. I suppose why I believed they would return was because I could not think of them as going to the lake at this season of the year ; and then I had not seen her, to be influenced by her feelings, and shared the general feeling of the town that, while the boys were known to every one to be unusually fine boys, still this must be a frolic which would have an ending soon.

As I said before, I went to Mrs. Critcherson's about nine o'clock on Monday morning to offer her my services, because I had by this time begun to feel uneasy myself, while I still believed they were alive somewhere. I found Mrs. Critcherson very much unnerved, and saying, "Only one thing remained to be done, and that was for some one to go to Boston and consult a clairvoyant," and turning to me, she said, "Mrs. D., you are the one I want to go." I had never visited a clairvoyant or consulted one, and did not know where to go or how to turn. I said to her, "I am not the person to go," and turning to another friend I said, "Now she is just the person to go." I had offered my services, but I did not wish to go on such an errand and an undertaking I was not familiar with. She turned to me again, and said, "I wish you to go for me." I said that I would go home and get ready at once, to go on the 11 o'clock train. I must say here, I had no faith that anything would come from this visit to Boston. By the time I reached the station, at 11 o'clock, it was pretty generally known in N. that I was going to Boston to consult, as a last resource, with a clairvoyant, as they had already fired the cannons with no result, and were sure now that the boys were by no possibility in the lake. On the same train going in, was this Andrew Clark going after the grappling irons. He said to some of the townspeople at the station that he would return as soon as possible. He did arrive in N. on the two o'clock train, and went with a large number of persons to the lake, but after using the irons for some time, they all gave up and went to the town again, saying, "It is of no use ; the boys we cannot find." The mother still felt sure they were in the lake, until they were found Monday eve.

I arrived in Boston at 12 o'clock. I went, as I had been told to do, to the *Banner of Light* office, and asked there, as a stranger, if they could direct me to some reliable clairvoyant. They directed me to some one on or near Court-street. I found the woman engaged. The gentleman who answered the bell-pull directed me to a clairvoyant on Dix-place. When I arrived at Dix-place I found this woman also engaged, but she directed me

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to a Mrs. York, on Washington-street, near Common-street. It was about three o'clock. A sitter was leaving as I rang the bell. Mrs. York opened the door herself. When I told her my errand, she told me she could not see me till the next day, but on my saying the next day would be too late, she told me to walk into her parlour, and she would go out and take a walk and on her return would see me. These were the only words she addressed to me, and I am sure she knew nothing of me whatever, where I came from, or what my errand was about. I spoke no words with her further than those I have already stated, neither had I ever heard of Mrs. York before, and she knew no one in N. She was gone about 15 minutes, when she came into the room, and going to the fireplace at once, and with her back to me, and without my speaking one word, she said, "They went East before they went West." (The railroad station is east from the house in which their mother lived, and the lake west.) She then said, "They saw the fire, and so went to the water." (It was afterwards found out that on this day, Friday afternoon, some men were burning brush near the lake; that was what attracted them up there.) She then went on to describe the boat-house, with a hole in the side of the boat-house. She then said, "They went in through this hole in the side." She described the boat, which she said was a "narrow boat, *painted black*," and said, "Oh dear, it was never intended that but *one* person should get into it at a time." She told of their pulling out a little way, the younger brother falling into the water first, and the older brother trying to save him, and also said, "The place where they are is muddy, and they could not come to the surface." "Why," said she, "it is not the main lake they are in, but the shallow point which connects the main lake, and they are so near the shore, and if it was not this time of the year (March) you could almost walk in and pick them up." She told of the citizens' interest in trying to find them, and said, "They will not find them; they go too far from the shore; they are on the left of the boat-house, a few feet from the land." Then I said, "If they are in the water, they will be found before I can reach home." She said, "No, they will not be found before you get there; you will have to go and tell them where they are, and then they will be found within *five minutes after you reach the lake*." She made me promise to go with them to the lake. She said, "They are very near together; after finding one you will quickly find the other." It was not more than ten minutes before the boys were found and on the way to their mother's house, after I told them. I reached Natick at five o'clock. There was a crowd at the station. When I got out on to the platform, some gentleman said to me, "Mrs. D., what did the clairvoyant tell you?" I answered, "Haven't you found them yet?" They said no, and then I told them what Mrs. York had said, and went with them to the lake. In looking into the boat-house it was found that the *long narrow boat* owned by Mr. Benning Hall, and painted, as she had said, *all in black*, was missing; this boat, as she had said, "was to hold only one man, and was unsafe occupied by two persons." (I did not know at the time of my sitting with Mrs. York that Mr. Benning Hall was the owner of such a boat, or that the boat-house was used to shelter a boat of this description. I had never seen such a boat owned by any one; so this part she did not reach from my mind.) And this boat was found in a cove some distance from the boat-house, a few

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days after. Neither did I know of the "hole" in the boat-house until I reached the lake on this afternoon. Finding that what she said of the boat and the hole in the boat-house was true, I began to think the rest might be true also; but no one in the crowd, so far as I know, did place any confidence in her statement. I stood on the shore and two boats put off with men holding grappling irons. I was able to tell them how to direct their course. Three or four strokes of the oars and the elder brother of the boys who were missing, and who was holding one of the grappling irons, exclaimed, "I have hold of something." The men stopped rowing, and he raised the body of the largest boy above the water. In taking the body into the boat, the boat moved a few lengths. They were told to go to the same place where the eldest had been found, and almost immediately brought up the other body. It was not ten minutes after reaching the lake that the boys were found, and were being taken to their home. As Mrs. York had said, they were in a muddy place; their clothing testified to the fact.

The disappearance of the boys in the manner I have described is known by fifty persons now living in Natick. I cannot say how much larger the number is.

She had while in this trance, by using books on the table, showed me the boat-house and the shore so well, that any one from the description could have gone directly to the water and found them.

I asked her how she came by this information. She answered, "The boys' father told me." How did she know the boys' father had been dead several years?

ELIZABETH EVERETT DAVIS.

Boston, *May* 14*th*, 1891, 2.38 p.m.

I met Mrs. Davis within the last hour, on the street. Her daughter, Mrs. Crosby, was driving her to the station. She is going to see her sister in Natick.

She told me that the medium, Mrs. York, told her that it was Mr. Mason's spirit—the father of the two boys—who told her where the bodies of the boys could be found in the lake.

M. J. SAVAGE.

Natick, *May* 5*th*, 1891.

I am the sister of Mrs. Elizabeth E. Davis, and lived in Natick at the time of the disappearance of the Mason boys. I remember the fact that my sister went to Boston to consult a clairvoyant by request. The name of the clairvoyant was Mrs. York. Mrs. York was a perfect stranger to my sister, she never having heard of her before she left Natick for Boston. I heard her relate all the particulars at the time, which are found in her statement. I have heard her relate it many times since without any variations. I remember that when my sister went to consult the clairvoyant she had no confidence that she would receive any information that would be of use in finding the boys, or that after Mrs. York's directions they would prove true. She even hesitated to relate what Mrs. York had told, but, being met by a large delegation at the station, she felt that she must, it being demanded what she had been told, Mrs. York having made her promise that she would do so, and charged her to be sure and be explicit. I know my sister did not

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believe they were in the pond. She thought, like most others, that they had gone out of town, perhaps visiting encampments. The medium used books to indicate and illustrate by existing objects unknown to Mrs. Davis, the terminus of the two directions, and said, "Where these lines cross, there you will find the boys." Everything had been done that could be to find them when the train arrived at Natick at five o'clock. Mrs. York charged her to return as soon as possible, as the boys would not be found until she (Mrs. Davis) had given the directions. At the Natick railroad station she told her story but the men insisted that she should go with them to the lake, which she did directly. They followed Mrs. Davis's directions and in a few moments she said, "There is the place." One of the boys was immediately pulled to the surface, and in a few moments the other. Mrs. York stated to Mrs. Davis how the drowning happened, to the effect that the younger fell out of the boat first and that the older boy in trying to help him was also drowned. There were many there who witnessed the recovery of the bodies, and 'twas a very impressive moment, and is considered one of the most, and perhaps the *most* remarkable occurrence ever happening in Natick.

This is a bare statement of facts which can be attested by many persons.

CATHERINE S. RICE.

Witnesses to signature :—

ISAAC EVERETT.
MARIETTA RICE.

I am the mother of William E. and Joshua P. Mason, who were drowned in Lake Cochituate, Natick, Massachusetts, on Friday afternoon, March 25th, 1864, aged sixteen and thirteen.

March 25th I was out of town till evening. During my absence my son William arrived from Portland, Maine, where he had been temporarily employed by H. H. Hay, wholesale druggist, during the rebuilding of the store of his former employers, which had been destroyed by fire. This firm's name was Weeks and Potter, Washington-street, Boston, and he had just been recalled to them and was to begin work with them again in their new store the following Monday.

On reaching his home, he found me absent and left home with the intention of meeting me at the depôt at five o'clock, accompanied by his brother Joshua.

I came two hours later and I was met by a little friend of theirs who told me that Willie had got home. On my reaching home I enquired where he was, and was told that he and Joshua had gone out to meet me on the five o'clock train, since which time they had not seen either of them. From the *moment* when they said they had not seen them, I wondered where they were, but consoled myself with the thought that they might be calling on some of their associates who were perhaps pleasantly entertaining them, which caused their delay. When bed-time came and they did not return, I became very anxious, and had a sleepless night.

At this time my husband, their step-father, was in the army and consequently could not help me. The next morning an elder son began with me to make enquiries. We rode to every point where we hoped information concerning them might be given. To our sorrow no information relating to their whereabouts could be obtained.

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Saturday, at about five o'clock, we returned and reported to our neighbours, who had become very much interested on account of their disappearance, that we could learn nothing from them. They offered their services, and at my suggestion immediately instituted a search, going to different towns, each individual acting on his own ideas as to where they might be found, as I could give no suggestions. Every one returned failing to have obtained any information.

They then came to me to ask what further I would wish them to do. My reply was that were my husband at home, I could say just what I would have done, and I said that would be to have the lake searched for them, for I felt they were where they could not reach me, and must be in the pond, or they certainly would be at home. No one believed they could by any means be in the pond, but this was my own strong impression. To gratify me they commenced their search in the pond immediately on Sunday evening. During this evening a boat was discovered floating on the opposite shore. My brother came to me at about midnight on Sunday and said, "I am afraid your apprehensions are correct, for we have found a boat afloat." They suspended further operations till morning because of the darkness. On Monday morning early the engine bells and church bells were rung to call the citizens together to organise so as to systematically search the pond. Nearly all business was suspended. They fired a cannon and used grappling irons and spent all the morning in the effort to find my boys. They came, some friends every half-hour, to report to me the result of their search, and to relieve my anxiety all they could.

Mrs. Davis called at about ten o'clock and wished to know if she could aid me in any way. I proposed that she should go to Boston to consult with a clairvoyant, for I felt this was my last resort, though at the time I knew nothing of clairvoyance and had no belief in it, but I wanted to try everything. I knew personally of no clairvoyant and left it all with Mrs. Davis, the result of which visit she has already given, and I corroborate it. I do not think that Mrs. Davis had any faith that anything would come from her going to Boston, but she went only to gratify me. I did not say to her anything about a boat having been seen afloat the night before.

All search for my boys was given up at about three o'clock. Every one felt sure by this time that they could not be in the water, and despaired of finding them and waited to see what directions Mrs. Davis would bring from Boston, if any.

She reached Natick at five o'clock. Mrs. York, the clairvoyant, said that my boys were in the pond, and she gave Mrs. Davis directions how to find them and told when and where they would be found. They went immediately to the pond. It was supposed by the townspeople that they had dragged all the ground she described.

Mrs. Davis arrived in Natick at five o'clock, and at twenty minutes of six my boys were brought into my house.

MARY A. CRITCHERSON.

Witness :—

CAROLINE BRIGHAM.

NOTE.—Caroline Brigham was post-mistress of Natick for several years, and was appointed to the position by Henry Wilson, or through his influence.

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I have had read to me my mother's statement concerning the drowning of my brothers, William and Joshua Mason, and I corroborate it with this exception. I think my mother is mistaken concerning the finding of the boat. To the best of my memory the boat she speaks of was seen for the first time on Monday forenoon after the citizens had organized, and not on Sunday night.

Sunday I was not at home. I drove to Readville and visited the camps there. I also visited the Charlestown navy yard. From Saturday morning till Sunday night I was driving all the time in different directions, and other parties were going in further directions. My mother had all this time, after they failed to reach home late Friday night, a very strong impression that the boys were in the lake, and no one was able to change that feeling. We did not make any attempt to search the lake till everything else had failed; it was a difficult thing to do any efficient work there without the assistance of the townspeople, and no one could be made to feel they were by any possibility in the water. It was in war times and the townspeople thought they had gone away to enlist as captains' boys or drummer boys, but my mother scouted the idea and would not listen to it for one minute.

On Monday morning the bells were rung, and the people congregated at the engine house and there they organized. My mother located where she felt sure the boys were, to the meadow part of the lake. We went in detachments, surrounding the shore of that part of the lake. It was at this time in the middle of the forenoon that this boat already named was found, *upside down*, on the opposite side of the lake to where the boat-house was. It couldn't by any possibility have been seen at the boat-house. I had before this been up to the lake and walked, not all round the lake, but enough to satisfy me that there was no boat to be seen. They fired a cannon several times and moved the cannon to different points. We then went in boats with grappling irons such as we could procure. We worked till about three o'clock. We went several times to within a few feet of where they were afterwards found. It was known that Mrs. Davis had gone to Boston to consult with a clairvoyant. I had looked to find some hat or something else to show that my brothers were drowned.

I began on Sunday to feel with my mother that they were in the pond, as I could get no trace of them anywhere, though up to their being found I could get no clue to lead me to suppose so. My mother had no reason to think they were in the pond, further than the fact that she knew her boys so well, especially William, who was the oldest, and knew they were such boys they would never have kept away from her if they could have come to her. I knew they could not have gone into the water to swim at that season of the year, and another reason why I was led to think my brothers had not gone to the water was because I knew they were afraid of the water.

I went to the station to meet Mrs. Davis because we had become discouraged. There was also a very large crowd there to meet her. She told me what Mrs. York had said, and gave me directions how to proceed, the course to pursue with the boat. She went to the lake. I got into the boat. I remember that a Mr. Langdon Spooner was with me in this boat. Mrs. York said we must go a little north of west and not go so far from the shore. The water was so shallow where they were drowned, that I made the

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remark immediately after that if he, my brother William, had stood up straight he would not have been drowned, his head would have been above water. We followed Mrs. York's course nearer to the shore. I held the grappling-iron and in this direct course Mrs. York had indicated I grappled into the coat collar of my eldest brother a very short distance from shore. We brought the body to the land, and I did not go out again, but remained by the side of the body already found. Mr. Langdon Spooner, with a grappling iron at the end of a long pole, found the body of my brother Joshua almost immediately after, as Mrs. York said it would be found.

I think it is well to state in this connexion, so that no confusion may arise in the mind of any one reading this, that my mother has been married three times. Her first husband, who was my father, was Albe C. Hanscome. I have two sisters, both of whom are living. Her second husband, the father of the two boys who were drowned (and they were the only children by this marriage), was Wm. P. Mason. Her third and present husband is Joseph Critcherson.

CHARLES P. HANSCOME.

Witnesses to signature :—

EVA C. CLEMENT.

Natick, *May 5th*, 1891. ELEANOR F. CROSBY.

Natick, Mass., *May 27th*, 1891.

I am the stepfather of William and Joshua Mason. In confirmation of the clairvoyance of Mrs. York I would say, about one year and a half after the finding of my sons in a manner she described, Mrs. York came to my house unexpectedly. This was her first visit to the town of Natick, Mass. She said she had come to Natick wishing to visit the lake where the boys were drowned. I accompanied her. When we had arrived within a short distance of the lake, she requested me to fall back, saying she would show me the place where the bodies were found. I fell back. She went to the shore of the lake, going into what seemed to be a trance ; she picked up a stone and, with her back to the water, threw her arm over her head and the stone landed where they told me the bodies were found, her eyes being closed at the time.

This is to me a mystery.

JOSEPH CRITCHERSON.

Witnesses :—

MARY A. CRITCHERSON.

ARTHUR WATERS.

In March, 1864, I had a livery stable in Natick in company with Mr. Tyler Brooks. Mr. Critcherson and his family were acquaintances of mine. Mr. Charles Sherman, Mr. Brooks and myself, after the boys were found to be missing on Friday night, were more active than any one else in town, outside the family, in trying to discover the boys' whereabouts. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Brooks are now both dead. Although it happened so many years ago, I had so much to do with it I remember the particulars of our proceedings perfectly.

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When we began our work, none of us had the slightest idea as to where the boys were. I took one of my teams on both Saturday and Sunday and drove everywhere, where any one said it was possible they might be found. In these two days I drove miles. My partner, Mr. Brooks, and also Mr. Sherman did the same, but we none of us could get a clue to them.

On Monday morning I drove to Saxonville and got the cannon which was used for firing at the lake. After using this cannon I went to Boston on the eleven o'clock train for irons to drag with ; before this we had used some on the lake Monday morning that we had manufactured ourselves. I remember that Mrs. Davis was on this same train, and that she was going to Boston to consult with a clairvoyant. We both talked the matter over. Neither Mrs. Davis nor myself had any faith she would get any news of the boys in this way. I came out on the two o'clock train and went at once to the lake and we used the irons, but with no result. We all got tired out and gave up and went to the depôt to hear what Mrs. Davis would say. I remember what she told as being said by the clairvoyant. Mrs. Davis went to the lake, and the boys were found just where she said they would be found, as well as in the manner she had described, and as reported to us by Mrs. Davis.

One of my teams was at the lake, a wagon like an express wagon, and their bodies were taken to their home in it. I don't explain how this was done, the finding the boys. I only state the facts. We were about twenty minutes at the lake.

ANDREW I. CLARK.

Witnesses :—

MRS. CHARLOTTE A. CLARK.
MARIETTA RICE.

We have lived in Natick for forty-eight years.

We have never had any special acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Critcherson and family, though we have always known of them. We have known Mrs. Davis and her sister, Mrs. Catherine Everett Rice, and their families for thirty-five years or more.

We were living in Natick at the time of the disappearance of the boys and remember all that occurred at the time. No one knew where the boys were, and every effort to trace them had failed till after Mrs. Davis's return from Boston on Monday afternoon, when the boys were found where and as she said they would be found, through the mediumship of a Mrs. York of Boston.

I, G. A Colbath, was at the lake on Monday morning when the cannon was fired. No one would have ever gone to the lake to look for the boys again, had not Mrs. Davis returned from Boston, and told what the clairvoyant said. Some thought they might have gone to the lake, and others (this was the general belief) thought they had run away to enlist.

I, G. A. Colbath, was on my way to the post-office at night when an acquaintance met me and said, "The boys are found, and a medium has told where they were." The reason why it was not believed that they could be in the lake was because, on the shore, nothing belonging to them could be found. It is sure that the clairvoyant not only told where they were, but located the exact spot.

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It is our belief that the boys were found through the mediumship of Mrs. York. We neither of us believe in Spiritualism. We are Universalists.

G. ALBERT COLBATH.
HANNAH M. COLBATH.

Witnesses to these signatures :—

CHAS. H. TAYLOR.
DORA HAIR.

NOTE.—Mr. G. Albert Colbath is a brother of Vice-President Henry Wilson, who died in Washington, November 22nd, 1875. Hon. Henry Wilson changed his name from Jeremiah Jones Colbath to that of Henry Wilson by an Act of the New Hampshire Legislature, in 1833. Mrs Colbath was cousin to Mrs. Wilson.

E. F. CROSBY.

We were living in N. at the time of the disappearance of the Mason boys. We knew all the particulars of the case, although we had no part in it, and were not at the lake when the boys were found. We remember that there was great excitement in town Saturday morning, when it became widely known that the boys were missing, they having disappeared on Friday, the day before. We remember that every effort was made to find them, and that, as a last resort, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis went to Boston to consult a clairvoyant. We also remember that the boys were found almost immediately after Mrs. Davis's return from Boston on Monday afternoon, the men working as she directed, she having received her directions from the medium, Mrs. York.

Mrs. Davis is a personal friend of ours, we having known her for more than thirty years, and we have no hesitancy in saying that we believe that the medium, Mrs. York, whom she consulted, was the instrument through which the boys were found.

(Signed) SETH W. TIBBETTS.
MATILDA B. TIBBETTS.

Witnesses :—

RICHARD FOLEY.
NELLIE D. FOLEY.

Natick, Mass., *May 11th*, 1891.

I add a somewhat similar case; where, however, the percipient had a strong interest in the deceased; so that we may suppose it possible that influence was exerted by the mind of the dead child.

P. 178.

This case, which originally appeared in the newspapers in connection with the report of an inquest at Birmingham, was investigated by Mr. Martyn Smith, of Abberton Hall, Pershore, a Member of the S.P.R. He writes :—

April 26th, 1895.

I was in court and heard all the evidence, which was on oath, and to my mind seems to point directly to a case of thought-transference.

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[The following is the newspaper account of the inquest, sent by Mr. Martyn Smith.]

Another inquest had reference to the death of Rose Foster (13), 32 Court, 14 house, Camden-street, whose body was found in the canal at Spring Hill, the 19th inst. [*i.e.* April 19th, 1895.] The mother stated that her daughter was very nervous and frightened, especially at thunder and lightning. A little while ago she was told that she was suffering from an affection of the kidneys, which would put her life in danger unless she was very careful. She had been living with her aunt, but on Good Friday she came home of her own free will. On Wednesday she left the house suddenly, and was not seen alive by witness again. Several witnesses were called, who spoke to seeing deceased sheltering from the thunderstorm under the bridge, and Thomas Tarpler said he was in a boat on the canal near the bridge when the storm was at its height, and he heard a scream and a splash, but he did not see any one. Elizabeth Turton stated that on Wednesday she was going with the deceased over Spring Hill Bridge, when witness remarked to her, "Oh, that water!" Witness said this because about twelve months ago she fell into the water there. Deceased said, "I feel as if I could jump over there," (meaning the bridge). Witness upon this said to deceased, "Oh, you soon want to part with your life. I have not seen enough enjoyment yet." Foster answered, "You don't know what trouble I have had to go through." Mrs. Jeffrey, of the George Inn, Grove-lane, Smethwick, aunt of the deceased, said the girl had lived with her for some weeks. She was sulky, and witness told her she would have to go back home if she did not behave herself. Thereupon the girl left of her own accord. On Thursday the girl's brother came to tell her she was missing. That night witness dreamt that she was walking along the towing-path of the canal to her sister's house, and that while stirring the water with her umbrella she saw the face of her niece. Next morning she went to the scene, and found the police dragging underneath the bridge. She asked them to drag at the spot where in her dream she saw the face. They did so, and at once found the body. It was some distance from the bridge.

Mr. Martyn Smith also sends us the following notes of his interviews with Mrs. Jefferies, and with the Police Inspector who superintended the dragging of the canal :—

May 14*th*, 1895.

Mrs. Jefferies, of the George Inn, Grove Lane, Smethwick, says it was the Wednesday after Good Friday that her niece (Foster) was missing. On the following day her (Mrs. Jefferies') nephew, brother of the niece, called on his aunt, saying that he did not think she was alive, as some girls had told him his sister had said she would not speak to them again—meaning she would not see them—and he suspected she was drowned. The aunt said, "Oh, I should not take any notice of that, she'll turn up," or something to that effect. Mrs. J., however, continued to think about it (as her niece used to live with her), and the same night, Thursday, had a dream. She thought she was walking along the side of the canal at Spring Hill with an umbrella, which she let touch to ripple the water; when at a certain spot she saw the face of her niece appear above the surface twice, and the second time she caught it by the hair, lifted her out and clasped her to her breast and kissed

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her. She woke up after the dream much terrified. She told it to her servant and may have told it to others.

The next morning (Friday) she heard that the police were dragging the canal and went—she had not been near the spot for 5 or 6 years before—and spoke to the sergeant, told him of her dream, and asked if he would try the drag at the place she had seen the face in her dream. They did so. The face of the girl appeared above the water just as she had seen it (in sleep); it sank again, and the second time the face appeared in the same position, and the brother leaped into the water and clasped the body to his breast and kissed the face as the aunt had dreamt she herself had done.

Mrs. Jefferies says that previous to anything unusual happening to her or her connexions she has some "warning" by dreams. She is sister to the mother of the drowned girl. She did not know before her dream that the canal would be dragged, nor had she received any intimation about it.

Birmingham, *May 7th*, 1895.

Acting-Inspector Whittingham was told off in charge of two minor officers to drag the canal near to the spot where the girl had been last seen. While there he was accosted by the aunt, who stood by the canal side and appeared to take great interest in what was going on, and she asked him whether she might tell him a dream that she had had the previous night. Thereupon she explained that in her dream she had a clear view of the dying girl, but some distance from the spot where they were then dragging—about 55 to 60 yards. The inspector suggested that the men should go to the other spot, and recommenced the dragging, and they came across the body at the point indicated, the fourth or fifth time of putting in the drag.

MARTYN SMITH.

These experiences, however,—call them what you will, travelling clairvoyance or cosmopathic impressibility,—are not evoked by deaths alone. The case of the Venus of Milo has already suggested that there may be something like short excursions in which some fact near in place or in interest is learnt. Sometimes these impressions take the form of dreams, in which case there is generally some admixture of fantastic detail. Sometimes a new belief or mental picture seems to survive from sleep; sometimes the fact is given through automatic writing, or through crystal-vision.

In all cases the possibility of *hyperæsthesia* has to be considered; but, postponing for the moment that discussion, I will here compare six cases, (one of them previously published) which will give an idea of this apparent diffusion of knowledge without any very obvious telepathic channel. In all of these, however, a somewhat indirect telepathy may be plausibly conjectured.

The cases concern a stolen linch-pin and a stolen horse, and a lost dog, book, watch, and ship. In the case of the *stolen linch-pin* the dreamer seems to have received an obscure notion of a mischievous trick which had been played on a neighbour, before or during the dream.

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P. 131.

From Commander F. M. Norman, R.N., J.P. of Berwick.

Cheviot House, Berwick-on-Tweed, *February 19th*, 1890.

On February 17th, 1890, I dreamed that I was driving, or being driven, along the road near my house in an open cart with one horse. A man whom I saw passing called out loudly, "Look out, look out, take care!" On looking over the side of the cart, I saw the wheel had come off, apparently owing to the loss of the linch-pin, and was rolling away by itself towards the bank. The cart did not overturn, and I then awoke and got up.

After breakfast I opened my gate for the purpose of going to town. The first person whom I saw was a farmer, well known to me, by name Anderson. He immediately complained to me that as soon as he went out of his house that morning he observed one of the linch-pins of his cart lying on the ground, the cart itself having been driven off by his son, who was evidently ignorant of his danger. Anderson had run after the cart, and had succeeded in restoring the linch-pin to its place without any accident having happened, though the cart had travelled more than a mile.

I may add that he said that it had been done, he felt sure, on purpose, by a man who owed him a grudge.

F. M. NORMAN.

In a subsequent letter our informant adds:—

March 6th, 1890.

After I dreamed, I woke. I woke just as I saw the wheel rolling away. Then I went to sleep again, and woke at the usual time for getting up. I am not able to fix the hour of the dream.

I cannot give or suggest any connecting link at all. I had not spoken to the farmer for many days before, and nothing beyond "Good morning" for weeks, and certainly I had not been reading or talking about anything that would lead up to the dream.

It is notable that the cart of my dream in which I was standing up was a one-horse farm cart. In such a cart I had never set foot since I came to this place 13 years ago.

I spoke to *no one* about my dream till I met the farmer, who was the first person whom I met, just outside my gate, and he at once accosted me with, "Captain, did you ever lose your helm at sea?" Not seeing exactly his drift, I asked him why, or what he meant, and then he told me where he had been, and what for.

The farmer was not a man who would be likely to come to me for help or advice. His *son* was in my Bible-class for years, and I used to call now and then to see the parents, but that is all. *Not* the son in the cart. At the same time, also, the farmer would, no doubt, often *think* of me, and so would his family, as I take a prominent part in public affairs here.

My dreams are few and far between, and are *nearly always* about the sea and early recollections.

If I eat anything that causes "nightmare" it takes the form of "dodging" shells in the trenches before Sevastopol, where I served.

I don't dream of Berwick, its people, or surroundings, more than once in three years.

Captain Norman writes again on March 10th, 1890:—

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Herewith I have pleasure in sending you "statements" by the Anderson family. You will observe that Margaret's dream arrests attention in two particulars. (1) That she dreamed about me on the night before the cart was taken out. (2) That she dreamed about the child of the man whom her father suspected. I may say that when I met her father outside my gate, he mentioned Z. as the suspected person; but in my account to you, I believe I purposely suppressed the name.

Anderson declares that *I* have not been mentioned inside his house for a long time before the occurrence.

F. M. NORMAN.

[Margaret Anderson's dream omitted as not clearly coincidental.]

Statement by Mr. Anderson, Farmer, High Greens, Berwick-on-Tweed :—

Between nine and ten on the morning of Tuesday, February 18th, 1890, I went out into my yard, and I at once observed a linch-pin lying in a corner close to the place where my cart usually stands. It immediately struck me that some one who owed me a grudge had taken the pin out of the axle before my cart had been driven off to my meadow by my son. I lost no time in pursuing the cart, which I caught up just beyond Captain Norman's gate. Fortunately, no accident had happened, and my son was not aware that anything was wrong. I gave him the pin and he replaced it. Directly afterwards Captain Norman came out of his gate, and on my telling him the nature of my errand he said that he had dreamed during the past night that he was driving in a cart along the road, and one wheel rolled off for want of a linch-pin.

MICHAEL ANDERSON.

Statement by Peter, son of the above :—

About 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday, February 18th, 1890, I harnessed my father's horse to the farm cart, and drove past Captain Norman's house in the direction of our meadows. Just after I had passed Captain Norman's gate I heard some one shouting after me. On looking round I saw my father, who ran up and produced our linch-pin, which he said some one had taken out before I started, but I had noticed nothing wrong, and the wheel was in its place. I replaced the pin and proceeded.

PETER ANDERSON.

Witness to the above two signatures :— MARGARET ANDERSON.

Since Commander Norman was a Justice of the Peace, and well known in the neighbourhood, it is perhaps just possible that the thoughts of the offender may have "flown to" the magistrate who would be likely to punish his malice, if detected.

The case of the *stolen horse* (L. 841, printed in *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 399) resembles the linch-pin case, but the dream is much more vivid and urgent. The emotion and perspiration during sleep suggest that the dreamer seemed to himself to be actually witnessing the theft with a sense of ineffectual rage and distress.

The case of the lost dog involves the apparent discernment of a fairly continuous scene. Telepathy from the maid-servant alone could

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scarcely account for the whole vision; but we may, perhaps, conjecture that the mind of the finder of the dog was also in some way involved.

L. 969.

The following account was received, in 1893, from Miss C. H. Grange, 34, Old Broad-street, E.C.

"I was staying with friends in one of the Eastern Counties. Shortly after I had come, my friend, Mrs. B., wrote to her sister in the North, asking her to send off by train the colley dog which was only waiting at the old home until his mistress was ready to receive him. We were all anxious to welcome 'Barrie,' who was an old friend, and accordingly were exceedingly pleased when a letter arrived, saying that he had been duly despatched by express train. This letter arrived on a Monday morning, and the writer added, 'The station-master here tells me that "Barrie" should reach ——— on Monday morning, or possibly even on Sunday, if not delayed in London.'

"One o'clock came, and with it the sad intelligence that as yet nothing had been heard of our colley. At intervals during that afternoon and evening one or other of us might have been seen on the platform, interviewing porters as to the probable cause of the delay experienced by 'Barrie' on his journey.

"Tuesday's letter bag contained a letter saying, 'To-day I have had a telegram from the station-master at York, saying that on Saturday afternoon "Barrie" slipped his collar and disappeared.'

"The days passed by, and we never failed to include the station in our daily walk, always with the same question on our lips 'Any news of Mrs. B's dog?' but a favourable reply never came.

"[On Friday of the same week] we arranged to visit Cambridge, and to spend several hours in that most interesting town. On the return journey, being very tired, most complete was the silence which fell upon us. As far as I can remember, no one had mentioned 'Barrie's' name since the usual inquiry had been made in the morning, and indeed, as a week had now elapsed since his loss, we were beginning [to give up the hope of recovering him].

"Like all the rest, I was in a semi-sleeping condition. I do not say asleep, for then what follows would be a dream, and certainly it was scarcely that—no, merely in a tired condition of mind and body, I felt that peculiar sensation which I am sure has been felt by many, that is, that though sufficiently awake to know what is going on around, still your real mind seems to be far away and almost separate from your surroundings. It seemed to me that I was walking down a road, and before me I could see quite plainly the colley dog of which we had spoken and thought so much, being led by a man who held him with a rope. I followed him with interest until he was taken up to a door which I saw opened, and the flood of light from within showed me the well-known figure of Mrs. B.'s maid-servant. It all appeared to me so vivid that I suddenly started up and said to Mrs. B., 'Edith, "Barrie" is found!' Every one was taken aback by the suddenness of this statement, and Mrs. B. laughingly said, 'Nonsense! how can you possibly know, and why raise false hopes in my mind?' I then, quite awake and

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looking most intently at her, replied, 'Yes, he is found, and when we arrive at —— Station the first thing to happen will be that a porter will come up and say, "Mrs. B., your dog is found."' Then I went on describing the scene of which I had just imagined myself to be a witness, saying, 'Ah, there I see him going down the road. Now the maid is opening the door.' Here there was a universal laugh, and at last I joined in it, whereat all visions vanished. Still I maintained my opinion that the colley was safe in ——, and when Dr. B. remarked that if all happened as I had said, I should have a pair of gloves, I agreed, and promised him a pair if 'Barrie' should prove still to be missing.

"In about forty minutes after this the train drew up at ——, and Dr. B. opened the door and stepped out. Just as he was giving his hand to Edith, a porter came up to her and said, 'Mrs. B., your dog is found.' She exclaimed, 'Where is he?' The man replied by whistling to a fellow porter, who brought the dog from the other end of the platform, and 'Barrie' was soon overwhelming his mistress with rather boisterous caresses. On our way home, Dr. B. remarked that I was only entitled to *one* glove, as the scene I had so graphically described of the dog being led down the road, was a myth. But on our arrival at the house, our first greeting from the maid was, 'Oh, it really is your dog, Mrs. B.? I would not take him in when the porter brought him about three-quarters of an hour ago.'

"I was paid the bet.

"C. H. GRANGE."

Miss Grange tells us that the incident occurred in April, 1884, and that the above account was written some weeks later, on her return home from visiting Mrs. B.

Dr. and Mrs. B. added to the account a corroborative note, signed by both of them, to the following effect:—

"Without accepting any psychical theory whatever as bearing upon the subject, we can state that the above-mentioned facts have been to the best of our recollection quite correctly recorded."

This note was written in May, 1893.

A letter from Mrs. B. to Miss Grange, enclosing it, says:—"I remember about it, and what I forget Dr. B. says he remembers, and *vice versa*, so we can with a clear conscience sign it for you."

The case of the *lost book* continues and corroborates a previous series of similar experiences on the part of the same informant (see *Proceedings*, Vol. IX., chapter on Motor Automatism).

P. 201. Statement by Lady Vane:—

Hutton in the Forest, *April 8th*, 1894.

About a month ago I lost a book, a manuscript one, relating to this house. I thought I had left it in my writing-table in my sitting-room, and intended to add a note about some alterations just completed—but next day the book had vanished. I looked through every drawer and cupboard in my room and then asked Sir Henry to do the same, which he did twice. I also made the head housemaid turn everything out of them and helped her to do so—so that four thorough searches were made; but in vain. We also looked

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in the gallery and library (the only other rooms to which the book had been taken) and could not find it. On March 28th I asked Lady Mabel Howard to write about it. She wrote, "It is in the locked cupboard in the bookcase—hidden behind the books."

I said, "Then it *must* be in the library, because the bookcases are locked," and Lady Mabel wrote, "Not in the library." I said, "Then it must be in the ante-room in the cupboard," and asked if *I* should find it. Lady Mabel wrote, "No, send Sir Henry." I asked, "Will he find it?" and she wrote, "Of course."

Still thinking it could only be the ante-room or the library—on account of the locked cupboard and bookcase, I asked, "Which end of the room?"

Lady Mabel wrote, "The tapestry end." I asked, "Is it on the window side of the room or on the other?" and she wrote, "The other." A friend staying in the house looked in the bookcases in the library at the tapestry end, and in the cupboard in the ante-room (I had met with an accident and could not go myself) and could not find the book, so we gave it up.

On April 5th Sir Henry was in my sitting-room and suddenly said, "I have an idea! Lady Mabel meant *this* room. There is the bookcase and the locked cupboard in it—and the wall outside the door is covered with tapestry." I said, "You *have* looked in that cupboard twice, and so have I and the housemaid, and the book is not there—but look again if you like." Sir Henry unlocked the door of the cupboard and took out all the books (there were not more than half-a-dozen) and put them on the floor. The last he put back into the cupboard was a scrap-book for newspaper cuttings, and as it was rather dark at 6.30 p.m. he could not see the name on the back and therefore opened it to see what it was, and the lost manuscript book fell out.

Having searched this very small cupboard four times previously, either of us would have been ready to swear that this book was not in it.

(Signed) MARGARET VANE.
HENRY VANE.

Writing to Mr. Myers about this case on April 10th, from Greystoke Castle, Penrith, Lady Mabel Howard says :—

The day I got your letter I got a special letter sent over from Hutton to say my pencil had found a valuable book that Lady Vane had lost. We therefore walked over there on Sunday and I asked her to write it out. It is so very curious, quite the best thing I think the pencil ever has done—as it said, "in the cupboard *in* the bookcase," and they couldn't think where it meant—a cupboard *in* a bookcase—and this little cupboard is a cupboard in the middle let into glass bookcases on either side. I had no idea of the cupboards or tapestries there, and the pencil wrote all this in the sandwich paper at luncheon on the Point-to-Point race course."

So curious, too, the pencil said, "Send Sir Henry," twice. It was the merest chance finding it, as it fell out of this scrapbook, and was hidden behind the other books.

In another letter, dated April 14th, Lady Mabel Howard writes :—

I saw Lady Vane on February 24th when the book had not been lost. I did not see her again till Easter Monday. The moment I got upstairs she exclaimed, "I want you to find a book for me that is lost." No pencil nor

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paper was forthcoming, so she said, "Never mind, write when you get home," but I forgot, and it was two days after at the Point-to-Point race that she asked me again, and we wrote it in the paper the sandwiches had been in.

I was abroad all this March and it was then that there were repairs being done in the house, and Lady Vane took the book down from where she kept it (I don't know where) and having entered the repairs into it, put it down, and from that moment it was never seen again. I must have been at Florence when the book was lost.

MABEL HOWARD.

Are we to describe this as a knowledge of past, of present, or of future? Or may we say that a telæsthetic perception of this kind is not strictly conditioned by time, but includes some retrogressive knowledge as to how things reached their present condition, and also some pregressive inference as to their coming development? The element of forecast in the present case,—the indication that it would be Sir Henry Vane who would find the book,—is in itself very slight; but it cannot be ignored when we compare other messages of Lady Mabel Howard's. See, for instance, the messages to Mr. Huth, Vol. IX., p. 46, where the element of precognition was strongly marked. In this present case, the whereabouts of the book can hardly have been supraliminally known to any human being; since the workman or servant whose hands may have slipped it into the larger book was probably unaware of what it was, or even of his own unthinking action itself. If, however, it were Sir Henry or Lady Vane who unthinkingly placed the small book in the larger one—and this does not seem quite impossible—Lady Mabel's knowledge might have been drawn telepathically from their subliminal memory.

In the case of the *lost watch*, to be next quoted, it might similarly be suggested that the loser's subliminal self had seen the watch fall, and afterwards communicated that knowledge telepathically to his sleeping friend. The analogy of other cases, however, would seem rather to point to an excursion or extension of the dreamer's perception, so as to include the field where the watch was found.

P. 176. J. L. SQUIRES.

PROF. JAMES,—DEAR SIR,—I am informed that you are at the head of the Boston Branch of the English Society of Psychical Research, and beg to call your attention to a singular incident which took place near here some time ago, and which has never been chronicled. It is, in brief, as follows:—

A young man of this place, J. L. Squires by name, was at work on the farm of T. L. Johnson, with another young man, Wesley Davis, who was one day far from the buildings mending fence around a large pasture. Squires was not with him, nor had he ever been far into the pasture. At some time during the day Davis lost his watch and chain from the vest pocket, and although

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he searched diligently, could not find it, as he had no idea as to the probable locality of the watch. Although only a silver watch, Davis worked for a living and could hardly afford its loss.

In his sympathy for his friend, Squires could not keep his mind off the watch, and after two or three days thinking of it, went to bed one night still thinking of it. During the night he had a dream, or vision, as we may call it, and saw the watch lying on the ground with the chain coiled in a peculiar position: rocks, trees and all the surroundings were perfectly plain to him. Telling his story at the breakfast table, he was, of course, well laughed at, but being so convinced that he could go straight to the watch, he saddled a horse and found it exactly as he expected to.

All the parties concerned are wholly honest and reliable. I will have a detailed statement sworn to if you would like it.

JOHN E. GALE, Guilford, Vermont.

In the month of March, 1887, I, Jesse L. Squires, of Guilford, in the county of Windham, and State of Vermont, being then in the twenty-third year of my age, began working for T. L. Johnson, a farmer living in the town aforesaid.

In the month of September following—the exact day of the month I do not remember—I was about one mile from the farm buildings with a young man named Wesley Davis, with whom I had for several years been acquainted, and who had been working with me at said Johnson's for several months, looking after some cattle that had strayed from a pasture. The cattle, eighteen or twenty head, were found in a large mow lot, and seeing us, started to run away in a direction opposite to that in which we wished to drive them. In order to head off the cattle and turn them back, Davis ran one way and I the other, and while running Davis lost his watch and chain from his vest pocket, but did not discover his loss until eight or nine o'clock that night, when it was, of course, too late to search for it. Believing that he must have lost the watch while engaged in getting the cattle back into the pasture, Davis and myself returned to the place the next morning and looked for the watch all the forenoon. Not having any idea of the probable locality in which the watch was lost, and not being at all certain that it was lost while after the cattle, we did not succeed in finding it, although we searched for it until twelve o'clock. The watch was one that Davis had had for some time, and he was much attached to it, and felt very badly about his loss. He worked hard for his living, and could not afford to lose the watch, for which he had paid twenty-five dollars. I felt sorry for him, and thought about the watch continually all the afternoon after we returned from looking for it, and was still thinking of it when I went to sleep that night.

During my sleep, at what hour I could not tell, I saw the watch as it lay upon the ground in the mow lot, over a mile away. It was in the tall grass, at least ten inches high. The face of the watch was turned up, and the small steel chain which was attached to it, lay in a curve like a half circle. About three feet from the watch was a large spot where the grass had been crushed and matted by a creature lying down; about ten rods to the north was a brush fence; about ten or twelve feet to the eastward of the watch was a granite cobble stone one or two feet in diameter, which lay about half

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out of the ground. When I awoke the next morning, which was Sunday, I felt as certain that I could go straight to the watch as if I had really seen it, and told Davis so, and tried to have him go out and get it. He had no faith in my "vision," "dream," or whatever it may be called, and would not go. In spite of the jests and laughter of the entire family, I saddled a horse and went directly to the watch, which I found with all its surroundings exactly as I had seen it. I was not nearer than forty rods to Davis when the watch was lost, as I ascertained after it was found.

The watch had run down and stopped, the hands pointing to 9.40 o'clock, which I also noted in my dream.

J. L. SQUIRES.

Guilford, Vermont, *March 4th*, 1892.

I hereby certify that I have known the above J. L. Squires for over twenty years, and that I know him to be strictly temperate, honest, and truthful. He has always been in the best of health. He tells me that he has recently had an experience similar to the above, which I will send you, if you wish.

If the above is ever put in type, please tell me where I can get a copy.

JOHN E. GALE, Justice of the Peace.

The narrative, which next follows, of the lost ship,—the finding of the Carnatic,—originally published in *Harper's Magazine*, without Capt. Sargent's corroboration, has been greatly increased in evidential value by that added testimony. Here, again, there seems a confusion or coalescence of *times*, and a telepathy verging upon telæsthesia. If the central psychical fact was the appeal of Morton for help, yet the series of scenes cognised seems to have involved the ship's striking upon a rock some hours before, and a representation of the landscape of the disaster.

P. 175.

Lowell, Mass.,
October 18th, 1890.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ., Boston.

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your favour of the 17th, I send you a copy of *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1880, with the article marked in "Editor's Drawer." The episode there related is probably the basis of the erroneous report which has drifted so strangely to you. The matter as written in *Harper* is not embellished nor exaggerated in the least. I can vouch for the absolute truth of the narrative.

GEORGE A. HANSCOM.

From *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1880.

The following statement of singular facts, recalled by a recent article in this magazine, is contributed by Mr. George A. Hanscom, of Lowell, Massachusetts.

The reading of the "Puzzle for Metaphysicians" in the June number of your monthly, recalls to the writer the most remarkable occurrence of like

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nature which a nautical experience of twenty years afforded. This is another of those experiences which go to prove the occasional thinness of the curtain which limits the natural vision of mortals.

In 1869 I was in Suez, in command of the British steamship Neæra, belonging to the Bombay and Bengal Steamship Company—a company owning a line of steamers born of the necessities of the manufacturing world, when the supply of American cotton was so largely cut off by the War of the Rebellion. The line was under the management of William F. Stearns, now deceased, son of the late Professor Stearns, of Amherst College, a man who, going to India penniless, developed qualities which enabled him to rise on the flood tide of prosperity to a colossal fortune and high social position, but, as it proved, only to see his riches float out on the receding tide, and leave his family but poorly provided for at his untimely death.

The Neæra was lying in Suez-roads, the canal being not yet open, awaiting passengers, etc., before sailing on her return voyage to Bombay. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship Carnatic was also about ready to sail for the same port, and only waiting mails and passengers. It happened that the passengers for the two steamers came across the Isthmus together, and that two old friends and school-mates met, the one to join the Neæra, the other the Carnatic. A day was spent by the friends, who unexpectedly met on the Egyptian desert, in recounting their experience since they last parted, and naturally enough there was a good deal of badinage between them as to the comparative merits of the two steamers, and as to which should first land on the "coral strand," upon which these "griffins" were to be initiated into their duties in the "Civil Service," to which they had been newly appointed.

The Carnatic was the first to be ready, and sailed from Suez in the morning; the Neæra left early in the evening, some ten or twelve hours after the mail steamer. The night was fine, and at breakfast time we had passed Shaduan Island, were out of the Gulf of Suez, and into the Red Sea proper. Breakfast was served on deck, under double awnings of heavy canvas. The young gentleman who had left his friend the day before seemed somewhat depressed in spirits, and during breakfast said rather anxiously, "Captain, at what time did we stop last night?"

"Stop! we have not stopped since leaving," was the reply.

"Not even to take soundings?"

"No, the engines have not been eased since leaving port."

The young man seemed much surprised, and finally said that he had a most vivid and remarkable dream during the night, and this he proceeded to relate in substance as follows:—

"In my dream it appeared to me that the steamer was stopped during the night, and that I went on deck to ascertain the cause. I saw a boat pulling off from an island to intercept us, and a lantern was waved to arrest our attention. As the boat came nearer I saw my friend Morton standing in the stern. As he came up the gangway ladder I said, 'For God's sake, Morton, what brings you here?' I never saw him plainer, nor heard his voice more distinctly than when he said, 'The Carnatic has struck a rock and gone down; the passengers and crew are on an island close by, all safe, and we

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want your ship to take them on board.' I dreamed that our ship stopped until other boats came off with the remainder of the people, and we then proceeded."

The narration of the dream made a profound impression upon the passengers, but the captain, as in duty bound, laughed it off. The young man proved a jolly sort of fellow, but was called "the dreamer" during the rest of the voyage.

On arrival at Aden five days later, before our anchor was down, we were hailed by a boat which had been despatched from the Peninsular and Oriental office, and asked if we had any news of the Carnatic, that ship being a day overdue. We had no news to give; but our "dreamer" quietly remarked to me, "You may find that there is more to my dream than you suppose."

A few hours completed our coaling, and we were off again for Bombay. On arrival at that port we heard the news of the loss of the Carnatic, and the circumstances were just as narrated to us two weeks before. The ship struck on a rock near Shaduan Island some twelve hours after leaving Suez. The passengers and crew were landed on the island; the steamer subsequently slid off the rock and went down in deep water. During the night a steamer's light were seen by the shipwrecked crew, and a boat was sent out to intercept her. Our "dreamer's" friend, Morton, went in the first boat; the remainder of the people were subsequently taken on board, and the rescuing steamer, not the Neæra, rescued the party. The "dreamer" told the story as well as it could be told to-day.

It seems probable that our "dreamer's" vision was shown him at the very moment the ship-wrecked people were embarking upon the steamer which came to their aid, and that the Neæra was not ten miles from the scene at the time.

It may be stated in conclusion, to show the perfection to which the postal system of the world has arrived, that the only letter addressed to the writer which ever failed to reached him in all his twenty years' wanderings, went down in the Carnatic.

Lowell, Mass., *May 2nd*, 1893.

R. Hodgson, LL.D.,—Dear Sir,—Replying to your favour of the 28th ult., I *think* I wrote you long ago that I cannot now tell the whereabouts of Morton. It was more than twenty years—nearly twenty-five years ago, and I have long ago largely lost touch with both England and British India. If, however, the matter should be published, with an intimation that you would like to hear from him, he will come to the front – certainly so if published in the English and Indian branches of the Society,—if he is still alive. "The power of the press" is far-reaching. I can, however, give you one important witness in the person of Captain R. W. Sargent, 708, Pine-street, Philadelphia. Sargent was chief officer of the "Neæra" and knew all the circumstances at first hand. He, Sargent, now occupies an important position in the Cramp Steamshipbuilding Company, having recently left the sea after many years in the American Steamship Line, by whom he was deputed last year for a trip on the Russian Relief Service. I cannot think of any other whose present address I can give. Possibly he can.

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The matter published in *Harper* was, however, written without embellishment when the case was fresh in mind, and may be relied upon.

GEO. A. HANSCOM.

1358, Hanover-street, Philadelphia, Pa.,
November 10*th*, 1893.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—Captain George Hanscom wrote me about the matter, and a year ago, February last, I talked the "Carnatic" incident over with him at his home in Lowell, Mass. He read the article from *Harper's* for August, 1880, to me, and asked me if in my memory he had stated the case as it was. As well as I can remember, the statement is absolutely true, but he has not gone into the details as much as he might have done, had he taken a more active interest in psychology.

I was second officer with him at the time, and thrown more in contact with the young man. As I got older I became very much interested in these subjects and probably have told the story hundreds of times to saloon passengers in steamships I have commanded, as it is to me one of the clearest cases on record of something leaving a man and coming back to him.

I cannot agree with Captain Hanscom as to the young man saying it was a "dream." He insisted he *saw* it all, he resented it being considered a "dream."

I do not remember the names of either of the young men, and have not heard of either of them since.

The young men were going out to enter the telegraph service, and the party divided, as a part of them wished a day longer in Egypt. The young man on the Neæra, as well as we could find out, never saw the Carnatic. Yet he described her to us quite as well as if he had been on board.

He had never been down the Gulf of Suez; probably Captain Hanscom forgot this. In my presence he asked him to describe the place where the ship struck and where the passengers were, with the general look of the land, which he did. When we were alone, Captain Hanscom, who was very much impressed with the story, said to me, "Mr. Sargent, where did the ship strike, what place did the people land, and what was the high land he saw in the distance?" I replied, "The ship struck near Usshreifi Reef, the boat landed on the Island of Jubal, and the land on the right hand was Shaduan, and on the left Ros Mohamed." He answered, "That is what I make it."

After twenty-four years this case, in its main points, is fresh in my memory. I wish I could help you to trace the young men, but I cannot.

To me this one case has proved that some men have a dual personality. I, of course, have heard of others, but I was shipmates with this one, and it has settled the fact for me that there is something in man superior to matter.

R. W. SARGENT.

I will close this group of retrocognitive cases with a possible, but obscure, telepathic basis by a curious incident where the retrocognised fact, although in one sense extremely accurate, was

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so presented as to be wholly misleading; and in a way in which no assignable intelligence (unless it were a forgetful dream of the deceased debtor's or of the satisfied creditor's) would have been likely to have presented it.

P. 170. Law Offices of H. and P.,
New Orleans, *January 8th*, 1894.

My Dear Sir,—In May, 1889, I had purchased the residence property where I now live, and of course had looked into the title, as to conveyances and liens. This work was concluded, when one night I dreamed this dream.

I was walking through the business part of the city, and met our sheriff, who said, "I am going to sell that house and lot, corner of 2nd and Chestnut-streets, for the claim of R. M—— v. J. C——, for 446.50dols." I was annoyed, of course, thinking that there might have been some mistake in the search for judgment liens—and then I woke up.

J. C—— had been a former owner. On my way down to my office next morning I stopped to see his son, W. C——,—his successor in business,—and as a kind of joke, told him my dream. As I told him his face lengthened visibly, and without saying anything, he went to his ledger and after looking at it said, "You made a slight mistake in figures—it was 444.50dols."—and then, with a sort of awe, continued, "But with the interest, figured here in pencil, it was just 446.50dols." I should add that J. C—— had been embarrassed before his death, but had settled up his debts, so I had no trouble. Now, had the claim been sued on, the sheriff and lien part of my dream had no truth, but the debt and amount were precise. I knew R. M—— very well, but never associated him in any way with J. C——, nor had the slightest reason, that I can recall, to suspect that C—— had ever had any dealings with M——, C—— being "in cotton" and M—— "in sugar."

W. W. Howe.

Professor William James,
Cambridge, Mass.

No. 54, Union-street, New Orleans,
March 14th, 1894.

Professor William James,—Dear Sir,—Your favour of the 10th inst. is at hand, and in reply:—The occurrence referred to was certainly quite startling and it was about as follows:—

The heirs of my father, deceased, had sold a property here to Judge W. W. H——, and some time after the sale had been passed and completed and purchase price paid, Judge H—— called at our office one morning and said that he had had a dream (probably the night before) which had annoyed him a little, although he was not disposed to attach any importance to it, but simply to satisfy a not-understood desire to do so, he had come around to mention it to me, and it was this:—

That his dream was, that, notwithstanding his careful research of the title of the property and that all encumbrances found had been removed, there had been presented to him for payment a judgment obtained by Mr.

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R. M—— for an amount which he specified in dollars and cents. I remarked to him that it was very remarkable indeed that that amount would vary very little from what a liability would have been to Mr. M—— had it not been paid, and had drawn interest to that date. I referred to data and computed the interest and was, as said before, quite startled to find that there was no difference between the figures mentioned by him and what I found the liability to Mr. M—— would have been, had it not been paid off. I regret very much that I did not make memorandum of this amount and the date, so that it might have been given you explicitly and definitely, but did not, and without knowing the date, I cannot give even approximately the amount mentioned.

I told the Judge, however, that there was an inaccuracy in the dream, and that was that Mr. M——'s claim had never gone to judgment, nor had there been any legal contention or contest about it; but that it was a liability that had been settled in the regular course of business at the proper time.

WM. H. CHAFFE.

I must here leave for the present the study of knowledge of things past or present received by telæsthesia or by obscure telepathy,—supernormal knowledge whose origin is not clearly traceable to any definite external intelligence;—and must pass on to the much commoner type of messages, where knowledge of past or present (we are not yet dealing with things future) is claimed to proceed from some more or less definite disembodied intelligence. The cases which we have already studied form an extension of the scope of a man's own personal memory or observation; those on which we now enter form an extension of the scope of the things which he hears and reads,—and from which he combines by selection and inference his main knowledge of the Past.

My reader already knows how confused and contradictory these *soi-disant* spirit messages generally are. For the most part, as I have often urged, they may well be no more than externalised dreams, whose source is wholly within the automatist's own intelligence.

This view I must now supplement by an endeavour to show that even if we suppose these messages to come from outside ourselves (as I hold that some of them certainly do), we need still feel no surprise at their generally unsatisfactory character. Even on that hypothesis they are, I think, very much what the analogies of earthly life would lead us to expect.

Suppose that the whole mass of statements, or signs of assent or denial, which are presented to any man during a day of common life were simply written out continuously, with no indication of their source beyond what their content supplies, we should then have a jumble much like that which automatic messages present. Let us try to compare the two scenes; somewhat widening our ordinary categories

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so as to allow for the unknown conditions of the world from whence these messages are alleged to come.

In the course of a day, then, I hear various direct statements from living persons, who speak as they believe at the moment, and whom I can question on what they say. I also read many written statements, whose writers I cannot question; these statements representing what their writers believed at a given moment in the past. The first of these classes I may call *direct* statements; the second, *exuvial*. They are exuvial inasmuch as they represent a past state of the generating intelligence, as a snake's skin or a lobster's shell represents a past conformation of the animal's organism. The need of this general term to comprehend all statements *detached* from their authors,—no longer supported by a life behind them which can hear and answer questions,—will presently appear. And, thirdly, I both hear and read many statements which neither now represent, nor ever represented, any independent belief or truth. Such statements I may call *parasitic*, since they are merely based upon some other mind's belief, or upon my own belief which they reflect to me, perhaps with no wish to deceive. Thus a child assents to any story which I tell him,—his object being not to controvert but to understand;—a dog shows sympathy with any emotion which I choose to express;—its impulse being merely to attain companionship with a mind above its own. Nay, my own dreams also are parasitic upon my waking day. They represent the best which some fragment of my mind can effect;—a petty whirlwind that lifts the chaff from the floor of my mental granary.

Now my point is that whereas when we believe ourselves to be dealing with an unseen world we desire, and instinctively expect, that all messages which come to us shall be *direct*, the probability nevertheless is that they will mainly be *exuvial* or *parasitic*.

If even the material world is so full as we find it of the exuviæ of past thoughts and emotions,—although such thoughts must be written on paper, or spoken into phonographs, if the vibrations of brain or larynx are not to wander irrecoverably away; much more may a supersensory, a telepathic world accumulate the mental exuviæ which may form, so to say, the environment in which its new life proceeds. What is likely to be there imaged and treasured, if not the Past of Souls? Some such images may be fleeting as shadows, some persistent as the imagined vortices of ether, or some may last a little longer than others, as in a room filled with smokers some smoke-rings float for a few moments still discernible in the heavy air.

What if the haunting ghost be such a smoke-ring among the disintegrated images of other occupants of the house? What if some isolated passionate statement, like that professing to come from the Leicester murderess, (*Proceedings*, Vol. IX., p. 99), should represent

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the impress of some intense memory,—a record which still in some sense coheres independently, and meets the sensitive's receptive power, much as a particle of organic débris floats within the tentacles of a sea-anemone?

This, then, may come, and nothing beyond it; one message may be given with ease and force; after which there will be only silence, or a confused parasitic rehandling of the facts already given.

And this brings me to my second category of subordinate and untrustworthy communications,—those which in the actual world I have called *parasitic*.

The causes which lead to such communications on earth seem likely to be even more prevalent in a transcendental world. On this earth the mere differences of bodily organisation which deprive the lower animals of the power of speech prevent our direct contact with minds much below our own. In a world, on the other hand, where thought is directly communicated, it may well be that minds somewhat on the level of the dog or the monkey may come into a closer relation than here with the mind of man. And since the actual language in which automatic messages are conveyed is almost always derived from our own brains, there seems no security against our confusing messages inspired by these lower intelligences with messages veritably coming from our departed friends. Such messages may show the wish to please of the friendly dog, or the wish to tease of the mischievous monkey. Possibly they may be mere attempts to understand, to get into communication with our human minds. Whatever the temper which inspires them, they will be mere reflections or distortions of what we already know. Or again, just as I have elsewhere urged with regard to apparitions, so may these written messages also represent the *dreams* of the dead. They may, that is to say, be as partial and parasitic a product of a discarnate mind as our dreams are of minds still incarnate. We have no right to assume that we are meeting the full ray of the unseen intelligence,—an intelligence which may be even more liable to dispersion than is our own, and in traversing some obscure medium to reach us may leave much of its light behind. There is yet one more supposition which some of the feebler manifestations suggest. There may be an intelligence which is impermanent and almost impersonal, which is in some way generated from the mere comflux of several incarnate minds bent in the same direction, or possibly is even parasitic upon a single human intelligence, like the dream which falls as a transient entity upon the sleeping mind of a Homeric hero.

I have dwelt at length on all the possible sources of error in retrocognitive messages, because it seems to me important both to recognise their existence to the full, and also to perceive that they do

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not explain *all* the messages alleged to come from the dead. I regard the memories of departed spirits—the facts which they impart to us from their own store—as constituting a real and most important source of retrocognition. In the often-quoted case, for instance, of Mr. Stainton Moses and Abraham Florentine, I hold that the surviving spirit of Abraham Florentine did really communicate with Mr. Moses, and that in this direction lie chances of knowledge which we can hardly exaggerate. Many of the recent messages given through Mrs. Piper, I may add, have seemed to belong to this type.

But on all these messages from departed spirits I have written so much already that there is no need for recapitulation here. I will add one suggestion alone, to which much that has been recorded in this paper seems obscurely to point. Even when we are dealing with true retrocognitions involving scenes or histories in which men long departed have played their part, we must not assume that such knowledge must needs have come to us through the agency of some definite and assignable discarnate mind. We cannot indeed prove that they have *not* so come. We cannot demonstrate that any given scene may not have been presented by some spirit to whom that scene was once familiar. But for aught we know, the scene may come to us without any such intervention. Its permanence in the Universe cannot depend upon its relation to any finite mind. If one image persists, then all images; for the Omnipresent Mind includes them all. Ζῶσι τῷ θέῳ. Nothing for that Intelligence is "drowned in the deeps of an infinite Past."

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Chapter IX.

The Relation of Supernormal Phenomena to Time.—Precognition.

Σω. Ἐδόκει τίς μοι γυνὴ προσελθοῦσα καλὴ καὶ εὐειδής, λευκὰ ἱμάτια ἔχουσα, καλέσαι με καὶ εἰπεῖν, Ὦ Σώκρατες, Ἥματί κεν τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἵκοιο.
—Πλάτωνος Κρίτων.

It is now time to make our long-delayed transition,—I will not say from things past to things future,—but from things whose interest for us lies within our backward gaze to things whose interest for us lies within our forward gaze and as yet unrealised expectation. This transition is both gradual and complicated; and, just as many retrocognitions already quoted have had some element of the future in them, so also among the precognitions with which we must now deal, there will be many where what looks like knowledge of the future can be analysed into an enlarged knowledge of what actually exists.

There are, indeed, certain phenomena—"monitions" as we term them in these *Proceedings*—which in common parlance are often spoken of as *pre*monitions, and used as a type of knowledge of the future, where it is nevertheless plain that all that is needed is a somewhat extended perception of near facts. Mrs. Sidgwick has for this reason excluded "Monitions" from her paper on "Premonitions"; but they must needs find their place in the present more generalised discussion of the Relation to Time of Supernormal Phenomena.

These monitions,—of which we have already printed a good many instances,—range from incidents so trivial and momentary that it would seem absurd to ascribe them to anything more dignified than a barely subliminal stratum of the percipient's own consciousness, up to important warnings which claim the authority of some departed but still watchful friend.

At the lower end of this series come the obscure intimations which restrain us from action on grounds which perhaps are only just forgotten and still by effort recoverable. The chess player, returning after various trains of calculation to the temptation of a specious move, will dimly feel a sense of restraint;—"I must not do *that*, though I cannot recollect *why*." Mrs. Verrall (*Proceedings*, Vol. XI., p. 190) has noted instances where this subliminal warning presents itself as a *physical* hesitation;—the hand refusing to execute an order which is really unreasonable;—and which is felt to be such so soon as some trivial recent fact is remembered.

One step further, and we have an actual externalised hallucination of touch checking the inconsiderate action. A lady throwing a handful

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of envelopes into the fire feels, in one of our cases, a hand laid upon her arm,—pauses in surprise,—and discovers that she is throwing away with the envelopes a roll of banknotes which in a moment of distraction she has placed among them. We cannot surely assume an external agent *here*, without assuming also that it was some guardian angel which checked Mrs. Verrall, in her closely similar experience, from taking five envelopes from her stationery case when only four were required.

Let us take one step further, and we come to monitions based upon a fact apparently not forgotten merely, but never known; a fact lying demonstrably beyond the normal sensory cognisance of the percipient.

A fact beyond his normal sensory cognisance, I say; but obviously before we assume that he has perceived that fact in a transcendental or telæsthetic fashion, we must make the fullest allowance for hyperæsthesia,—for an extension of the bodily senses which may include this strange knowledge within its range. Nay more; our search for possible hyperæsthesia is bound to be much wider than any search which the physiologist is likely thus far to have found worth his pains. His interest has lain in definite measurable extensions of the higher senses, rather than in obscure and novel sensations which led to no clear end. It is for these last, on the other hand, that it is our special duty to search. We have obscure and novel facts to explain, and before we confidently assign them to psychical and transcendental causes, we must try and think of everything which the human body might conceivably discern or discover.

I say "the body" rather than "the senses"; for we must go back in our inquiry (though of course without expectation of immediate success) to an ancestral condition far anterior to any senses which we now know. We must go back to the first germ of life, and in place of merely crediting it with "irritability," which is all the power of reaction which it can actually show us, we must credit it with all the potentialities which the history of its descendants teaches us to infer as already latent in it. We know into how wide a gamut of feeling the germ's vague internal sensation, its vague external sensation, have diffused and specialised themselves in man. We dimly conjecture into what other rays the spectrum of that dim primal gleam of consciousness has been fanned out in animals other than man. And we may feel assured also,—though it be hard to realise the fact,—that all the known or guessed sensations of men and animals are but a small selection from the range of sensations potentially educible from the vague *panæsthesia*,—so to term it,—of the primal germ. Average experience within average limits;—that is all that our known senses cover. If the stimulus be too weak, we are liable to mistake the sense through which it comes to us; if it be too strong, we are liable to feel

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a mere distress or bewilderment, not referred to any definite sense. It is surely conceivable, then, that all our known sensibilities may form merely a kind of bull's-eye;—the place where outer and inner influences oftenest touch our central sensorium;—while round this bull's-eye all kinds of unclassified obscure sensations probably scatter.

It follows that when we have to explain very strange perceptions we must be on the look out, not only for the hyperæsthesia of known senses, but also for that more generalised form of hyperæsthesia which may involve senses (peripheral or central) as yet incipient and unrecognised, although still depending on the material world,—a wider selection from the potential panæsthesia of the primal germ. There may—there must—be evolution still going on in us in relation to our material as well as to our transcendental environment, and we must not claim phenomena for the latter without taking account of the former as well.

Once more; we must remember that the assumed new sensitivities, physical and transcendental, may be linked together in ways quite unknown to us. The synæsthesiæ which are only now beginning to be noted between the ordinary senses;—of which "coloured audition," or sound-seeing, is the accepted type;—may be carried yet further, and may connect in unlooked-for ways man's responses to his physical and to his transcendental environments. There will be nothing to surprise us if the same percipient should receive a number of subliminal intimations, of which some are to be referred to hyperæsthesia and some to telæsthesia, or to telepathy from the living or from the dead.[1]

I have said that hyperæsthesia may be peripheral or central;—that is to say, that it may consist in the heightened perception of sensations coming from outside our organism, or from within the brain. I will begin with some cases of apparent telæsthesia, or of apparent prevision, which may possibly, though by no means certainly, be referable to an extension of the external senses.

My first case shall be taken from the experience of the late Rev. P. H. Newnham, known to readers of these *Proceedings* as a most careful informant, and as agent in a long series of experiments which, in my view, conclusively proved telepathy with his wife, Mrs. Newnham, who still survives. He had throughout life many monitions, premonitory dreams, &c.;—but most of these unfortunately passed unrecorded at the time; and I mention them only to indicate that it would be difficult to explain by hyperæsthesia *all* his experiences. In the case which

[1] One is so often asked how mediums are to be distinguished,—or, rather, one is so often told that so-and-so "looks like a medium,"—that it is just worth saying that I at least can trace as yet no other quality whatever which seems to be habitually found along with transcendental sensitivity;—unless it be (and even this is hardly more than a guess) a special tendency to be influenced by the electrical condition of the atmosphere.

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follows it is *possible* that although he had never seen *Chaonia* he might have had a general notion of its aspect when flying, and might subconsciously have seen it settle on the oak.

P. 109. From the Rev. P. H. Newnham.

I have on many occasions, throughout the last 35 years at least, experienced the sensation of a soundless voice speaking words distinctly into my ear from outside of me. Whenever this has been the case, the information or advice given has invariably proved correct.

I distinguish this phenomenon clearly from the ordinary forms of "presentiment." This voice is distinctly something *ab extra*. In presentiments, if certain words seem to come, they come from within, and are (so to speak) spoken voicelessly by myself, just as in verbal reading to yourself.

I never pay any attention to these so-called "presentiments." I have had plenty of them, and find them more often false than true.

But, when *this* voice comes, it never fails.

In July 1858 (I believe, but it may have been June, 1857), I was visiting friends at Tunbridge Wells, and went out one evening, entomologising. As I crossed a stile into a field, on my way to a neighbouring wood, the voice distinctly said in my right ear, "You'll find 'Chaonia' on that oak." (This was a very scarce moth, which I had never seen before, and which most assuredly I had never consciously thought of seeing.) There were several oaks in the field, but I intuitively walked up to one, straight to the off side of it, and there was the moth indicated.

With this last case two others should be compared, where the hypothesis of a subconscious hyperæsthetic discernment of the bifid fern or the four-leaved clover by ordinary eyesight is possibly applicable.

P. 241.

From the "*Annales des Sciences Psychiques*," Mai-Juin, 1895.

By M. ADRIEN GUEBHARD, Professeur Agrégé à la Faculté de Médecine.

On the 30th May, 1893, I was on a geological excursion in the environs of Nice. After a very uneasy night, passed in the village of Contes, I set out in a rather bad humour in the direction of Escarêne by an old road, where my disgust was heightened by seeing on my right a long mound of absolutely no interest, either palæontological or stratigraphical. In vain I tried to console myself by seeking in the crevices of the moist, dripping stone, or under the tufts of green maidenhair, some rare snail-shell for a collection belonging to my friends. I had already resigned myself to the uninteresting walk of the ordinary tourist, when suddenly a flash of recollection arrested my wandering attention—a memory dating from my old passion of long ago for botany, revived for a short time in 1889 by the publication of a work on the abnormal partitions of ferns, but certainly long since abandoned. Promptly, and with all the intensity of an old longing never satisfied, I conceived a great ambition for an object which, having been

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vainly sought, had almost passed into a myth, namely, the *Asplenium Trichomanes*, or Common Maiden-hair Spleenwort abnormally bifurcated, which I had often seen mentioned in a book, but which I had never once, during thirty years, been able to discover, in spite of the great abundance of the normal species.

Hardly was this mental picture evoked, before my eyes, as if drawn by the real image, were arrested by one amongst all the green tufts which surrounded me, and amongst all the fronds which composed it, by one alone, which, two yards off, had the exact appearance of a bifurcation.

Purely appearance, I said to myself, drawing near. Simply the juxtaposition of two neighbouring fronds, which I have so often mistaken for it.

Sceptical even while gathering it, I could not believe my eyes. But the evidence was undeniable, and when, much astonished but highly delighted, I had plucked the fern, I said to myself half-aloud, as though uttering a challenge, "Well, I only want now to find the *Cet*—" I had not finished my sentence when my gaze, leaving the high wall on the right where it was still mechanically searching, fell below the footpath on the left, at the foot of the buttress, on a poor sickly plant of *Ceterach Officinarum* (Common Scale-Fern or Scaly Spleenwort) crowded into the midst of the *Asplenium* (Spleenworts) as if dejected at finding itself in this damp shady corner instead of a crevice in a dry and sunny wall, which is the usual abode of this species.

And this plant, which ordinarily I should never have dreamed of seeking in such a spot, this fern of quite simple venation, edges very slightly divided, and under surfaces all scaly, in fact with an appearance so opposed to the idea of partition that (never having come across a specimen either in my youthful researches, in the splendid collections of the Museum, or in any herbal or rare book) I had concluded it to be non-existent—an impossible anomaly—it was, I say, a frond of this fern that appeared before me to-day at my bidding, as in Perrault's stories, as clearly bipartite as the *Asplenium* close by had been.

Being at once led on, and covetously pushing my reasoning straight to the principal conclusion of my old observations on the somewhat epidemic and at the same time local character of these freaks of nature, I argued: "If I have found one, and even two bifurcated fronds, certainly the third is not far to seek." And in less time than it had taken to announce this decision, without any hesitation, amongst all the attractive groups of fern, I distinguished immediately one frond of maiden-hair shewing two clearly-marked points.

I should never have made up my mind to put this incident in writing, at the risk of occasioning the reader's sceptical smile, if the recurrence of the same adventure twice in the course of this same year had not confirmed the reality and demonstrated the importance of the psychological problem.

On the 8th August, 1893, at Lausanne (Switzerland) I had just accompanied some friends returning to the country, whose gay conversation was anything rather than botanical, and the last good-byes were hardly said, when all at once, as I walked along the path we had taken a minute or two earlier, there shot into my head, without rhyme or reason, the idea of a divided maiden-hair, and immediately I put my hand on a frond, then further on on a second, and again on another, always making my choice at once

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without groping in the long green mantle of the great wall. Afterwards I in vain retraced my steps to explore conscientiously, with attention, and at length, the fifty yards of pathway; there was nothing more, or I could see no more.

Ten days later I was visiting near Chambéry with a gay and numerous party the celebrated country-house Charmettes, still alive with memories of Jean Jacques Rousseau. As I crossed the threshold, the thanks of the caretaker still in my ears, and before my eyes the pictures of the *Confessions*, I instinctively felt my gaze drawn towards the little wall of the terrace, where, at the first glance amongst several stunted tufts, which were afterwards to furnish me with several similar specimens, I discovered an extremely curious plant of maidenhair, such as I did not yet possess, with fronds not merely bifurcated, but really ramified.

Was it this time a reminiscence of "Lettres sur la botanique" which had given the suggestion? Was it not, as well as the time before, simply an echo at a relatively shorter distance of the exciting experience in the month of May? I do not think so, for with regard to the latter nothing of the sort could be argued, and it seems, on the contrary, that it was precisely the absence of all appreciable cause, the apparently complete spontaneity of the first vision, to which was due the intensity of the second—a real *second sight* which leads infallibly straight to the mark. That mark is evidently pre-existent, of a real kind, and perhaps—one might defend this view!—is itself by its simple presence, and by a sort of self-discharge at a distance, the unsuspected and unperceived cause of the sudden internal revival of a similar image, stored-up long ago;—the spontaneous exteriorisation of which, and the placing of it in coincidence with the corresponding object, would constitute precisely the fact of the discovery—that is to say simply the proof of the existence—of that object. Whatever may be the cause, it seems certain that only the abruptness, the suddenness of the cerebral awakening is capable of giving momentarily to the sensorial faculties that acuteness in some sort prophetic, which automatically attracts the material object of the mental evocation, not out of nothing, as a superstitious mind might believe, but simply out of the relative obscurity in which it would have remained under other circumstances.

No normal tension of the mind, no effort of will, no abilities exercised at their best could attain to the results of these rapid moments of temporary hyper-stimulation. Never, except on the three occasions I have recorded, have I been able to find the abnormal *Asplenium*, still less the abnormal *Ceterach*, although every year, sooner or later, thousands of specimens have passed before my eyes, amongst which I have often tried on solitary walks in the most varied localities, with all the concentration of attention of which I am capable, and the fullest use of a faculty of discovery developed by old naturalistic habit, to discover the rare object, the eternal ambition of the collector. I often found other things, but never that.

Is it not the same, to make a comparison, as that which happens in a dream, when in preference to the subjects of long voluntary meditations trivial daily incidents always crop up, which, hardly noticed at the moment, and apparently no sooner occurring than forgotten, have none the less by the unexpectedness, the lightning-like effect of their track across the daily

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monotony, made a more vivid if not a deeper impression on the brain than all the subjects of ordinary preoccupation or voluntary reflection.

The cerebral problem is certainly curious, and deserves, based as it here is on a group of precise facts, to be clearly stated at this time, when the science of psychology, no longer admitting the supernatural, fears not to encroach at times on the domain of the marvellous, in order that it may restrict more and more that of the incomprehensible.

ADRIEN GUEBHARD.

With regard to my above communication, in which you have been kindly interested, you put the following questions to me :—

(1) Is it not possible that this discovery of abnormal ferns may have been an effect of *unconscious sight*?

(2) As to the fact of finding three of them in a small space, is it possible that this monstrosity may be determined by certain local causes in such a manner that in a very limited area many may occur, whilst for several hundreds of yards not one may be met with?

As to the second point, I can reply at once "Yes," for such was exactly the conclusion I came to on my first study of this subject, confirmed by my last find at *Contes-les-Pins*.

These abnormal growths are almost always in little groups, forming well-defined islands as it were in the midst of normal plants, proving the external, local and non-individual character of the original causal lesion, which might be due, as I think, to some micro-organism, either vegetable or animal, a parasite fungoid or gnawing insect.

But it is not at all the repetition of the discovery (which was logical and foreseen), which affected me so strongly as to make me forget for a minute the palpable and material object; but rather the incredibly rapid succession, I might almost say the instantaneous co-incidence, of the apparition of each mental image and its objective realisation.

When one gives oneself up to any search whatever, even with the great amount of practice and the good sight which I have, there is always a time of visual groping like the tactile fumbling of the hand which seeks a needle in a bottle of hay.

The time lost in hunting about is longer in proportion, as the object sought is less common and less distinct from the mass of its surroundings. And what more like a frond of double fern than two fronds, one lying across the other?

In vain ordinarily I might have exercised my keen sight on the first part of the wall, as I did on the after part, as I have done hundreds of times for years; it is very probable I should have found nothing—since it is also very probable that there was nothing.

How did it happen that it was just where there *was* something that my attention was aroused? How, too, did my eye go so quickly and directly to the point, passing from right to left, from high to low at once, with such certainty?

Is it by a sort of attraction, which the real object has for the mental image, previously itself evoked from its latent state by the near neighbourhood of the reality which it expresses?

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Here is a question which I had already put in the course of my first study of the subject, and which you repeat more definitely, in your first question concerning *unconscious sight*.

A. G.

Compare with this the following recent incident which occurred to Dr. Hodgson shortly after he had been reading the above account.

P. 256. Leckhampton House, Cambridge.

September 14*th*, 1895.

Yesterday morning (September 13th, 1895), just after breakfast, I was strolling alone along one of the garden paths of Leckhampton House, repeating aloud to myself the verses of a poem. I became temporarily oblivious to my garden surroundings, and regained my consciousness of them suddenly to find myself brought to a stand, in a stooping position, gazing intently at a five-leaved clover. On careful examination I found about a dozen specimens of five-leaved clover as well as several specimens of four-leaved clover, all of which probably came from the same root. Several years ago I was interested in getting extra-leaved clovers, but I have not for years made any active search for them, though occasionally my conscious attention, as I walked along, has been given to appearances of four-leaved clover which proved on examination to be deceptive. The peculiarity of yesterday's "find" was that I discovered myself, with a sort of shock, standing still and stooping down, and afterwards realised that a five-leaved clover was directly under my eyes. I plucked some of the specimens, and showed them at once to Mr. and Mrs. Myers, and explained how I had happened to find them. Clover plants were thickly clustered in the neighbourhood, but I failed on looking to find any other specimens. The incident naturally suggests the arresting of my subliminal attention.

R. Hodgson.

Turning to the sense of *hearing*, we have several cases where an intimation which the percipient regarded as supernormal may have depended on subconscious interpretation of a slight sound. For instance;— two friends walking together along a street in a storm just evade by sudden movements a falling mass of masonry. Each thinks that he has received some *monition* of the fall;— each asserting that he heard no noise whatever to warn him. Here is an instance where subliminal perception may have been slightly quicker and more delicate than supraliminal;—and may have warned them just in time.

In the next case[1] there may have been some subliminal hyperæsthesia of hearing which dimly warned Mr. Wyman of the approach of the extra train.

[1] For a somewhat similar case, possibly due to hyperæsthesia of hearing, see *American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. III., p. 435 (September, 1890).

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P. 166.

Mr. Wm. H. Wyman writes to the Editor of the *Arena* from

Dunkirk, N.Y., *June 26th*, 1891.

Some years ago my brother was employed and had charge as conductor and engineer of a working train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, running between Buffalo and Erie, which passes through this city (Dunkirk, N.Y.). I often went with him to the Grave Bank, where he had his headquarters, and returned on his train with him. On one occasion I was with him, and after the train of cars was loaded, we went together to the telegraph office to see if there were any orders and to find out if the trains were on time, as he had to keep out of the way of all regular trains. After looking over the train reports and finding them all on time, we started for Buffalo. As we approached near Westfield Station, running about 12 miles per hour, and when within about one mile of a long curve in the line, my brother all of a sudden shut off the steam, and quickly stepping over to the fireman's side of the engine, he looked out of the cab window, and then to the rear of his train to see if there was anything the matter with either. Not discovering anything wrong, he stopped and put on steam, but almost immediately again shut it off and gave the signal for breaks and stopped. After inspecting the engine and train and finding nothing wrong, he seemed very much excited, and for a short time he acted as if he did not know where he was or what to do. I asked what was the matter. He replied that he did not know, when, after looking at his watch and orders, he said that he felt that there was some trouble on the line of the road. I suggested that he had better run his train to the station and find out. He then ordered his flagman with his flag to go ahead around the curve, which was just ahead of us, and he would follow with the train. The flagman started and had just time to flag an extra express train, with the General Superintendent and others on board, coming full 40 [forty] miles per hour. The Superintendent enquired what he was doing there, and if he did not receive orders to keep out of the way of the extra. My brother told him that he had not received orders and did not know of any extra train coming; that we had both examined the train reports before leaving the station. The train then backed to the station where it was found that no orders had been given. The train dispatcher was at once discharged from the road, and from that time to this both my brother and myself are unable to account for his stopping the train as he did. I consider it quite a mystery, and cannot give or find any intelligent reason for it. Can you suggest any?

The above is true and correct in every particular.

In subsequent letters to Dr. Hodgson Mr. Wyman writes :—

My brother died some three years ago.

The incident occurred about the year 1873.

I was not connected with the road or train at the time; I was employed on the New York, Lake Erie, and Western R. R., at Dunkirk. The flagman is now, or was a short time ago, living in Denver, Colorado; his statement can be obtained if desirable.

The Superintendent died in Germany about two years ago.

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In a subsequent letter Mr. Wyman adds :—I traced Mr. James Conway, [the flagman], to Colorado, and learned from his son that he died March 16th, 1888. [Letter sent herewith.]

Mrs. D. Wyman, widow of the percipient, writes :—

Jersey City, *September 16th*, 1893.

MR. HODGSON,—SIR,—I received your letter asking me for statements in regard to Mr. Wyman's experience. I don't think I could tell any of the circumstances, I only recollect hearing him say he was singularly and deeply impressed that something was wrong, and he obeyed the impulse and stopped the train just in season of time to prevent an accident, and it left a deep impression on his mind ever after, as he often spoke of it and wondered why and what it was.—Yours respectfully,

L. A. WYMAN.

Taking next the sense of *smell*, we have elsewhere printed several cases where monitions taking various forms have summoned the percipients to an incipient conflagration of which they felt sure that no ordinary sensation could have warned them. There may often, however, as in the next case, be some doubt whether some slight odour may not have given a subliminal hint.

P. 162. Oro Blanco, Arizona,

March 7th, 1894.

DR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I give you herewith account of an occurrence about two years ago. . . . At the time I was at a mine called Rosales, about twenty miles east of Carlo, Sonora, Mexico. I had with me my assistant, and two other Americans. A Mexican family occupied the building where we made our headquarters. The corral, or enclosure for the horses of the party, was about 50 yards from the house, and was fenced with posts and brushwood, with one entrance. There were no other houses within 200 yards.

We had been quite busy examining ore samples in the house, and finally, late in the afternoon, to get a breath of fresh air and rest a little, I went to the outside door and leaned up against the door frame lazily, thinking of nothing in particular. The rest of our party were inside, busy with assay samples. None of the Mexicans were in sight.

A voice, more to my inner hearing than outward, but to me perfectly audible, said, "Go to the corral!" Now, if there is anything I am not likely to do on a trip, it is to have anything to do with the care of the horses or corral.

I looked toward the corral, saw nothing out of the way, and answered the voice, perhaps not audibly, "What should I go to the corral for?" and kept my position. In a few seconds it came again, "Go to the corral!' quite peremptorily. I went. I stepped quickly inside the corral (first time I had been there). The ground was covered with several inches of dry grass and hay, old fodder, etc., which, near one side, was on fire. I gave the alarm, and by quick work we saved the corral and horses.

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Before I got inside the corral, I had neither seen nor smelt smoke, and had not the slightest idea of anything wrong. None of our party or of the Mexicans knew anything of what was going on till I gave the alarm.

C. W. KEMPTON. [Associate S.P.R.]

(In answer to an enquiry dated March 16th, 1894, Mr. Kempton wrote :)

The date was p.m. of May 5th, 1892. I was using my professional notebook that day, and made no record of this occurrence in it.

C. W. KEMPTON.

I was Mr. Kempton's assistant on the trip to Rosales Mine in May, 1892, and remember his finding the fire in the corral. I do not remember if he said anything to me about a voice warning him, at the time. I have a faint idea that he did so.

EDWARD E. NOON.

Oro Blanco, *April 2nd*, 1894.

With this case, however, it is only fair to compare the following, where the sense of smell can scarcely be supposed to have played a part, although subliminal *hearing* may have operated in the first of the two cases.

P. 134. Monition.

From a lady known to F. W. H. M., received June 3rd, 1890.

In the summer of 1888, I was living in the little mining camp of R——, in the Rocky Mountains. Our house, a frame building, was some little distance from any other, at the top of a steep hill; the only disadvantage of this being the additional difficulty of getting water, which was an expensive commodity in R—— as the adjacent mines had drained most of the wells, and we had either to carry it a long way, or buy it in barrels at 50 cents. each.

The house contained six rooms, all opening one out of another, my own room, with a dressing closet beyond, where my child slept, being at one extremity, and the front porch, which overlooked the valley, at the other.

One evening, after my little girl was asleep, I lit a tiny night-lamp, always left burning on a bracket in her room; and, leaving all doors and windows open, on account of the intense heat, went to sit in the front porch. I may have sat there half an hour, when my attention was caught by a great blazing light in the direction of the furthest houses. It appeared evident that one at least had taken fire, and the difficulty of getting water, and the hope that no children were in danger, flashed through my mind. While watching the rapidly growing glare, I heard a faint crackling sound in my own house. It would not have disturbed me at any other time, as I only supposed that some smouldering piece of cedar in the kitchen stove had blazed up. But, with the present thought of fire in my mind I went into the kitchen to look, and, glancing through the open doors as I passed saw a volume of flame and smoke pouring from the child's room into mine. Thank God, it was still possible to rush through and save her, and I carried her

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back in a blanket to prevent the scorch, for the room was only burning at one end; the side where the bed stood, though fearfully hot and suffocating, was not yet on fire, and, thanks to the timely warning, the water left in the barrels proved just enough to extinguish the flames before very much was destroyed, though they were making headway terribly fast on the dry lumber. After all was quiet I went back to the porch to look at that other burning house, feeling so thankful that my child was safe, and wondering anxiously if others were also. But all was dark, and when I came to make inquiry next day, nothing was known in R—— of any such fire. And had it not been for my strange vision of it, which must have lasted fully 10 minutes, I feel sure that my little girl would have been burned to death.

On the night of May 21st, 1890, I was staying at F——, in England. I always burned a nightlight in the bedroom I shared with my little girl. It stood in a saucer of water upon a wooden corner bracket, and I had never had any accident with it. At about a quarter to two I was waked suddenly, and very much startled by hearing myself called——not only the *impression* but the actual sound of the voice ringing in my ears as I jumped up in bed. The name called was an abbreviation of my own, not used by anyone in England. When I found that all was quiet in the house, I lay down thinking how strange it was that this particular form of my name, which I had not heard for many months, should have been used. Half a minute later, not only the paper case, but the grease, of which at that hour my nightlight was full, caught fire, making a blaze which threatened the bracket, and might have set fire to the wall also, but that, thanks to having been waked, I was able to jump out of bed, and extinguish it directly.

Here, again, is an averted railway accident, where smell may possibly have played some part.

P. 213.

The following letter was received by Dr. Hodgson in confirmation of an account in a newspaper, concordant with Mr. Stewart's account given later.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company,

August 14*th*, 1893, Garrett, Ind.

Yours of August 10th received. Must say, the story as printed in many of the newspapers of our country, regarding the train being saved by a premonition, or warning, given me, was true as printed. The fireman I then had, since became an engineer, and was killed in an accident on a railroad in Iowa two years since. The conductor who was with me at the time you refer to is running passenger train on the Mackinaw road. I do not know his address, but his father, a minister of the gospel, and his brother, Dr. Charles Stewart, are residents of this city. A letter addressed to Mr. Joseph Stewart, care of Dr. Charles Stewart, Garrett, Ind., would reach my conductor.

Yes, sir, I have had an experience of similar nature since the occurrence you refer to. Had a warning from the same source, and by obeying it I saved what otherwise, without obeying the warning, must have been a most dreadful accident, and must have resulted in the entire destruction of my train, with the lives of many, if not all the persons on board. I am not a

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Spiritualist, do not believe in so-called Spiritualism, but do believe that the living are often visited, often warned of danger, and often comforted in times of affliction by the spirits of departed loved ones. I do not know how far away the spirit world is from this, but I know that the spirits of departed loved ones are often very near to me.

It may be in the near future I may relate to you the later experiences I have had in similar things, living witnesses to which still live in this city. In regard to the privacy of my name, I care not, as I am not ashamed of it being seen any place that I put it.

C. W. Moses.

Battle Creek, Mich., *August 28th*, 1893.

Richard Hodgson, Esq.,—Dear Sir,—Your request received, and will, as far as memory serves, give a correct statement as to the incident referred to.

Train No. 2 of the B. and O. RR., due in Chicago at 6.20 a.m., Sunday, in the month of August, 1883 (have forgotten exact date), was on time, running at about 35 miles an hour. On approaching Salt Creek Trestle Work, about 40 miles east of Chicago, the engineer, Mr. C. W. Moses, felt that something that he could not define compelled him to stop before attempting to cross over. He applied the air and came to a full stop at the approach. I occupied front seat in smoker, it being the second car from engine. The time was about 4.30 a.m.

I immediately went forward and joined the engineer, where we found 30 feet of the woodwork burned, the rails being held to place by charred stringers. We went across, by climbing down and up the bank on the other side, and woke up the watchman who was employed to look after the bridge, who, on seeing us and the condition of things in general, took to his heels and is running still, as far as I know.

I would say that in more than a score of years engaged in railroad work, that was the most narrow escape I ever experienced; for undoubtedly, with a fall of thirty feet and the length of over a hundred, we would not only have been disabled, but burned.

Now, you especially ask as to what impelled Mr. Moses in his action. He only stated to me at the time that something especially pressing on him told him he should stop, and he acted on the impulse. There had been fires all along the side of track at other points, but he paid no attention to them.

In conclusion, I see some newspaper man got hold of the incident as late as last June, and attempted to make Mr. Moses say that the spirit of a sainted mother took hold of him. Well, Mr. Moses is an upright and truthful, old, reliable engineer, and owing to his great advance in years at this late date may have intimated as much, but nothing was said about the old lady at the time; that I vouch for.

Believing this a sufficient reply, will close. Should you wish anything more specific, I am at your service.—Respectfully,

I. J. Stewart, Conductor C. J. and M. R. R.
[Formerly of the B. and O. R. R.]

In the following case again some subliminal sense of smell may be conjectured.

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P. 219.

Fifteen or sixteen years have elapsed since I had the following clairvoyant experience, but at the time I was much struck by it, and described it minutely to several of my friends, so that I feel sure I can remember the facts accurately. The circumstances were most prosaic, and I, a matter-of-fact individual, with little interest and less faith in psychical phenomena. I was about eighteen years of age, at home for my winter holiday, but taking no interest in household matters, and I question whether on that particular evening I knew that it had been the washing-day.

I had gone upstairs to look for a missing knitting needle, and was returning to the parlour wondering whether I had dropped it there, when suddenly I was arrested by a strange feeling, and saw before me a vision of flames, and felt irresistibly impelled to go through a door at the end of the passage and down some steps into the kitchen. There all was quiet, and I came partially out of the trance-like state, and found myself thinking "Why am I here? I'll go upstairs." But again I saw the fire, and felt I must go into the adjoining laundry. On opening the door, I was in no way surprised to see just such a scene as had during the preceding moments been distinctly before my mental vision. A jointed gas bracket had just fallen on to a heap of dry sheets and towels, which were blazing almost to the ceiling. With a little difficulty I extinguished the flames, and went to tell the rest of the household what had occurred. I remember I had a strange feeling in my head, as if I had just awaked out of an unnatural state.

No other person was near at the time, the washerwoman having gone home, and the servants being upstairs. Nor could I even unconsciously have smelled burning, as two doors were closed between, and the gas-pipe had evidently fallen only a few moments before I entered, or the flames would have spread further. The laundry was situated just under a wooden staircase in the middle of a very dry house, so if the fire had been undiscovered for even a few minutes, the consequences must have been disastrous to the house.

Several members of the family remember the occurrence, and I have still an old servant of the family who distinctly remembers it. I have never had any recurrence of such a phenomenon, and was at the time much surprised that I should have been the subject of an experience so strange and so real.

M. H. Gray.

March 31*st*, 1893. 23, St. Andrew's Drive, Pollockshields, Glasgow.

The gentleman who sends this case writes that he has received orally the confirmatory testimony of Jessie, the old servant, and encloses the corroboratory statement of Mrs. Elizabeth White, stepmother of the percipient.

Mrs. Elizabeth White does not remember that she was told at the time, of the *fire* part of the vision. She writes:—

My daughter, at home from school, not naturally domesticated, seldom went near the kitchen—which was shut off from the hall by a swing-door. On the night above mentioned, she came into the parlour looking so pale

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and agitated—being naturally nervous—that I at once asked what was the matter, and when she could speak, she said, "Mamma, it is a wonder the house was not on fire," and then told of having the strong impression that she must go down to the laundry, that there was fire. She had to go through two closed doors to get there, and was not aware that no one was in the laundry at the time. Her promptitude in stamping out the fire of the burning sheets no doubt saved the house, and accounted for her pallid look on returning to the parlour. This occurred about fifteen years ago.

ELIZABETH WHITE.
Norwood, Thirm.

In the next case some warning may have been received from the closer smell of slimy water;—or perhaps from a vague difference in the look of the darkness, or even in the resistance of the air.

P. 177. 5,144, Madison Avenue, Hyde Park,
Chicago, *October 30th*, 1892.

DR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I send you an account of an incident in which, I think, my life was saved by my obedience to an impulse arising from nothing within my conscious knowledge or perception.

Some years ago, I landed in Stillwater, Minn., from a steamboat on which I had come down the St. Croix river. The boat was a small, local affair, and no conveyances came to meet it. I was, I believe, the only passenger on board when we reached Stillwater, and there I was left to make my way alone to the hotel. We landed at about 9 P.M. of a starless night, and in the shadow of a warehouse which cut off the lights of the town; the hour, the clouded sky, and the shadow of the warehouse, uniting to make the dock extremely dark.

I had been in Stillwater once before, and had a general idea of the topography of the town, although some years had passed since my previous visit, and I am quite certain that I had never passed over this particular locality.

As I left the boat I saw the lights of the bridge at some distance on my left, and knowing the bridge to be at the foot of the principal street, on which stood the hotel where I intended to put up, I naturally commenced to walk along the dock in that direction. I had gone but a very short distance, when I suddenly felt so strong an impulse to turn and go the other way that I instantly obeyed. I saw nothing, heard nothing; I did not even have an impression of danger, though I did have a feeling that it must be in some way better to turn.

I distinctly remember that my reason protested, and berated me for a fool in taking a roundabout way to my destination when the straight way lay before me, with the added prospect of losing myself in the railway yards, with perhaps a ten-foot fence to climb. I laughed aloud, and articulated, or at least, mentally formed the words, "You fool! What are you doing this for?" However, my impulse proved stronger than my reason. I persisted in "going round Robin Hood's barn," reached my hotel, and there the matter passed from my mind.

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The next day I casually came to the same place, and discovered that I had turned within a few feet of a spot where the dock was cut away into an incline for hauling freight up into the warehouse. This incline was so steep that a person could have kept his footing on it only by great care. If I had unexpectedly stepped down on to it in the darkness, I should certainly have lost my footing, and should have slipped into the river; and as I am but a feeble swimmer under the most favourable circumstances, and was encumbered with a fall overcoat and a rather heavy satchel, I should just as certainly have been drowned.

The value of the incident lies in the fact for which you must take my word, that I am not an impulsive and changeable person, but rather logical and persistent. My action was entirely contrary to my nature, and the unavailing protest of my reason against what appeared to me an inconsequent and absurd proceeding convinces me either that I was influenced by some intelligence entirely without, or that my "Subliminal Self" perceived and acted upon what my "Supraliminal Self" could not see.

I have never had any other supernormal experiences.

MARSHALL WAIT.

Tactile sensibility, again, must be carefully allowed for. The sense of varying resistance in the air, to which I just now alluded, may reach in some seeing persons, as well as in the blind, a high degree of acuteness. It is perhaps possible that even the interposition of a chair in a narrow passage might thus make itself felt. But Mr. W. (a good witness and well known to Dr. Hodgson) has had other experiences where supernormal influences seemed plainly indicated. (Vol. VIII., p. 242.)

P. 159. State of New York, *December 28th*, 1893.

DR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request to write out an account of my chair experience, which I described to you when here, I submit the following:—

My office consists of three rooms, and the library in the back one is reached by passing through the full length of the other two. The middle room is rather narrow, and well filled on both sides with furniture, leaving a rather narrow passage through the room lengthwise, particularly at a point about the middle of the room, where the passage is only three feet wide. This passage was very naturally kept free from obstructions, but on the occasion of which I am about to speak, some one, probably the janitor when he came in to see to the fires soon after the office was closed for the day, had placed a chair in this narrow passage, so that any one who should attempt to pass through the room would be certain to fall over it, if dark. I think it was about the last days of December, 1892. I recollect the days were very short. I had left the office for the day with the passage free. I visit the office occasionally evenings, but not often. On this occasion during the evening, when it was very dark, I visited the office alone. I unlocked the outside door, walked through the first room, stopping at the door that leads to the second or middle room, to get a match from the safe hanging on the door

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casing with which to light a lamp in the library, where I wished to get something. I was in a very great hurry, and walked very rapidly; after taking the match from the safe, I started at a very rapid pace to go through this narrow passage and into the library. It was very dark, none of the objects in the room were visible, but as I was very familiar with the place, I did not hesitate. I had proceeded six or eight feet in this rapid manner, when suddenly I saw a bright, yellow light lighting up very plainly the back of the chair which was in the passage. The light was confined to the chair, and at the same time I stopped short. The stopping was quite involuntary on my part. The light lasted for but a second, but it had shown me the chair distinctly, especially the carving on the back of the chair.

Immediately it occurred to me to discover the origin of the light, if possible, so, before proceeding to get a light or to leave the room, I approached the chair again in a similar manner, but no light appeared, and I experienced no check. I also looked very carefully for the origin of the light, but could discover none. There was no light anywhere near, and even had there been, I am at a loss to see how it could have shone into the centre of this room, and the difficulty is still further increased by the fact that it shone only in one place, and even there the light was of a somewhat different colour and appearance from ordinary artificial light.

After satisfying myself that there was no light anywhere that could have produced it, I went into the library and got a lamp and made an examination. The chair was in the passage in the most dangerous part; otherwise the room was in its usual condition. I should also state that at one end of this room there was a coal stove, with a fire in it of hard coal. It was burning very low, and was ashed over. I examined it before I got a lamp, and I am confident that no light of any kind proceeded from it.

As to my sudden stop. The stop and the light were simultaneous. I hardly think the light unaided caused me to stop; it undoubtedly prevented me from starting after I had stopped. I fully believe I should have sustained a heavy fall, but for the light and the stop.

W.

P.S.—When I mention that the colour of the light appeared different, I mean that it did not look as a light reflected from or shining from a distance on to a spot would—*it was more like looking directly at a light.*

Here is a monition for which it is not easy to suggest any hyperæsthetic origin.

P. 258 (A B 10.)

Boston Transcript, *August 17th*, 1894.

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:—The following incident may interest some of the readers of the *Transcript*. A few weeks ago I had occasion to require the services of a dentist, and when I went to his office at the time appointed I found him in a very excited state of mind, caused, he told me, by a very strange occurrence. The office is a pleasant room facing the Common on Tremont-street, and in one corner, the farthest from the windows, the dentist had a small work-bench, partitioned off from the rest of the room, and there he had his copper vessel which he used when vulcanising the rubber

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for the setting of false teeth. He had been working at a set of teeth, and was bending over the bench on which was the copper containing the rubber, when he heard a voice calling in a quick and imperative manner these words: "Run to the window, quick!" "Run to the window, quick!" twice repeated. Without thinking from whom the voice could have come, he at once ran to the window and looked out to the street below, when suddenly he heard a tremendous report in his workroom, and looking round he saw the copper vessel had exploded, and had been blown up through the plastering of the room. He went into the workshop and found things in a most confused condition, the bench of two inches thickness was broken downwards by the concussion, and everything in the room showed marks of the violence of the explosion. The neighbouring tenants came rushing into the room to ascertain the cause of the loud report, and they were surprised at the dentist's account of the transaction. As he was alone in the room at the time of the accident, he is mystified at the warning that he received so opportunely.

The copper vessel had a safety valve which was supposed to open automatically at a certain degree of pressure, but it appeared on investigation after the explosion that it had become useless by reason of foulness, therefore it did not work. These are the simple facts in the case, as told me by the young man, but I cannot verify them except by stating that the appearance of the room and the workshop substantiated his account. The copper vulcaniser weighed about ten pounds and was imbedded in the ceiling, for there was a pressure of about eighty pounds to the square inch at the time of the explosion. There is little doubt that the dentist was saved from being wounded, or perhaps killed, by the friendly warning, and it is certainly a very interesting incident.

C. HAZEN BROWN.

Box 1813, Boston, *August 16th*, 1894.

Boston, Mass., *November 15th*, 1894.

MR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—Mr. C. Hazen Brown informs me that he received a letter from you, relative to the warning that was given before the explosion at my office, requesting the name of the dentist—or card. Please find card, and

I remain, yours respectfully,

O. F. SMITH, D.M.D.

150, Tremont-street, Room 6.

Boston, Mass., *December 1st*, 1894

MR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—Your communication of November 15th was received. I have been so engaged that I have not had opportunity to attend to that matter.

I should be pleased to have you call at my office on the 5th of the present month, at 9.30 o'clock a.m., and will explain to you the use of the vulcaniser and talk with you in regard to the explosion.—Yours respectfully,

O. F. SMITH, D.M.D.

I called on December 5th and saw Dr. Smith, a coloured gentleman. Intelligent witness. His only experience. Did not recognise the voice. The marks of the explosion were still in the room. He confirmed the account of Mr. Brown (known to me).—R.H.

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From these cases of possible hyperæsthesia of the external senses we may make our transition to a phenomenon of what may be termed central hyperæsthesia, a heightening of inner sensations to a point where the future history of the organism can be guessed or divined with unusual distinctness. This is virtually but another aspect of the knowledge of intimate processes which self-suggestion has so often shown. If the subliminal self can induce or arrest changes in the organism, it may well be able also to foresee such changes when they are approaching through natural causes. In whatever direction we have seen suggestion operate, in that direction may we expect to see organic prediction operate also. Thus, for instance, suggestion has produced fainting, and also bleeding at the nose. We need not, then, be surprised if we find, as already printed, *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 339, a warning of a fainting-fit conveyed to Lady Eardley, or, as in the following case (unfortunately of remote date), a warning of dangerous nose-bleeding.

P. 133. Monition. Auditory.

Communicated by Mr. D. Fraser Harris, B.Sc., Lond., who is acquainted with the percipient, Mrs. Edwards. Mr. Fraser Harris says :—

Mrs. Edwards is a widow lady, and an American, but of English extraction; she describes herself as being not imaginative, not credulous, not eccentric, not hysterical, and is not of a neurotic constitution.

This occurred in the year 1845. Mrs. E. was in good health, and had, at this time, had none of the before-mentioned fevers, which came on between the ages of 30 and 50.

Mrs. E. had slept well, and was in the act of getting up, when, apparently, the quiet was broken in upon by an announcement being made as though some one had come in at the bedroom door and said, in a loud voice, these words: "To-day, at six o'clock, you will die." There was nothing more, but these words seemed to resound throughout the room.

Mrs. E. resolved to tell no one of the announcement, and also not to brood over it, if possible, at all. To accomplish this she went, in the course of the afternoon, to the house of a married sister of hers, where there would be sure to be something more or less stirring going on.

This had the effect of distracting her attention from the certainly very distressing prophecy, and Mrs. E. had the benefit of her sister's society till six o'clock began to be struck by the clock. As it commenced sounding Mrs. E. said to herself, "There now, it's six o'clock already, and nothing has happened:" but the statement was premature, for before the chime ceased blood was gushing out of both nostrils in a copious stream. The alarm was raised, and the whole household flocked round and applied the usual remedies of cold keys, &c., but quite without success. This profuse and alarming hæmorrhage did not cease till bucketfuls of cold water were poured on the head and down the spine. When the doctor arrived he said a very large quantity of blood had been lost, and life only just saved and no more.

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As might be well expected, Mrs. E. was very weak for days after this occurrence. Though this was the first in point of time of the more important hallucinations of Mrs. E.'s life, it is, in certain respects, quite the most extraordinary by reason of the striking sequel to and almost complete fulfi - ment of the prophecy. D. F. H.

Mrs. Edwards adds :—

I certify that this report is correct. ISABELLA S. EDWARDS.

Mrs. Edwards' sister, Mrs. Coleman, at whose house the hæmorrhage occurred, writes corroborating her sister's account. It is important to note that the premonition, though not mentioned to any one, was in a sense *acted upon* by the percipient.

It may be objected that in these cases there was more than a mere foreknowledge,—there was a communication of the warning as though by an external voice. But these externalised voices have been observed in cases of self-suggestion also,—as in the often-quoted case of "Léonie." The following narrative, from the article by Dr. Parsons already quoted, adds an interesting variety, where the influence of opium seems not only to have developed a monitory hallucination, but to have added force to the self-suggestion involved.

P. 250. From *The Medical Brief.* May, 1891.

Sixteen years ago, I was a little sick ; took half a grain of opium, and lay down upon the bed. Soon as I began to feel the tranquilising effect of the opium, I saw three men approaching me ; the one in front said : "You smoke too much tobacco." I replied : "I know I do." He then said : "Why don't you quit it ?" I answered by saying : "I have been thinking about it, but I am afraid I can't." He extended his right arm, and, placing his fore-finger very near my face, gave it a few very significant shakes, said, in a very impressive and emphatic manner : "You will never want to use tobacco any more as long as you live." He continued, by saying : "You swear sometimes." I answered : "Yes." He said : "Will you promise to quit ?" I intended to say yes, but just as I was about to utter the word yes, instantly a change came over me, and I felt like I had been held under some unknown influence, which was suddenly withdrawn or exhausted. I had been a constant smoker for more than twenty years.

Since the occurrence of the above incident, I have not touched tobacco ; have felt ever since like it would poison me, and I now feel like one draw at the pipe would kill me instantly. My desire for tobacco was suddenly and effectually torn out by the roots, but perhaps I shall never know just how was done. D. J. PARSONS, M. D.

Sweet Springs, Mo.

Even when the crisis predicted is death itself, we may still in some cases suppose that the subliminal self has but drawn an inference from its perception of a disease likely to be soon fatal. Thus in the

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following case heart-disease may have been far advanced, unknown to Mr. Pratt's waking self.

P. 156.

The following paragraph was sent to Dr. Hodgson from some unknown newspaper :—

SEES HIMSELF DEAD IN A DREAM.

Thomas Pratt Dies at Valparaiso After Having a Remarkable Vision.

Valparaiso, Ind., *January 13th*, [1894].

Special Telegram.

Thomas Pratt, an old resident of this city, was found dead in his bed this morning. He was born in 1823 at Cleveland, Ohio, and was a veteran of the civil war.

Pratt's store on College Hill has long been the meeting place of a half-dozen friends and old-time comrades of the proprietor. Last night when his friends came in, Mr. Pratt told a dream he had had the night previous. He had dreamed that he was dead, yet he possessed the peculiar power of one in a trance—to see all that went on about him though he was unable to move or speak. He had noted the preparations for his burial, and he even named the half-dozen friends who served as pallbearers. He also told of the funeral services being held in the Memorial Hall, and of his ride to the cemetery, and the lowering of his coffin into the grave. And when the first dirt was thrown upon the box he awoke from the trance and called to his comrades, and they drew him from the grave. The pallbearers of the dream will be the pallbearers at his burial, Monday, which will be from the new Memorial Hall.

January 15th, [1894].

Dr. Hodgson applied to the postmaster at Valparaiso and received the following reply :—

Valparaiso, Ind., *January 26th*, 1894.

Mr. Pratt told his dream the day after it occurred and the day before he died, to John C. Flint, George Herrington, W. S. Flint, and Albert Amos and others. They would give you truthful statements in regard to it.

MARK L. DICKOVER, Assistant Postmaster.

In a subsequent letter Mr. Dickover says that a doctor, arriving shortly after Mr. Pratt's death, ascribed it to heart-disease.

Further inquiries elicited the two letters which follow :—

Valparaiso, Ind., *February 4th*, 1894.

RICHARD HODGSON,—MY DEAR SIR,—Your communication of the 29th ult., asking information of the dream which Thomas Pratt had concerning his death, has been received.

On the night previous to the night on which he died, he said he dreamed that he died at twelve o'clock.

During the dream he selected the pallbearers, and seemed to be conscious of all proceedings of his funeral, until dirt was thrown on the coffin, which suddenly aroused him.

WILLIAM S. FLINT.

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Valparaiso, Ind., *February 2nd*, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 29th received. As regards Mr. Thomas Pratt's dream of January 11th: Mr. Pratt was a merchant here. I went in the store in the morning of the 12th January. He related to me the circumstance of his dream. He said that he died last night. I said, "Well, you are alive yet." Then he told me about his dream. He said that he dreamt that he died and chose his pallbearers, and was taken to the grave, and then lowered down. When they began to put the dirt on the coffin he woke up. When I went down the next morning he was dead. He died 3 a.m., on the 13th of January. The same pallbearers officiated him to the grave.

I was the first one that he related his dream to. He laughed at it the same day that he died, and said that he was good for forty years longer. When he died he was 71 years old.

GEORGE HERRINGTON.

Compare the case of Christopher Brooks, quoted by Mrs. Sidgwick, *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 291. The doctor there could find nothing amiss; yet must we not suppose that some heart-disease already existed when the premonition came? At any rate the death of a healthy and contented young man, at a predetermined day and hour, merely on account of an impression received in a dream,—this would be a result going far beyond any efficacy with which mere unsupported suggestion has hitherto been credited.

Compare the following case, where a child, while apparently quite well, feels the impression of approaching death, and ascribes it to his dead brother's call.

P. 222. (A.B. 12.)

The following case was printed in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 5th, 1894. Mr. B. B. Kingsbury, who contributed the case, states that the informant is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and her husband has confirmed her as to the statements of voices heard by the little boy calling him. Mr. Kingsbury adds that both are worthy of the highest credit. The father is somewhat of a "sensitive" and the mother has had two or three clairvoyant experiences herself.

The statement just as it was given by the mother runs as follows:—

"Is there a life beyond the grave? Had I ever doubted that there is a life beyond (which I never for a moment did), my doubt would have been removed by what I call a vision. In 1883 I was the mother of two strong healthy boys. The eldest was a bright boy of two years and seven months. The other, a darling baby boy of eight months. August 6th, 1883, my baby died. Ray, my little son, was then in perfect health. Every day after baby's death (and I may safely say every hour in the day) he would say to me, 'Mamma, baby calls Ray.' He would often leave his play and come running to me saying, 'Mamma, baby calls Ray all the time.' Every night he would waken me out of my sleep and say, 'Mamma, baby calls Ray all

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the time. He wants Ray to come where he is ; you must not cry when Ray goes, Mamma, you must not cry, for baby wants Ray.' One day I was sweeping the sitting-room floor, and he came running as fast as he could run, through the dining-room where stood the table with baby's high chair (which Ray now used) at the side. I never saw him so excited, and he grabbed my dress and pulled me to the dining-room door, jerked it open saying, 'Oh, Mamma, Mamma, come quick ; baby is sitting in his high chair.' As soon as he opened the door and looked at the chair he said, 'Oh, Mamma, why didn't you hurry ; now he's gone ; he laughed at Ray when he passed the chair ; Oh, he laughed at Ray so nice. Ray is going with baby, but you must not cry, Mamma.' Ray soon became very sick. Nursing and medicine were of no avail. He died October 13th, 1883, two months and seven days after baby's death. He was a child of high intelligence and matured far beyond his years. Whether it is possible for the dead to return, and whether my baby came back and was seen by his little brother or not, we leave for others to judge."

Defiance, Ohio, *December 13th*, 1894.

MR. R. HODGSON, 5, Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

KIND SIR,—Your letter of November 27th received and noted. In reply will say that Mr. Kingsbury's account in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for May 5th last of my little boy's clairvoyance shortly before his death, is correct in every detail. When the child ran to me telling me the baby was sitting in his chair at the table, there was no one in the house but the servant girl, little Ray and myself. I told the girl nothing about it and she did not hear the child ; but as soon as my husband came to dinner I told him. After that we talked freely of the matter to several of our friends. Little Ray knew nothing of death, we had never spoken of it to him in any way ; the last time I took him to the baby's grave shortly before he was taken sick we were sitting by the grave and I thought, "Oh ! if I could only take baby up and look at it for just one minute, I would feel so glad." *Instantly* Ray said to me, "Mamma, let us take baby up and look at it just one minute; then we will feel better." Just as we were leaving the grave he smoothed it with his little hand and said, "Ray is going to lie down and sleep right here beside little brother, but you must not cry, mamma." He is now lying just where he said he would.

P.S.—I wish to say that I have never known much of what is called modern Spiritualism, but was born and reared a Presbyterian and still belong to that church of which I am an active member.

F. H.

February 27th, 1895.

MR. R. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—In regard to B. B. Kingsbury's statement in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of May 5th, 1894, I can truly say that my wife related it to me the day it occurred when I came to dinner. I frequently heard our little boy tell his mamma that the baby called him all the time.—Yours respectfully,

W. H. H.

Defiance, Ohio, *February 27th*, 1895.

R. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I can truly say that Mrs. and Mr. H. often

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spoke to me of Ray seeing the baby in the chair before he took sick. They told me the next day after it happened.

MRS. J. H. SHULTERS,
116, Summit Street, Defiance, Ohio.

The hallucinations and spontaneous impressions of children, though generally of poor quality as evidence, would well repay careful collection. Just as with "number-forms," "sound-hearing," and the like, children probably experience more vividly and frequently the various forms of sensory automatism which concern our present researches.

Beside these cases we may place a few others where the date of death has been foretold, or self-suggested, without any such strong or depressing emotion as seemed obviously likely to affect the event.

P. 146. Prediction of death fulfilled.

The following is a case of a prediction of death, of which information was sent to us before it was known that the death had occurred, and which was fulfilled within a day of the time foretold.

The Rev. Aug. Glardon, M.A., writes to Professor Sidgwick :—

Tour-de-Pilz,
September 14*th*, 1893.

One of my aunts, Miss J. V., living at Vallorbe, in the Jura, and very ill since April, predicted six weeks ago that she would leave her friends to-morrow, Friday, 15th September. If the event confirms her prediction I shall let you know. I only thought to-day of advising you.—Yours truly,

AUG. GLARDON.

The postmarks are—Tour-de-Pilz, 14/ix/93; Cambridge, Sep. 16, 93. Professor Sidgwick received two days later another post-card, with postmarks—Tour-de-Pilz, 15/ix/93; Cambridge, Sep. 18, 93, as follows :—

Tour-de-Pilz, Vaud.
September 14*th*, 1893. 8 *p.m.*

DEAR SIR,—I receive this moment, five hours after sending you my first post-card, a letter from Vallorbe to inform me that my aunt, Miss Julie V., died this morning at five o'clock—"just at the end of the six weeks," says my informant. From what I had been told, I thought the "six weeks" Miss V. had spoken of were to end to-morrow. Whether I am right or wrong, it remains a proved fact that my aunt announced the time of her death six weeks beforehand, to a day. AUG. GLARDON.

In answer to inquiries as to the cause of Miss V.'s death, Mr. Glardon writes :—

Tour-de-Pilz.
September 29*th*, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your note of Saturday last, I shall state that my aunt, Miss Julie V., was aged 78. She died of a disease of the liver, on the 14th of the present month, after an illness of five months.

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Six weeks before her death she was taken from her house to the house of her brother. It was on the 4th of August, and it was a few days after that, being already half delirious, she said to her brother; "I have come to you for six weeks."

During the last month of her life she was almost constantly half unconscious, and never referred to what she had said.

When I went to see her, two days before her death, she did not recognise me fully. It was then that her brother and sister-in-law told me that they expected her to pass away on the 15th, explaining why. In fact, she died the day before that. She was a woman of calm nerves and lymphatic temperament.—Yours truly,

AUG. GLARDON.

I may place here an odd case where the knowledge of impending death can hardly come from the decedent.

P. 137.

The following appeared in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for November 1st, 1890:—

STATEMENT OF DR. SUDDICK.

For some time past we have been holding spiritual séances, or circles, regularly every Tuesday and Friday evening at our home in Cuba, Mo., and have gotten and are getting many messages, truthful and otherwise, although the untruthful ones are few comparatively and are generally so from known causes, such as misunderstanding of question asked, inharmony in circle, &c., &c. Most remarkable was a "Prophecy and its Fulfilment," a hurried statement of which appeared in the *Better Way* of October 18th. Two friends had called in, namely, Charles H. Cottnam, bookkeeper for the firm of Newman and Jones, general merchants, and James E. Hollow, jun., of the firm of Hollow and Son, dealers in stoves, hardware, and furniture, both doing business at this place. Then, my wife and I sat around a small walnut centre table, placing our hands on its top surface in the usual manner, and in about ten or fifteen minutes the table began to move, indicating the presence of our spirit friends, or some intelligence with the power to move it, and answer questions intelligently, as we found by asking. The lamp was sitting on a piano in the corner of the room, turned down so as to make a subdued or mellow light, but not so low but that we could see what time it was by our watches as we sat at the table, or jot down the communications as they were spelled out.

Mr. Cottnam had a friend, Mr. Chris. Varis, a prominent hotel keeper of St. James, Phelps County, Mo., and a former resident of this place. His disease was a chronic affection of the throat. Mr. C. had called on him a few days previous and found him very weak and sinking fast. He could take no solid food, and all the nourishment he got was by painful swallowing a little eggnog or milk. His attendant physician, Dr. Headlee, of St. James, told Mr. Cottnam that he thought Mr. Varis could live but a few days at most, and from his appearance Mr. Cottnam was of the same opinion. After many other questions were asked and answered, the table answering by tipping two of its feet two or three inches off the floor, and then striking it again, once

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for no, twice for don't know, and three times for yes. Mr. C. asked, "Do you know my friend Chris. Varis, of St. James, Mo.?" "Yes." "Is he any better than when I was with him last?" "No." "Is he worse?" "Yes." "Will I have time to get to him before he passes out if I take the next train?" "Yes." "Will he live over to-morrow?" "Yes." "Do you know when he will pass out?" "Yes." Then the table rocked back and forth slowly, the feet striking the floor forty times, making forty distinct raps, much to the surprise of all present, as we were expecting him to pass out much sooner. We counted, and found that the time indicated would be October 8th; so to make sure we were right we asked, "Will he pass out on October 8th?" "Yes." "In the forenoon?" "Yes." "Will a telegram be sent to me on the morning of the 8th to that effect?" "Yes."

A night or two after the above described séance Mr. Cottnam sat at another house with different sitters, and received the following confirmation of the above. He says: "We had been sitting only a few minutes when the table began to move. I asked, 'Is the spirit demonstrating a friend of mine?' 'Yes.' (Indicated by three distinct tips of the table.) 'Will you spell your name?' 'Yes.' The alphabet was called in the usual way, and the letters signalled by tips spelled Ben Walker. 'Are you my friend, Ben Walker, of St. Louis?' 'Yes.' 'I was not aware of your demise; when did you pass out?' Three distinct tips. 'Does that mean that it has been three days since you passed out?' 'Yes.' 'Is your body buried?' 'No.' 'Will it be buried to-morrow?' 'Yes.' 'Do you know my friend Chris. Varis?' 'Yes.' 'Will he pass out on October 8th?' 'Yes.' 'Are you sure of this?' 'Yes.'"

Mr. Cottnam was not aware of the death of Mr. Walker, and rather doubted the truth of the message about him. The *Globe Democrat* of the next day, however, confirmed the truth of his death and stated that the interment was deferred until his son arrived from a distant city.

The prediction about Mr. Varis became an open secret, and was talked of freely through the town from the morning of August 30th until October 8th, when a telegram came over the wires informing Mr. C. that Mr. Varis died that morning at six o'clock.

I append a letter from Dr. Headlee, the physician who attended Mr. Varis, which corroborates the account just given. I also send the signatures of twelve of our best citizens in further confirmation, and the signatures of the sitters. Many more names could be obtained, but I judge the following to be sufficient.

Cuba, Mo. S. T. SUDDICK, M.D.

DEAR DOCTOR,—About a week previous to the death of Mr. Chris. Varis I was in Cuba, and a friend was inquiring about him. I told him that on the evening before I did not think he would survive the night, but on that morning he had rallied a little, that the chances all were that he would not last twenty-four hours. He then told me that he (Mr. V.) would live until the eighth day of October, and that he would die on that day; this he did, dying at 6 a.m.

Mr. Varis was sick about seven or eight months and for the last three was expected to die at any time.—Respectfully yours,

S. H. HEADLEE.

St. James, Mo., *October 18th*, 1890.

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Cuba, Mo., *October 15th*, 1890.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :—This is to certify that we, the undersigned citizens of Cuba, Mo., did, prior to the death of Mr. Chris. Varis, of St. James, Mo., which occurred on the morning of the 8th of October, 1890, hear a prophecy to the effect that he would die on the morning of that day.

We heard that his death was foretold at a séance, at the house of Dr. S. T. Suddick, in the town of Cuba, Mo., on the night of August the 29th, or forty days prior to that event.

S. T. SUDDICK, M.D.

I received message for Cottnam October 8th, from St. James.

CHAS. C. KENT.
Telegraph Operator at Cuba.

JAS. E. HOLLOW, JUN., one of the circle of August 29th.
LONGSTREET SIMPSON, Clerk in Store.
I. P. BRICKEY, Proprietor, Cuba Hotel.
E. A. EVANS, Real Estate Agent.
F. R. HARDESTY, Druggist.
W. T. HUNTER, Blacksmith.
C. H. COTTNAM, one of the circle of August 29th.
DR. V. L. SHELP, Dentist.
DR. J. H. MARTYN, Physician and Surgeon.
GEO. ASKINS, Hotel Clerk.
MRS. LOUISE FARLEY SUDDICK, one of the circle of August 29th.
J. A. ROST, Shoemaker.
J. A. CAIMS, Clerk in Store.
B. F. JOHNSON, Notary Public.

The letter from which the following is an extract, and of which the original was sent to Mr. Hodgson by Dr. Suddick, fixes the date of the séance.

Cuba, Mo., *August 29th*, 1890.

D. E. Perryman,
Bonne Terre, Mo.

DEAR FRIEND,—

30th. We had a nice little circle last night, in our parlour, and good phenomena, so far as table-tipping goes. Myself, wife, and two neighbours, composed the circle. There were about a hundred questions asked, and all were answered correctly, so far as we know.

One gentleman was requested to go to a sick friend, and was told the number of days he would live, &c., &c.

S. T. SUDDICK.

(This extract appeared in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal.*) Dr. Suddick says that the letter was returned to him at his own request, and writes :—

You will find that the first seven or eight lines were written August 29th and the remainder of the letter on the 30th, or part before and part after the sitting.

Mrs. Suddick sends the following account of the sitting :—

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Cuba, Mo., *November 9th*, 1890.

Replying to your favour of the 5th inst., requesting my confirmation of the "prophecy" of which my husband wrote, I can say that I was one of the sitters; the séance having taken place at our house. There were two other sitters besides my husband (Dr. Suddick) and self, namely, J. E. Hollow, jun., and C. H. Cottnam. The message was given in answer to questions put by Mr. Cottnam concerning his friend Mr. Varis. He did not call the name of the latter at the time of the sitting, but only spoke of him as "my friend," and I, for one, did not know at the time to whom he referred. (I think perhaps the other sitters did.) I heard casually the next day through a neighbour lady that Mr. Varis, of St. James, was expected to die at any time, and associating the two incidents, I concluded that he was the sick friend of whose demise Mr. C. had been questioning the "spirits," and on enquiring found that I had surmised correctly.

At the sitting, Mr. Cottnam asked a number of questions about his sick friend, among which were, "Will he be alive when I arrive there?" "Will he die to-morrow?" "Will he die the day after?" &c. After receiving negative answers to the last two—and perhaps the question whether he would live a week was asked,—I do not distinctly remember—he requested the controlling power to rap once for every day that his friend would yet live, and the table rapped forty times: each of the sitters counted the raps as they were given distinctly by the table rising one side off the floor and striking down again. On counting the forty days from that date we found that the time of his death as prophesied would fall on the 8th of October. (The date of the prophecy was August 29th.) Mr. C. asked if the 8th of October was the day on which he would die, and the table rapped three times, the conventional signal for "Yes." He then asked if the demise would take place in daytime or at night; in the forenoon or afternoon, etc., and received answers that it would be in the daytime, and in the forenoon.

At several other séances, held at the home of Mr. Brickey and other places, these questions were again asked, and the answers repeated that Mr. Varis would die on the morning of October 8th, as at the first sitting. Of these dates I am perfectly confident.

It may, and it may not, be superfluous to add, that, unlike my husband, I am not a confirmed believer in the spiritual origin of those phenomena which we have from time to time witnessed, such as movements of the table by some unknown power; intelligent answers to questions; messages given through the alphabet, etc., but have been undecided whether to attribute them to telepathy, thought-transference, or some other unknown mental or magnetic quality residing in the sitters themselves, or whether, as so many believe, it is really through the direct agency of the disembodied.

Wishing your Society much success in its rational and most scientific way of dealing with these occult problems,—I am, very truly,

LOUISE F. SUDDICK.

Mr. Hodgson has also received letters from Mr. I. P. Brickey, Mr. E. A. Evans, and Mr. J. A. Rost, confirming the authenticity of their testimony quoted above. Mr. Brickey states that it was at his house that the séance at which the prophecy was confirmed was held.

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Mr. Evans writes :—

Cuba, Mo., *November 8th*, 1890.

Touching the matter cited in yours of the 4th inst., I desire to say that my signature subscribed to the published statement of Dr. Suddick, relative to the prophesied death of Chris. Varis, of St. James, Mo., is authentic. Further, in this connection I desire to say that I never attended a séance, as it is called, I believe, in my life, have no experience in that line, and have no personal knowledge upon which to base belief nor unbelief of Spiritualism. But I was told by parties that met at Dr. Suddick's residence, some weeks before the demise of Chris. Varis, that by raps with, or on a table, I do not know which, they were told that Varis would die in 40 days, or October 8th, and he did die on the date as given.

EUGENE A. EVANS.

There remained an important question to determine : whether Mr. Varis had known of the prophecy, making it possible that it had brought about its own fulfilment. The following letter and statement give the result of Dr. Suddick's inquiries on this point :—

Cuba, Mo., *December 23rd*, 1890.

I received your recent letter several days ago, but thought it would perhaps be more satisfactory to you and your Society for me to go and see Mrs. Varis, widow of Mr. Chris. Varis, myself. So yesterday (Sunday) I boarded the noon train, and on arriving found Mrs. Varis and her two daughters, young ladies, very intelligent and clever people. On introducing the subject, just a shade of vexation passed over Mrs. V.'s face, and she made haste to say, "We are not Spiritualists, and knew nothing of the prophecy until we saw it in the *Crawford Mirror*, at least two weeks after Mr. Varis' death. I was very much vexed, as we believe nothing in such foolishness. . . . "

I explained that the parties who had signed their names to the paper had not intended it to appear in the local press. Mrs. V. said she had felt very badly about having her husband's name bandied about in that way in a newspaper, but when Mr. Cottnam explained the matter, and Dr. Headlee said he knew of the prophecy, and that the morning of the 8th of October had been specified as the time in which he should die, a week or more before his death occurred, she felt that there must be some truth in it, as she could not doubt Dr. Headlee.

"Mrs. Varis, did your husband know anything about the prophecy before his death ?"

"No, indeed," she said, "none of us knew anything about it until two weeks after his death."

"Might not Dr. Headlee have said something to him about it during one of his visits, without your knowing it ?"

"Oh, dear no," she said, "I was always present at these visits, and know no such talk occurred at any of them. No, I am positive Dr. Headlee never mentioned it, and that Mr. V. never knew it."

I then wrote up the little memorandum enclosed, and she signed it, or rather her daughter did, at her request, in my presence. . . .

I then went out and found Dr. Headlee, and he said in answer to my questions :—

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"No, I know positively that Mr. V. knew nothing of the prophecy; no one in St. James knew anything of it but myself, and I did not want him to find it out."

S. T. SUDDICK.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—This is to certify that I am positive that my husband knew nothing whatever of the prophecy of his death, made at a Spiritual circle held at the home of Dr. S. T. Suddick, in Cuba, Mo., on August 29th last. We did not hear of it for about two weeks after his death. We are not Spiritualists.

(Signed) MRS. A. VARIS.

We may add that Spiritualistic séances (without professional mediums) are very frequently held in Cuba, Mo., which is, we understand, a town of some 550 inhabitants; and that other prophecies have been made which have come true, as the following letter written by Dr. Suddick to Colonel Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (and received from Colonel Bundy by Mr. Hodgson on October 28th, 1890), will show. They are, however, decidedly less striking than the instance we have given, and it would be difficult to estimate their evidential value without a precise statement of the number of prophecies that have not come true.

"We had a sitting," says Dr. Suddick, "about a month ago, spirits stating that 'a woman would die in Cuba on October 20th,' but they would not spell the name. Miss Anna Long died here that day.

"Parson Stillwell, a very old gentlemen, was quite feeble, and a few nights ago at a circle some one asked how long he would live. The spirits spelt out, 'He will die to-night.' In the morning he was dead.

"The spirits kept parties in Cuba posted in the wheat market, noting all the changes from to three or four days ahead, all this fall. Thousands have been made here."

In the next case the death seems to have been due to natural causes, which could not, one would think, have been foreseen from however intimate a view of the subject's organism at the time when the presentiment first appeared.

P. 148. 433, Harrison Street, Topeka, Kansas,

September 1*st*, 1893.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I have a painful duty to perform in acquainting you with the sickness and death of my mother, Mrs. Enoch Chase. My mother was taken sick on Saturday morning, July 29th, with bilious fever. The fever, after a run of ten days, ceased and she seemed to be improving rapidly. She continued improving, so much so that on Wednesday and Thursday, the 16th and 17th, she sat up a little, but on Friday morning we noticed she seemed weak. A little later she had a sinking spell from which she gradually passed into unconsciousness. After a great effort we revived her, but from that time on she gave up entirely and failed rapidly until Sunday evening at seven o'clock, when she passed away. Please notice the Friday, Saturday and Sunday mentioned in her premonition, which correspond with the last three days of her sickness, after the relapse took place.

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We found the sealed envelope after her death in her box of private papers. She has told us ever since my father's death, which occurred April 24th, 1888, that she would only survive him five years. We did not pay the attention to this that we now wish we had.

MRS. S. J. CRAWFORD.

[A sealed envelope, with inscription and contents as given below, was found among Mrs. E. Chase's private papers after her death.]

Inscription on Envelope.

To be opened after my death, if it takes place in or near 5 years after the death of my husband, viz., April, 1888.

MOTHER.

Enclosure in Envelope.

Topeka, *December 28th*, 1891.

It has come to my mind this morning that perhaps I had better leave this premonition in this shape.

Ever since the death of my husband, on the 24th of April, 1888, I have felt that five (5) years is, or will be, the limit to *me* of life. There has been no sudden expression in that way, but the knowledge has seemed to follow me like the knowledge of any other fact,—say this is Friday, and I am thinking of doing something in a day or two, I would just think, to-morrow will be Saturday and the next will be Sunday, then I can't do it. The thought always follows me, just quietly and naturally: *Five years.* Now, if I *should* live six years, I will destroy this, but if my *premonition* comes true, I wish this sent to Mr. Richard Hodgson, 5, Boylston-place, Boston, Mass., with particulars.

Send to Dr. Richard Hodgson, 5, Boylston-place, Boston, Mass.

MRS. E. CHASE.

Re Mrs. Chase.

Baxter Springs, *May 10th*, 1894.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—You ask me my mother's age at the time she made her prediction. She was about sixty-nine and a half years old when she wrote it out. She was born on June 22nd, 1822, wrote out her prediction December 28th, 1891, and died August 20th, 1893. I think the fact came to her the very day of my father's death, April 24th, 1888.

My mother's friend, Mrs. Silas Rain, of Topeka, told me that my mother said as much to her the night after my father's death. Mother talked to me many times about it, but not so soon as she did to Mrs. Rain. Some weeks must have passed before she mentioned it to me. I cannot remember when I first heard her talk about it.

ISABELLE M. CRAWFORD.

(Mrs. S. J. Crawford,
433, Harrison Street, Topeka, Kan.)

Here is another case, where there may have been some subliminal perception of danger to the child's health. The coincidence involved is imperfect.

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P. 157.

From a gentleman in Boston, known to Dr. Hodgson, who desires that his name may not be published.

In the year 1872 I lived in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. I had then four children, two boys and two girls. The boys slept in one room, the girls in another, and on the same floor was my own chamber. One night I had a dream that I shall never forget, and it is as vivid to my mind to-day as at the time of its occurrence.

I dreamed of being in a large, square room on the ground floor. Outside the window was a hearse, and in it a coffin containing the body of my younger son. Just as I turned away from the window I saw a man with the body of my younger daughter in his arms, with her head hanging off his shoulder, with her eyes wide open, staring at me. I said to the man, "Don't take her, she ain't dead." He replied, "Yes, she is dead; that's the way they look when they die that death."

I awoke with a cold perspiration, arose, and with a light I visited the rooms where my little ones slept. I examined their pulse, put my hand on their heads, and found them to be apparently, in perfect health, and sleeping the sweet sleep of childhood. I returned to my chamber and sat on the edge of my bed, thinking of my dream, when my wife awoke. I told her of my dream. It impressed me so that it was over an hour before I again went to sleep.

The next morning my boy, whom I saw in the hearse, awoke in a high fever and did not leave his bed for nearly six weeks. All through his sickness the dream was a great source of anxiety to myself and my wife. Good medical attention and careful nursing at last restored him to health. All my children are men and women grown, and from that day I have had no serious sickness in my family.

Such a dream! What was its significance? Merely a coincidence? Or, was it a warning to give the case all the care possible to save the child's life.

South Boston, *July 25th*, 1892.

Richard Hodgson, Esq.,—Dear Sir,—I cannot recall any other dream of a similar nature, nor can I, as a rule, upon awakening, recall the details of a dream that I had during the night, although I can recall the fact that I made up my mind, at the time of the dream, that I would recall it. Dreams do not often come to me, and this is the only one that to me had any significance.

There was not much illness in P. at this time, and in fact, it was unusually healthy. There was no child's death, at or near the time, that I had any personal knowledge of. I enclose a note from my wife, as desired.

Mrs. C. confirms as follows:—

South Boston, *July 20th*, 1892.

R. Hodgson,—Dear Sir,—The facts in relation to the dream that my husband had during his residence in Pittsburg, Pa., are just as stated by him. We talked them over at the time, and I shall always remember his waking up and going into the sleeping rooms of our children, and his telling me of his dream before he again went to sleep.

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In order to form an opinion on such cases as these, we shall have to compare other narratives, where deaths have been predicted by persons other than the decedents themselves. But before approaching that topic, we must pause on a small group of cases which, if the theory here advanced to explain them should contain any truth, form an interesting link in our argument.

We have been reviewing evidence which tends to show that a man's subliminal self may sometimes perceive his own approaching death, and may transmit this knowledge to the empirical self, sometimes by aid of a hallucination. Now we know that the subliminal self may sometimes communicate to other persons knowledge which it cannot or does not communicate to its own empirical self. This is familar enough in hypnotic experiments, or in spontaneous automatic script, which script may be (for instance) written in a position turned away from the automatist, and may remain unknown to him, although its content must have come from, or passed through, his own deeper being. We know also that an agent has sometimes succeeded in transmitting a phantasmal image of himself to a percipient at a distance, without knowing whether he has, in fact, been successful or no.

It is natural, therefore, to ask whether there is anything to show that the subliminal self ever reveals the approach of death, not to its own empirical self, but to other persons;—showing, perhaps, by a phantasmal image, the source from which the information comes.

To this question we have some ground for returning an affirmative answer;—although of course the greater the interval between apparition and death, the greater also is the plausibility of an explanation of the coincidence as due to chance alone. There are various cases where the phantom of a person destined soon to die has been seen by a percipient at a distance; nor does it seem that such an apparition depends upon the decedent's own supraliminal effort. On the contrary, it often appears while he is asleep or in a comatose condition. Such cases are familiar to readers of *Phantasms of the Living*, where they are classed among other apparitions "at a time of death or crisis,"—the crisis being, of course, the agent's—perhaps only subliminal—perception that death is imminent. It is not always clear by how many hours they precede death;—in one case, for example, (*Journal*, December, 1885, and see *Proceedings*, Vol. IV., p. 307), the apparition coincides with the onset of a rapidly fatal attack of diphtheria.

From that case to the following there is no very great step.

P.Cl. 636. 18, Cornwall Terrace, N.W., *November 20th*, 1889.

Towards the end of March, 1878, in the dead of the night, while believing myself to be awake, I thought the door at the head of my bed was opened

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and a white figure passed along the side of the bed to the foot, where it faced about and showed me it was covered head and all in a shroud. Then with its hands it suddenly parted the shroud over the face, revealing between its two hands the face of my sister, who was ill in another room. I exclaimed her name, whereupon the figure vanished instantly. Next day (and certainly on account of the shock given me by the above experience), I called in Sir W. Jenner, who said my sister had not many days to live. [She died, in fact, very soon afterwards.]

I was in good health, without any grief or anxiety. My sister was being attended by our family doctor, who did not suspect anything serious, therefore I had had no anxiety at all on her account, nor had she herself.

I have never, either before or after this, had such an experience.

(Signed) G. J. ROMANES.

The impression made by this incident upon the late Dr. Romanes, F.R.S., was, as he more than once told me, very deep; nor was there, he thought, any such anxiety in his mind at the time with regard to his sister as could have predisposed him to this unique hallucination. There were, I may add, other unpublished circumstances which confirmed him in his view of the matter.

The following case seems pretty closely parallel.

L. 861. Ad Pn Borderland. Visual.

From Mr. J. H. Kennedy, through Professor Barrett.

Repeated appearances of an apparition, as in this experience, seem to be very unusual.

[Dublin], *July 20th*, 1889.

On the night of the 10th, or rather morning of 11th February, 1884, while sleeping on a bed formed by chairs in my dining-room, my wife having been confined the night previous, I was startled by a most remarkable vision.

My cousin, Miss Amy Flint, passed by the side of my bed several times from the foot, disappearing at the head, and carrying in her hand, with her arm stretched out, a virgin's lamp. After she had passed several times I started up in bed, the thought having struck me that my wife had either passed away or had become seriously ill. I sat up in the bed in a state of fear and anxiety, not knowing what to do, fearing if I went up to the bedroom I might startle my wife and perhaps cause her death, and reasoning to myself that if anything was wrong the nurse would certainly let me know. During all this time the figure continued to pass and repass with a solemn, steady tread. Having watched and listened for some time, my cousin ceased to pass. I lay down, fell asleep, and thought no more of it, excepting to go up and inquire about my wife and child early that morning. They were both doing well, so I dismissed the thing from my mind, till about 10 o'clock, when my cousin's brother called to say his sister had passed away just at the time of my vision. In consequence of this extraordinary occurrence I had the infant called after her, Amy.

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I may say my cousin had been for a long time in consumption, but the day previous appeared much better, went out by herself in good spirits and visited my sisters.

J. H. KENNEDY.

Mr. Kennedy does not seem to have mentioned his vision to anyone before he heard of his cousin's death, and his aunt, to whom he mentioned it some weeks afterwards, is dead.

He writes later to correct the date given in his first account, saying that his daughter Amy was born on January 2nd, 1883, and that his cousin died a few days later, on January 7th, and we have verified these two dates independently by reference to the Register of Births and Deaths. The fact of his daughter being named after his cousin in consequence of the occurrence, as mentioned in his first letter, affords some independent evidence of the correspondence in the dates of the apparition and the death. Note, however, the disposition to exaggerate coincidences which this mistake illustrates.

Mr. Kennedy states that he has experienced no other hallucinations, but he recently had a dream of a distressing kind, which made a good deal of impression on him, and which there is some reason to think was telepathic. In an interview with Professor Barrett he also related an experience which occurred to his mother. This was a veridical vision or dream of the sudden death of a friend, and is of interest as being an instance tending to show a hereditary faculty of "second-sight."

The following case, again, is of the same type. The informant is known to me; her father was a very distinguished public man.

P. 307.

From the Hon. Mrs. M——, A. Adjutant General's House, Royal Barracks, Dublin. 1884.

My sister was in the habit of getting up at 5 a.m. and of going to my father's room (who was not well at the time) to give him tea, and then reading to him until about 7. I asked her one day if she would call me sometimes, that I should like to get up at 5. She refused, saying she thought "I did quite enough in the day and had better be in bed." The next morning, however, Thursday, to my surprise I awoke and saw her standing at the foot of my bed, looking very bright indeed, and I fancied in a white dressing-gown. The curtains were drawn over the windows and the light seemed somehow only to strike her figure. She said, "Remember I have called you, it is 5 o'clock, and now I am going away; I am going away, remember." I fell asleep and did not wake until eight. At breakfast I said to my sister, "So you did come and call me after all!" She looked astonished and said, "No, I did not." I said, "Do you mean that you did not come at 5 o'clock and say 'Remember I have called you, and now I am going away'?" "No," she said, "I never came near your room." She, however, questioned me in rather an agitated way, and to my surprise said, "I don't like those sort of dreams." I never heard her say anything of the sort before, and was rather surprised at her thinking twice about it.

The next day, Friday, having been in perfect health and spirits up to that morning, she was taken ill whilst sitting by my father's side, at about 6

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o'clock, and she died at 5 o'clock the day week, Thursday, of my dream or vision; and a curious coincidence was that she had on a white muslin dressing-gown in which she had sat up during part of the night. I do not recollect that during the fluctuation of this short illness, from which at first no danger was apprehended, this strange incident occurred to my memory, but as the clock struck 5 on that sad morning I remembered.

There is another dream connected with that sad short illness.

My father, the second night before my sister was taken ill, dreamed that he asked her to go on with the "Life of Charles James Fox," the second volume of which was not then in the house. He dreamed that she said, "Oh there is no more for me to read, that is the end," and she held up the volume she had read to him, open at the last page, across the half of which he saw printed in very large black, thick letters, filling the page quite across,

THE END.

He said it gave him a sort of shock which awoke him, and he still felt a painful shock, he could not say why, when he awoke and remembered it. And yet he was half amused at feeling it a shock or remembering it at all.

He, however, did not mention it that day, because he, being ill, thought my mother might not like it. The day my sister died he told us. The strange thing was that it was the same night, or rather morning, and about the same time that I thought I saw her: for soon after he awoke he saw her come in with his tea, but did not, I believe, tell her the dream.

It was strange that she finished that book, and that it was the last time she ever read to him, and that that night *was* the end of one phase of family life in many ways. My father never recovered her death, and everything changed soon after.

My father was the late Field-Marshal ——, and, as anyone will know, not a man likely to think of dreams in general, and up to the day of his death was in intellect and faculties like a man of 30. [Field-Marshal Lord S. died in 1863.]

From this case, again, there is but one step to the next,—which involves prevision of a death more sudden and unexpected. This case, which comes from a lady who does not wish her name to be printed, is remote in date; but the danger of illusion of memory is perhaps less in a witness before the fact other than the percipient than it would have been in a remote case testified to by the percipient himself. One is hardly likely to imagine, without foundation, that one has been told by two persons of a special incident affecting both of them, before it occurred. On the other hand, the hearing one's *name called* is a common form of subjective illusion.

P. 637.

The late Colonel M., of the Militia, resided at S. I was companion to his wife for many years, travelled with them into various countries on the Continent, and altogether was with her more than 30 years. At the time when I went to them Mr. M.'s elder brother, Thomas, was a captain in the Militia where Mr. M. was an officer, and the regiment remained at B. for

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12 months. B. is six miles from S. and Mr. M. used to come home every evening. One cold evening in the month of March, in the year 1855, Mr. and Mrs. M. sat reading for a while over a fire in the bedroom before going to bed. At 11 o'clock they were startled by hearing the brother call aloud "Will" on the stairhead, the name by which he was accustomed to call Mr. M. Both heard the voice, and Mr. M. rushed to the stairhead exclaiming, "Whatever brings you here?" he having left him at B. and supposing him to be there. There was no one to be seen. When I went to them in the morning they told me immediately of what had occurred. They had been very much disturbed by it through the night. During the day Mr. M. rejoined his regiment at B. as usual. His brother Thomas was there still and apparently well. But in the evening about six o'clock, when the exercises of the day were over, he was standing in the street with him when he suddenly dropped down dead. From frequent references to the subject in after years I know that Colonel and Mrs. M. were firmly convinced that the voice they heard was a reality, and that it was an intimation of the impending death of Captain Thomas. The fact that they told me of it in the morning, when the captain was still well and likely to live, shows that it could not be an imaginary thing on their part, the result of apprehension respecting him. Colonel M. and his wife were among the most excellent people I ever knew, and I remained at the Hall till the grave had closed first over him and then, nearly 15 years afterwards, over her.

October 21st, 1889. E. W.

The next case presents an element of reciprocity, which of course adds to its evidential value.

P 256.

Mrs. Tabour writes to Dr. Hodgson :—

2718, Chicago-avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

May 8th, 1895.

I have recently learned of a case of remarkable appearance before death, or rather a short time previous to death. A man ill with consumption appeared to a lady (a friend of mine and also a friend of his) in a perfectly natural manner, properly clothed, although he was ill in bed at the time, and was found upon investigation to have been asleep at the time of the appearance. Now, the reason why they were able to establish the above fact so accurately was that the man related to his wife, directly upon awaking, that he had dreamed of this lady in the most vivid manner, and described her appearance, and the position of the furniture in her rooms. The two families were about one day's journey apart, by rail. The man died about a fortnight later. These people are willing to give dates and names, and if you will have your secretary prepare a list of such questions as you may want answered, and forward to me, I will get all information possible. I think it may be well to see to the matter while I am here.—Very sincerely yours,

JOSIE L. FOWLER TABOUR.

Mrs. Tabour adds :—

Mrs. Shagren is a woman of strong clairvoyant powers. All the parties are of Swedish birth, and of unusual intelligence. At the time of this

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appearance, Mrs. Shagren was about thirty-one. Occurred over ten years ago. No appearance at time of death.

STATEMENT OF MRS. SHAGREN REGARDING APPEARANCE OF MR. HENDRICKSON.

This happened one day after I had finished my morning's work, housework. It was about ten o'clock. I stood before the mirror doing my hair, when I suddenly saw him [Mr. Hendrickson], coming from behind, as if approaching on tip-toe. His hands were outstretched, and I had an impression that he would place them on my shoulders; I could even hear his last step, like the squeak of a boot, as he put his foot down. I turned in surprise, and faced him, consequently seeing him out of the glass and in the glass. As I turned I exclaimed, "Is that you?" At least I felt that I said that, but as I spoke he vanished. He was perfectly natural in appearance, and fully dressed, just as I had always seen him.

In the afternoon of the same day, which I know was April 24th, 1884, as I was passing from the room in which I had seen him in the morning, going through a small hall-way, I heard steps from behind. Turned and saw him again, dressed as in the morning, and again as I turned toward him he vanished.

The impression of seeing him was not so strong as in the morning.

The next day, a young lady friend of mine, and also a friend of Mr. Hendrickson's family came to visit me, and knowing of her friendship with Mr. Hendrickson I asked her if she knew anything of the family, or where they were living, as I had heard nothing from them for about four years, I having been south during that time, and they in the meantime having left the city.

I asked if she knew if Mr. Hendrickson was still living, as I knew he had consumption. She replied that he was living the last time she had heard from them. And then I said "I saw him yesterday morning."

My friend was not surprised, and regarded the appearance as a warning of death. To my statement she said, "I would not be surprised, as I received a letter from his wife saying he had a hemorrhage of the lungs.[1] Let us write," she continued, "and find out if he is living or dead." Then we wrote we both felt uneasy and I told of seeing him. In a few days we received a reply saying that he was not dead, but the doctors had said he could not live, and then [Mrs. H.] related his experience of seeing me in a dream, while asleep on the morning he had appeared to me. Although he had never been in the house he described my room, and said to his wife, when speaking of his dream, "she looked stouter than she used to," which was true, as I had grown much stouter in the four years since they had seen me.

Mrs. Hendrickson and myself were friends from childhood. I had only known Mr. Hendrickson since his marriage. We were just good friends. Mr. Hendrickson once told his wife that I had appeared to him. That was long before my experience of seeing him.

[1] Hemorrhage of the lungs has been associated with psychical manifestations oftener than from the relative frequency of that mode of death would seem antecedently probable.

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Mrs. Hendrickson has re-married, and is now Mrs. Erickson of Beresford, South Dakota. (Signed) [Mrs.] C. M. SHAGREN.

708, South 6 Street.

Beresford, S.D., *May 27th*, 1895.

MRS. C. M. SHAGREN,—DEAR FRIEND,—I received your welcome letter a few days ago and will now answer it. It was in the morning of April 24th, 1884, when Mr. Hendrickson awoke and said he had been dreaming of you. I said "I'll mark this down and see if it means something." He slept longer that morning than he used to do, and in five days we had a letter from you and you said you had seen him in your room that morning and you thought something would happen to him before long. He was dressed in his night clothes at the time. On the 20th of May he died. I wrote to Dora, but I do not remember what I did write or when it was. It was before he died, anyway. I had not heard from you since you went to Tennessee until this time. I believe you said in your letter that you got my address from Dora. . . . . MRS. F. ERICKSON.

Beresford, S. Dak.
Box 156.

From private letter written by Miss Dora Edenoff, of Chicago, June 14th, 1895, to Mrs. Shagren.

I have been trying to think, but cannot remember what you said about Mr. Hendrickson. It does seem that you did tell me that you had seen him in your room, but I cannot remember any more.—Your friend, DORA.

In reply to Dr. Hodgson's question how Mrs. Shagren remembered that the date was April 24th, 1884, Mrs. Tabour adds:—

There are many reasons why Mrs. Shagren remembered that date. First because of the young lady, who came from another city, and was on her way to Europe, and other facts which I might tell you if necessary. I looked into it pretty carefully as I am rather a doubter myself. . . .

In the case next quoted the phantasm indicates not death precisely, but an impending condition of decay.

P. 251.

[The following statement comes from a lady known to me, who has also described the incident to me orally. Owing to the painful nature of the incident, the writer does not wish to ask her mother for the narrative which she sent to her at the time. It is of course possible that she may have sub-consciously noted indications of impending decay.]

In the autumn of 1892 I was in Paris, staying with a near relative of mine, of whom I am very fond, and who was a most distinguished and clever man in his profession, that of a lawyer.

He had not been quite himself for some weeks and had complained in his letters to me (I was in England at the time) of feeling nervous and unfit for work, in fact run down. As his letters made me feel uneasy, I wrote and offered a visit, saying a change to Paris would be beneficial to *me*, and took up my abode in his pretty *appartement*, near the Boulevard Haussmann.

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My relative is a bachelor, and has one servant, a valet, who does not sleep in the appartement, but, according to Paris custom, has a room on the 5ieme; therefore we two were alone in the house at night. My room was at one end of a passage, and his at the other, several rooms intervening.

A few days after my arrival, I received a budget of important papers to read, and a request to translate into English an article out of a French medical paper. Not having had time to do this all day, I postponed the translation till after my relative had gone to bed, as he generally retired early. As it was a chilly night, I thought I would take the lamp into my room, and work out the translation after I was in bed. I read several letters first, and then started on my task, aided by a dictionary, as the French technical terms staggered me rather, now and then. This is to show you my mind was fully occupied, and that not only was I wide awake but that I was not in any way brooding on my relative's nervous state, nor indeed was I thinking of him. As I was writing most energetically, I saw, as one can see without raising one's eyes, one of the doors of my room slowly open, and, as I imagined it could only be my relative, who was restless, and was coming in to have a chat, I said, without even troubling to look up "Come in, I'm not asleep." Receiving no answer, I looked up, and saw a most awful sight. (I must tell you my relative was a singularly handsome man, very tall, and an intelligent, bright face.)

I saw, staggering into the room, a likeness of him, but in the last stage of imbecility. He had shrunk down to half his height, his legs seemed semi-paralysed, and unable to support his tottering emaciated form. His face was drawn, all character and expression had left it, the lower jaw drooped, and the eyes had no intelligence or recognition in them, nothing but a vacant, hideous stare! This *thing*,—for I can call it nothing else—staggered across my room, looking round at me now and then, then made for the opposite door, where it groped about aimlessly for the handle, and finally succeeded in opening it, tumbled itself into the next room, and disappeared. I sat up in bed frozen with horror, and gazed at this till it vanished, then jumped out of bed, and ran along the passage into my relative's room. He was sound asleep in bed, and there was no sign anywhere of the ghastly semblance of himself that I had seen. I could not get to sleep, and this awful sight haunted me for weeks. I naturally spoke of it to no one in Paris, but wrote an account of it, much as I am doing now, to my mother, in England. Some weeks later my relative, feeling his nerves no better, consulted an eminent physician, and a specialist for nervous complaints. The doctor did not alarm him, but told me privately he much feared that creeping paralysis and softening of the brain would set in.

His diagnosis was only too correct; at the present moment my poor relative is in a private hospital; he went steadily from bad to worse, all the dreadful symptoms of his disease increased visibly and rapidly, and now (autumn of 1895) he is very nearly like the ghastly vision I saw of him in 1892, and which, may be, was sent in some measure to prepare us for the great sorrow in store for us all.

My relative was, at the time of this incident, about 43 years of age, and as handsome, intelligent, and charming a man as one could wish to see—the very last person for whom one could foresee such a fearful end.

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I give no names, or address, as he is still alive, and it would be unpleasant for our family. Apart from that, the details are absolutely exact.

Here is another case of somewhat similar type, but where the approaching end was even harder to foresee. The narrative was given to Mr. Gurney.

P. 253. FROM MRS. CHAPRONIERE.

2, Hotham-villas, Putney.

April 14*th*, 1888.

I was in my bedroom being undressed by my maid, Mrs. Gregory, who had been with me for 41 years, and she was unfastening my bracelet when I saw, just behind her about two feet off, her exact resemblance. She was then in perfect health. I said to her, "Why Mrs. Gregory, I see your fetch." She smiled and said, "Really, ma'am," but was not in the least alarmed. On the following Sunday, she was only poorly. I went for a doctor at once, who said she was a little out of sorts. On Wednesday evening she suddenly died. It was about the same time that her double had appeared to me just a week before. This was about 15 years ago.

SOPHIE CHAPRONIERE.

I have seen Mrs. Chapronière, and questioned her about the case. She told me that she had never had a hallucination of vision on any other occasion. The "double" was as distinct as the real person, and an exact reproduction. The death was very sudden. Mrs. Gregory had been slightly unwell for a couple of days before it took place, but was able to enjoy her food, and no anxiety was felt on her account. A daughter of Mrs Chapronière states that she clearly remembers that her mother mentioned the apparition at once, before the death.—E. G.

April 24*th*, 1888.

But perhaps the most interesting case in this group is the following which I give translated from the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, July-August, 1891.

Here it seems certain that three persons of education and probity, assembled together in no excitement of mind, did all of them see a phantasmal figure, vaguely resembling a living person, ill in bed at the time, perform a certain movement,—simple, indeed, but with no obvious meaning. One of these persons afterwards saw the invalid walk to the door in the same way, at a moment which had in his eyes especial solemnity, as bringing the definite announcement of her approaching death.

P. 210. CASE OF THE RUE JACOB.

Mlle L. Isnard's account.

One evening in January, 1878, I had an hallucination. My mother was then living, and my brother, my sister, and myself lived with her. My father had been dead a year and a half.

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We were very anxious about my mother, who was seriously ill, and had kept her bed for four months. This evening she had told us that she was better, and we felt relieved and more hopeful.

It was about 8 o'clock, we were all with her trying to amuse her, and talking of her recovery, when she looked at us with a smile and said, "I want you all to dine together this evening; it is a long time since you did so, and all on my account. (One of us always remained with her.) I shall see you from here, and it will be like being with you." We did as she wished.

The dining room communicated with my mother's room by folding glass doors; these were surrounded by curtains. The dining room was large, and longer than it was broad; it was a cold, dull room, on account of its low ceiling, its painted walls and high, dark panels. The only window looked upon a dark court. Three other doors opened out of it, one into an antechamber, another, nearly opposite, opened into a narrow passage leading to the front rooms, the third opened into a sort of dressing closet. Entering the dining-room from the ante-chamber, the window was close to the door on the right; the door of my mother's room was divided from the window by a panel. In the evening the room brightened up a little, but it was always dim in the corners.

We were just sitting down when the bell rang. It was a friend who had come to enquire after our mother, and she asked him to dinner. At table I had the bedroom door on my right, and the door of the corridor was exactly opposite. M. Menon and my brother were at my left; my sister, whose seat was at my right, had gone to the the kitchen to prepare my mother's drink.

We talked of indifferent matters; my mother joined in the conversation, and I could see her face, lighted by a little lamp at her side. She seemed calm.

After a time she grew tired and asked us to shut her door. I only pushed it to, and we continued talking, but less loudly. I can affirm that we were all calm and unconcerned.

It was 9 o'clock, the night was quiet, the table was the only lighted spot in the room, a faint light could be seen in my mother's room through the unground glass doors.

All at once the wind seemed to rise and howl plaintively at the end of the corridor. The corridor door, which is closed by a French handle, (*bec de cane*), opened violently, the two glass leaves came together with a crash. I looked up, astonished at the sudden gust amidst the calm. Then something strange and inexplicable happened. A shadow, like the shadow of a woman, stood at the entrance of my mother's room; it drew away from the curtains and glided slowly towards the corridor. I saw it vaguely at first, but more clearly when its profile was thrown up by the wall. When it arrived at the angle formed by the wall at that place, it left the wall, advanced into the room, and again turned towards the corridor. At that moment it stood out clearly on the white background of the open door, it looked to me perfect and distinct. It was the shadow of a woman, more compact than transparent, and yet—if I may so express myself—it was diaphanous as some clouds are.

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It was little, slightly bent, its head was bent, and its arms crossed over its breast; a sort of resignation and reserve was expressed in its attitude. The head and shoulders were covered by a sort of ashy grey veil, the face was quite hidden, it might have been a nun. It entered the corridor and disappeared into the darkness. A gust of wind, less violent than the first, closed the door after it; my mother's door had also closed noiselessly. The phenomenon lasted some seconds. I had thought of my mother directly, not that there was any particular resemblance, but I had felt some mysterious connection between her and the apparition. I cannot analyse what I felt. It was not fear, it was astonishment mixed with a kind of superstitious alarm. I felt an immense sadness, my heart contracted, and I had a painful presentiment. I thought "My mother will die." I looked at my brother anxiously, his face told me that he too had seen. M. Menon seemed ill at ease. I rose to go to my mother, and hesitated, fearing to find her worse. Turning to M. Menon, I said, "I once knew a Russian family, in which it had become almost a matter of belief that when a shadow left the room of a sick person, he would die that same day, or very shortly." "Do not let yourself be distressed," he replied, "it was only a play of shadows, caused by a gust of wind most probably." I was not convinced, but went into my mother's room. The light had gone out, which struck me. I relit it and found her dozing. I was obliged to wake her and ask her how she was. She looked at me as if she had been dreaming, and answered, "I am not so well, I am in some pain. Let me sit up. . . . I am oppressed. . . ." I re-arranged her position, but being unable to control myself any longer, I asked, "Mamma, did you hear anything just now?" "No, why?" "Don't you know? We saw a shadow come out of your room." She looked at me with vague interrogation. I could not keep from crying, and without thinking that my tears might trouble her, I asked, "You are going to get well, to stay with us, to live a long time, are you not?" "Yes," she said, "yes, poor child. You are a baby to cry about a shadow. It all means nothing. Tell Valérie to bring my *tisane*."

I went back to the dining room, and found that my brother had told Valérie (my sister). She was surprised, but not as much impressed as I was.

My brother and M. Menon took leave of my mother and went out, the former not returning till late. That night my mother grew worse, and continued to do so.

We did not again speak about the apparition, and in a few days I ceased to think of it.

My mother died on January 25th of the same year, between 9 and 10 in the evening. One day when my brother and I were talking of her, "That shadow," I said, "was not altogether wrong, and my presentiment did not deceive me." "No," my brother replied, "the more I think of it the less I understand it—yet we really did see something."

I have never had any other hallucination.

2. *Account of Dr. Isnard.*

In 1878, I lived with my mother and sisters at the Rue Jacob. My mother had been in bed seriously ill for four months, when one evening,

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M. Menon dining with us, she expressed a wish to be present at the meal, by having the door left open.

Our apartments consisted of five rooms, three looking out on the Rue Jacob, two (the dining room and my mother's room) on an inner yard. The event occurred in these two. There were three doors in the dining room—that of the antechamber, my mother's (a glass folding door), and the third, which was closed by a *bec de cane*, led by a passage into the front rooms.

The night was quiet, it was about 9 or 9.30. We were calm, and almost reassured by the improvement in my mother's health.

Our conversation at last seemed to fatigue the invalid, and she asked us to close the door. We set it to, and went on talking.

Suddenly the door of the corridor opened wide, the leaves of my mother's door clashed and then opened, and the wind rose. I thought it odd there should be a gust of wind, when all the windows were shut. I looked about, and saw between the curtains which surrounded my mother's door, the shadow of a woman, small, bent, with head bent forward, and arms crossed on the bosom. A dusty grey veil seemed to cover it, so that it looked like a nun. It came softly into the room, gliding over the floor, in the same attitude ; the face was invisible. It passed close to me, out of the door, and disappeared in the darkness of the passage. A second gust of wind closed the doors. The whole thing lasted six or seven seconds.

I did not feel fear, but we were all three embarrassed. We had seen the same thing, and did not dare to admit it to one another. My sister was particularly affected.

"It was nothing, mademoiselle," said M. Menon, "it was a play of shadows. Do not be disturbed." My sister said she had known a Russian family who believed that when a shadow went out of an invalid's room, he would die that day, or certainly before long. She then went to my mother. My youngest sister, who had been absent, returned, and seemed greatly surprised at what we told her.

My friend and I went out together. When I returned I found my mother much worse.

What astonishes me to this day is that though our minds were full of the apparition, we avoided any mention of it.

Next week, I was alone with my mother. She had been sitting in the dining-room for some minutes. My sisters were out. It was 5 o'clock, the time when Dr. D. generally came. I had never been alone with him. Being a medical student, I suspected that my mother's state was serious, and I had not courage to receive the sentence of death. So that when he came, I declined to go to the door. My mother rose, and at that moment I was struck by her attitude. It was that of the shadow we had seen. She advanced slowly towards the door, little and bent. Her head and shoulders were covered by a shawl and her face was invisible ; her arms were crossed over her chest.

My mother died on the 25th of January, at 9.30.

I give you the facts as they are, without attempting to explain them.

DR. ISNARD.

15, Boulevard Arago.

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3. *Account of M. Menon-Cornuet.*

At the beginning of January, 1878, I went to see my friend, Dr. Isnard, of No. 28, Rue Jacob, and to enquire after his mother who had been for some time dangerously ill. I was asked to dinner, and Mlles Isnard, their brother, and I dined in a room next to that of the invalid. Towards the end of the meal the youngest sister went to the kitchen. The door of Mme Isnard's room was put to, but not closed. It was near the right corner of the dining-room and was close to another door which communicated with the drawing-room by means of a passage. These doors were at right angles with one another; both were pushed to, but not hasped; at least the glass door into Mme Isnard's room was not. M. Isnard and I could both see these doors, one on the right and the other on the left, and Mlle Isnard faced the angle formed by the two doors. We all distinctly saw a shadow glide from the invalid's door to the door communicating with the corridor, following the angle. This shadow looked like a woman with a very long veil, like a nun; its head was bent. It seemed to me to grow less and less distinct, and on reaching the door leading to the drawing-room, it disappeared. It seemed to disappear through the floor. At this moment the two doors, which had opened suddenly and simultaneously before the shadow passed, returned quickly and simultaneously to their original positions, striking loudly against their doorposts. The passing of the figure and the closing of the doors took about 6 or 7 seconds.

Each of us at first believed that he or she alone had been hallucinated, but we were of course obliged to abandon this hypothesis. When the younger Mlle Isnard came back she was told what had occurred, and could not believe it. She had not left the kitchen in the meantime. I went and looked out of the only window of the dining-room to see if there were any possibility of a shadow having been cast through it, but there was no lighted window on the same floor as ours, in the buildings opposite our apartment. We were on the third floor, looking out on the yard; there were several windows below slightly lighted, and there was a gas lamp in the yard, but this was 7 or 8 yards below, exactly under our window. Neither was it possible that a shadow should have been thrown through either of the dining-room doors. It appeared impossible to us that any effect of light could have produced what we had seen, and we gave up our attempts at a satisfactory explanation.

Mme Isnard died some days after, and it is only since her death that we have sometimes talked of the mysterious apparition.

G. MENON-CORNUET.

22, Rue de Constantinople,
Paris, *November* 15*th*, 1890.

4. *Attestation of M. Josset.*

I, the undersigned, certify that Dr. Isnard, one of my intimate friends, related to me ten years ago the curious case of the passing of a shadow in his rooms, simultaneously observed by three persons. He told me that the shadow exactly resembled his mother, who was then dangerously ill, and

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died a few days after. We have often spoken of this fact, which we believed to be absolutely unique ; and Dr. Isnard's story has never varied.

L. JOSSET,
Chemist of the First Class.

6, Boulevard Arago, Paris.

5. *Witness of Mlle V. Isnard.*

I remember perfectly that when I came back to the dining-room, my brother told me what all three had seen. I have just read their accounts, and can certify that the facts related there are exactly as they were told me directly after the event.

V. ISNARD.

OBSERVATIONS FROM DR. DARIEX, EDITOR OF *Annales Psychiques.*

We have before us the extract from the certificate of death of Mme Isnard, draw up on the 26th January, 1878 ; we extract the following passage : "Marie-Joséphine de Boussois, Rentière, died at her domicile, 28, Rue Jacob, yesterday (*that is on the 25th January*, 1878) at 11 o'clock at night, ... widow of Jean-Augustin Isnard . . . . ."

Therefore Madame Isnard died on January 25th, 1878, as we have always been told.

Although the witnessess of this strange phenomenon are our intimate friends ; though we cannot possibly doubt their sincerity, and though we know that they related the story to their friends, ten years ago, when they knew nothing of psychical phenomena, we have visited the rooms where it happened, in order to see if some natural explanation were not possible.

After a minute examination of the house and the rooms, we have been obliged to acknowledge that no natural shadow could have been accidentally projected on the spot where the appearance was observed, and that none of the witnesses could have been mistaken on the point.

This hypothesis is also corroborated by the strange resemblance between the shadow and the invalid, who had the same figure, the same dress, and the same attitude ; and this argues in favour of the psychical character of the phenomenon.

None of the witnesses is subject to hallucinations or has had another in his life.

The younger daughter of Mme Isnard, who was in the kitchen at the time, and whose shadow could have not been projected into the dining-room, was 16 centimetres taller than her mother ; she had besides no veil on her head, and her shadow, even admitting that it could have been seen there, could not in any way have resembled the one seen.

Besides, this particular shadow was not so dark as projected shadows are; Dr. Isnard compares it to spider's web.

M. Menon and Mlle Isnard saw it in profile on the doors and walls, as if it had been thrown there ; Dr. Isnard saw it in space, clearly detached, and objective ; to him, it hid what was behind it, as an object more or less transparent might do. When the position of the places, the path taken by the shadow, and the respective positions of the witnesses are studied, it is easy to perceive that it must, or at least may have been so, even if the form was really objective : M. Isnard was placed rather near the glass door and

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perpendicularly to it; the shadow, coming out of the glass door to reach the angle and the corridor door, must have at first come straight towards him, so that it was easy for him to see it in space; for at the point it started from and for about a yard of its path, he could not have seen it projected into the dining-room; he would have seen it projected on the wall of the bedroom, about six yards off.

On the other hand, Mlle Isnard and M. Menon, placed farther from the angle and from the door, could not see the shadow coming towards them, and when they looked at the figure, their gaze, instead of meeting the empty space in the bedroom, would have fallen on the opening of the glass door, on the angle of the two walls, and on the door of the corridor, at that moment wide open.

Thus, (and we insist on this point) the different way in which the shadow was seen by the witnesses seems to depend on their positions in regard to the path of the figure, and this difference favours the theory of its objectivity. However, we should not dare to conclude that the apparition was really objective and that the three percipients really saw the phantasm or double of the invalid. But we draw attention to the following six points :—

1. A strange and unforeseen phenomenon was spontaneously and simultaneously observed in the same manner by the three persons present, whose attention was first drawn to it by a gust of wind.

2. Mlle Isnard found her mother asleep directly after.

3. The shadow resembled the invalid and walked like her.

4. The invalid felt worse at once, grew steadily worse, and died a few days after.

5. No real shadow could have taken the path of the shadow which was seen.

6. The gust of wind occurred in a time of complete calm, when the windows were shut.

Again, the witnesses observed no movement of the air, as they would with a real gust of wind.

Some movement of the air might however have passed unobserved on account of the disturbed state of the witnesses.

Dariex.

Apart from the *collectivity* of the percipience, another new point, it will be observed, is here involved. If this phantom was really a message from the decedent's spirit implying that death was near, the circumstances suggest that that spirit must also have been able to discern a scene in the remaining earth-life which ordinary inference could not have foretold. We pass in fact, at this point, from organic prevision to a prevision of future incidents of life, of which there will be much to say later on.

But before directly facing this main problem, it will be well to lead up to it by another indirect route—namely, through certain apparent acts of prevision which seem to be at least partly explicable by telepathy. In the cases—as yet few—where there has been anything

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like a *series* of telepathic messages, some element of apparent prediction has generally been included; although probably often resolvable into a mere conversion of the agent's expectation and inference into what looks to the percipient like an actual reality. The following telepathic diary—which we have not been able to persuade Dr. and Mrs. S. to renew—illustrates this slight want of contemporaneity.

P. 169. From the *Pacific Theosophist*, San Francisco, *August*, 1893.

The following experiments were conducted by a well-known physician of this City and his wife. Both were somewhat interested in the subject and, upon the latter leaving for a visit in the country, it was arranged that at a certain time of each day ten minutes should be devoted to an attempt to communicate telepathically, each alternating as transmitter and receiver.

The notes, carefully written down while separated nearly a hundred miles, speak for themselves. They also make it apparent that the physician accomplished something more than mere telepathy. In receiving supposed messages, he several times got accurate information of things which the wife had no idea she was imparting and in one or two instances actually foresaw occurrences which could not possibly have been known to his transmitter. This shows how intimately our psychic senses blend one with the other, and how hard it is for an untrained person to distinguish just what psychic faculty is active. The phenomena recorded are commonplace in their character; the interest lies in their truthfulness and the scientific accuracy of their observation. The results are as follows:—

May 12*th.*—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

Arrived safely. Pleasant trip. B. feels fairly well. We have a nice place in an old-fashioned house.

May 12*th.*—Received.

Had a good trip. B. slept well. House squarely built and plain; porch surrounded by trees; not fronting the road; rooms very sunny. [All accurate. What follows was seen clairvoyantly, apparently.—Ed.] Landlady wears sun-bonnet with jacket of same. Little boy three years old. [Boy expected, but did not arrive until next day. The description accurate.] Fire in north east. [Fire occurred next night.]

May 13*th.*—Transmitter, Dr. S.

Theresa B. and her mother were here yesterday. Also Clara and Emma. Business somewhat dull. W.'s house burned yesterday.

May 13*th.*—Received.

I think Theresa B. was there or is coming. Something, I can't make out, about business. I think it is bad.

May 14th.

Nothing sent.

May 14*th.*

Forgot to keep the appointed time.

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May 15*th.*—Transmitter, Dr. S.

E. and R. went to park. Mrs. A. is angry. S. paid his bill.

May 15*th.*—Received.

Could get nothing definite; think you collected some money.

May 16*th.*—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

Paid a visit to K.'s. B. feels quite well.

May 16*th.*—Received.

You took a long walk. I see a young man with a revolver in his hand. [A young man shot a dog in the garden that day.]

May 17*th.*—Transmitter, Dr. S.

Nothing sent; business prevented.

May 17*th.*— Received.

Could get nothing at all. Think you were out.

May 18*th.*—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

B. does not feel well at all. Went for medicine.

May 18*th.*—Received.

See a lot of wine casks and demi-johns. Something about curtains. [Mrs. S. visited a large wine cellar on the 17th. The curtains in her room annoyed her very much. But nothing about either was consciously sent.]

May 19*th.*—Transmitter, Dr. S.

Case of D. will come off in the courts 29th. Business still quiet. Played whist.

May 19*th.*—Received.

Think you had rain. You seem dissatisfied. You are telling me something about D., I am sure. [It did rain, but the fact was not consciously sent.]

May 20*th.*—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

My clothes and shoes are all torn. I have poison oak on my arms. Hope it will not be bad.

May 20*th.*—Received.

You went out riding. I see you holding a shoe in your hand. You have poison oak on your right arm. B. is better. You want me to mail you the *Bulletin* and *Chronicle*. [Mrs. S. did ride out to some sulphur springs. Poison oak was on right arm only. B. gained three pounds. She was hoping for the *Bulletin* supplement only.]

May 21*st.*

Appointment forgotten.

May 21*st.*

Not at home; did not sit to receive.

May 22*nd.*—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

Visited springs. Very warm all day. I have a sick headache.

May 22*nd.*—Received.

It must be warm; I see you fanning yourself, you were riding; on a donkey, I think. [She rode in a carriage but saw a donkey on her trip which amused her very much.]

May 23*rd.*—Transmitter, Dr. S.

Up all night. Very tired. Nothing new.

May 23*rd.*—Received.

You are looking very cross and tired.

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May 24th.—Transmitter, Mrs. S.	*May 24th.*—Received.
Sent nothing.	I see a big church-like building—brick. [Mrs. S. went the evening previous to a church entertainment. The description correct. Not sent consciously].
May 25th.—Transmitter, Dr. S.	*May 25th.*—Received.
I have a bad sore throat. I am going to Drs. F. and S. (dentists) to give ether. It is a windy day.	You have unpleasant weather. You are trying to tell me something about Dr. F. and his partner, Dr. S., but I can't make it out.

Mrs. S. was somewhat doubtful about the success or even possibility of such experiments succeeding, and was fairly startled upon comparing memoranda on her return home. B. is a sister of Mrs. S., for whose benefit the trip was taken. The doctor had never been in that part of the country, and so could not have seen the house and church he so accurately described. The experiments throw much light on psychic faculties other than mere telepathy.

J. S., M.D., Physician and Surgeon.

San Francisco, *November 29th*, 1893.

R. Hodgson, Esq.,—Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of November 15th, my statement is that my experiment with my wife in telepathy resulted precisely as you find it given in the *Pacific Theosophist*. [In a later letter Dr. S. states that he is not himself a Theosophist.]

I came to try the experiment this way: I read in the daily papers of a certain drummer who, when absent from his home, made it a practice to sit at ten o'clock p.m., for about half an hour, his wife the same, and mentally communicate the news of the day to each other, as exchanging letters was inconvenient, he being compelled to change his location every day.

As my wife was to go away from San Francisco last summer with a sick sister of hers, we decided to try the experiment, with the result given in the *Pacific Theosophist*. My wife has grown up in an atmosphere of scepticism, consequently she did not give the subject as much attention as I did, otherwise we might have had better results. Now, of course, her personal experience convinced her of something.

No third person was aware of our doing, excepting what I state here: I met Dr. J. Anderson in consultation about a patient, when I told him I believed in the possibilities of telepathy, and that I was making experiments just then with my wife. He asked me to show him the result, good or bad, which I did. Dr. Anderson never met my wife, neither did he know where she went to. She was in St. Helena, Sonoma County, about 63 miles from the city.

We agreed to sit twenty minutes at ten o'clock p.m. In sending news, I fixed my mind strongly on the messages, in receiving I made my mind as near blank as I could, excluding all thought. Everything I received came to me as a mental picture. Sometimes I would see things only partly, like half of a face. When I saw her arm, with the poison oak, it came very clearly. I almost thought I could speak to her, but I never heard anything like noise.

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The only other experiments I tried were several years ago in mind-reading. One party would fix his mind on a certain card, and I would tell him which one it was. I succeeded once out of every three attempts. Some days I could tell correctly four or five times in succession, other times I failed altogether.

I tried the experiments for my own personal satisfaction, having no desire to attract notice whatever. I may also add that I found that a quiet mind and rested condition of the system is necessary for success.

I don't wish my name to be published, but if anybody should enquire of you privately, the same as you did of Dr. Anderson, I have no objection to you giving them my name and address.

Wishing you success in your labours, I remain, yours, DR. J. S.

I corroborate the above statement in every detail. MRS. E. S.

Mr. W. E. Coleman, well-known to Dr. Hodgson, writes to him as follows:

Chief Q.M. Office, San Francisco, California,
December 21*st*, 1893.

Upon enquiry I find that Dr. J. S. is a reputable physician of character and standing. All speak well of him, and he is considered a man of veracity. I can find nothing against him as man or as doctor. W. E. COLEMAN.

I add a few cases of scenes apparently prefigured, where the prefigurement may simply have been a telepathic transference of an anticipation existing in another mind.

Here is a trivial premonition, which may have had its rise in an existing *intention* on the caller's part to offer to show the slides, telepathically transferred to Dr. Smith. It is an evidential weakness that Dr. Smith had not told the dream before the offer was made.

P. 187.

From Dr. Henry Smith, Associate S.P.R., to E. T. Bennett, (enclosing "B.")

Cravensea, Cockington, Torquay,
April 13*th*, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—Many strange facts occur which with our present knowledge are unaccountable. I will give you one.

On Friday night, 6th inst., I had a very vivid dream. I dreamt I called on a gentleman on business matters. He asked me to look at a number of transparent photographic slides. I sat down and much enjoyed the views. They were remarkably fine and so impressed themselves on my memory that, during the day, I could distinctly see the streets and buildings.

On Saturday evening, 7th inst., Mr. Winget, my printer, called on me. In the course of conversation he said: "I see you are interested in Egyptian buildings—I have lately purchased a very fine collection of transparent photographic slides. I have four sets—Egypt, Palestine, The Rhine, and Paris—also a very fine stereoscopic cabinet. I should have great pleasure in shewing them to you, if you will kindly come up to my house."

I listened with surprise to what he said, and when he was gone I remarked to my children, "Did you hear what Mr. Winget said? I was too

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much astonished to make any remark to him on the subject." I then told them my dream.

On Sunday evening following, I went to Mr. Winget's house, and there to my astonishment stood the very box and its surroundings I had seen in my dream. I sat down and looked over twenty or more slides, then got up and said, "I will look at no more!" for there I saw the identical views I had seen in my dream.

What theory will account for this fact? This was not dreaming of something that had taken place, but most vividly of something that was to take place.—Yours truly,

HENRY SMITH.

"B." (enclosure). Cravensea, Torquay,
April 19*th*, 1894.

I was in the room with my sisters when Mr. Winget invited my father to go to his house to look at some transparent slides, illustrating Paris, Egypt, etc.

Immediately Mr. Winget left, my father exclaimed, "I was so astonished at what Mr. Winget said, that I could not answer him! He has most graphically described my dream—this is most extraordinary!—I will accept the invitation."

My father went, and found everything exactly as he had seen in the dream—the chair, window, and other surrounding objects—as well as the cabinet and slides.

I may add that we had noticed how remarkably quiet my father became when Mr. Winget mentioned the slides.

ADA SMITH.
ANNIE SMITH.
PHŒBE MAUD SMITH.

Observe that if Dr. Smith had less distinctly observed that his thought of the slides *preceded* the offer to show them, that offer might have given the characteristic feeling of *promnesia*,—as of the repetition of something previously rehearsed. It has already been suggested that the promnesic sensation may sometimes thus be at bottom a form of telepathy.

Here is another case, where the warning of danger may have been a telepathic impact from the mind of the assassin, as he heard the approach of his intended victim.

P. 173.

Four years ago, I made arrangements with my nephew, John W. Parsons, to go to my office after supper to investigate a case. We walked along together, both fully determined to go up into the office, but just as I stepped upon the door sill of the drug store, in which my office was situated, some invisible influence stopped me instantly. I was much surprised, felt like I was almost dazed, the influence was so strong, almost like a blow, I felt like I could not make another step. I said to my nephew, "John, I do not feel like going into the office now, you go and read Flint and Aitkin on the subject." He went, lighted the lamp, took off his hat, and just as he was

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reaching for a book the report of a large pistol was heard. The ball entered the window near where he was standing, passed near to and over his head, struck the wall and fell to the floor. Had I been standing where he was, I would have been killed, as I am much taller than he. The pistol was fired by a man who had an old grudge against me, and had secreted himself in a vacant house near by to assassinate me.

This impression was unlike any that I ever had before. All my former impressions were slow in their development, grew stronger and stronger, until the maximum was reached. I did not feel that I was in any danger, and could not understand what the strong impression meant. The fellow was drunk, had been drinking for two weeks. If my system had been in a different condition—I had just eaten supper—I think I would have received along with the impression some knowledge of the character of the danger, and would have prevented my nephew from going into the office.

I am fully satisfied that the invisible and unknown intelligence did the best that could have been done, under the circumstances, to save us from harm.

D. J. Parsons, M.D., Sweet Springs, Mo.

(The above account was received in a letter from Dr. D. J. Parsons, dated *December* 15*th*, 1891.)

Statement of Dr. J. W. Parsons.

About four years ago my uncle, Dr. D. J. Parsons, and I were going to supper, when a man halted us and expressed a desire for medical advice. My uncle requested him to call the next morning, and as we walked along he said the case was a bad one and that we would come back after supper and go to the office and examine the authorities on the subject. After supper we returned, walked along together on our way to the office, but just as we reached the door of the drug store he very unexpectedly, to me, stopped suddenly, which caused me to stop too; we stood there together a few seconds, and he remarked to me that he did not feel like going into the office then, or words to that effect, and told me to go and examine Flint and Aitkin. I went, lit the lamp, and just as I was getting a book, a pistol was fired into the office, the ball passing close to my head, struck the East wall, then the North, and fell to the floor.

This 5th day of July, 1891.

John W. Parsons, [Ladonia, Texas.]

I have spoken of these last cases as explicable by telepathy, or supernormal perception of the contents of a distant *mind*;—and of some previous cases as explicable by telæsthesia, or supernormal perception of *matter* at a distance, without any assignable influence of another mind. Of course, however, we cannot broadly distinguish from each other obscure faculties such as these. For aught we know, there may be a higher point of view from which these two types of *connaissance supérieure* may be fused in one. We need not, then, be surprised if we find cases where the two faculties, if we can so term them, meet,—as where some disposition of material objects seems to facilitate a transference of thought.

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We have had some curious instances of this kind, where the actual touch of some object which had belonged to a deceased person seemed, in Mrs. Piper's trances, to facilitate communication from that person.

And, somewhat similarly, keeping to matters within our present scope, we have already published several cases where a letter in course of passage through the post seems to have been cognised by its intended recipient before delivery. Sometimes a knowledge of the letter's *content* is thus transmitted; sometimes the *outside* only is prefigured, perhaps with postmarks which the writer himself has not seen. It looks as though the current of the writer's thought had directed his intended reader's supernormal perception to some sight of the actual material letter then on its way to him. I quote two cases of this type.

M.Cl. 92. Visual.

Mrs. Venn writes:—

3, St. Peter's Terrace, Cambridge, *January 9th*, 1895.

"January 8th, I came down to breakfast; A. was sitting at the table, Dr. Venn was not in the room. Something engaged my attention at the end of the room, and standing with my back to the table I said; "Are there any letters for me, A.?" (The letters are usually on or by my plate.)

A. "Yes, one; there is one."

[Mrs. Venn.] "See who it's from; do you know?"

A. "It has the Deal postmark; it is from Frances (Venn)—for you or me."

Turning round I saw no letter, and said: "I see no letter, A. What are you talking about? Have you hidden it?"

A. "Unless my eyes deceive me, there is a letter, as I said."

Going up to the table to look, I found none, and said: "There is none. You shouldn't invent things; you shouldn't say things just as if they were true, when they're not!" (No doubt a valuable observation.)

A. "Well, I didn't. There was one, or, at any rate, my eyes seemed to see one just as I told you, with the Deal postmark and Frances' writing; but I don't know if it was to you or me. I couldn't read the writing from here. I know there's none now." Subject dropped purposely.

This was at 9 o'clock. Returning at 10 o'clock into the hall, the second post having just come, the servant had just put one letter on the hall table; it was to A. from Frances and bore the Deal postmark, as A. had said. She had been at *Frant*, and we did not know she had returned home, and were not expecting to hear from her. Another cousin wrote generally. There was nothing of any note in the letter. It was given to A. at the end of his lessons with the remark—"Here is the letter, you see, after all."

"Yes," he said, indifferently, not a bit interested, his mind full of something else, "I often do see things like that, you know I do."

A. was with his tutor when the second post came, and the letter was taken in by the servant, and laid on the hall table before me—there was no

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possibility of his having hid it; and he wouldn't have cared to do it in any case. We never take any notice to him of his saying anything of the sort.

S. C. VENN.

P.S.—I am sorry I didn't keep the letter to send you, but let some one burn it. A. left it lying about; but I took it into the drawing-room and shewed it to Dr. Venn and told him the story, before giving it to A.

Dr. John Venn, F.R.S., adds:—

This was so.

J. VENN.

Mrs. Venn writes later:—

January 21st.

His cousins live at *Walmer*, but the post-mark is *Deal*.

Archie would think of *Walmer*, not of *Deal*, as their home; but he might have seen previous letters during the last three or four months with *Deal* post-mark on them, though he had received none from them addressed to himself from there. He would have had the opportunity of noticing it on letters to his father or to me.

S. C. VENN.

Mrs. Venn adds the following account of an incident which took place a few years ago—a case of apparent thought-transference between herself and her son, occurring in a dream.

January 15th, 1895.

I think the oddest experience I ever had with him was one night at Bournemouth, when he still slept in my room. I dreamed a dream and woke with it, and he immediately (asleep still) in his sleep began to talk about it, proving that he was dreaming the same thing. It was a very queer dream, and involved the question of how many inches (of a row of candles) should be cut off each candle. He gravely begged me to "cut off six inches, do, mamma"; when I was feeling four would be enough. It was a fête in our dream, and we were lighting up some room. No real thing had happened to suggest it to us, but we both dreamt it together apparently.

Compare the following case from a percipient known to Dr. Hodgson.

P. 163. 2024, Lexington Avenue, New York,

February 17th, 1893.

About two weeks ago, I think on the night of the 3rd inst., I dreamed that I was going to a place called *Pontegardo*. I remembered the name distinctly on awaking, but it seemed so "outlandish" and queer, I did not think that it could be a real name. I asked my mother if she knew of a place with such a name. She said that she did not. Three or four days after that I received a letter from my husband, who is in Florida, saying that he would probably go to *Puntagardo*. This letter was written either the day preceding my dream, or the day after.

PHEBE L. GRIFFING [Associate S.P.R.]

As related above, my daughter-in-law asked me, the morning after her dream, if I knew of a place called Pontegardo. I did not know of such a place until my son's letter was received, saying that he thought of going there.

JANE R. GRIFFING.

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2024, Lexington Avenue, New York,
February 21st, 1893.

DEAR MR. HODGSON,— . . . . My daughter-in-law has the letter referring to Puntagardo, but as it is principally about personal affairs, she does not like to send it. Charley writes of a business project which, if he carries it out, will make Phebe's dream premonitory, as they will go there to live. If this should be the result, it will be one of the clearest of premonitions, as when she received the letter, nothing of the kind had been contemplated. There was only an intention on Charley's part to remain in Jacksonville, or go to Tallahassee to take charge of a newspaper office. These two plans were in Phebe's mind, and she had no idea of any other plan.

JANE R. GRIFFING.

And here we find a point of transition to a new group of cases, in which foreknowledge of similar type comes from a definite mind, of which, however, we cannot clearly determine whether it is the percipient's own mind or a mind external to her, and unembodied.

My first example comes from Mr. W., the friend of Dr. Hodgson's, from whom a case has above been cited.

P. 150. *October 26th*, 1894.

DEAR DR. HODGSON,—As you are well aware, I have been for a number of years an automatic writer, so-called. The following is an account of an experience I had last April.

In the afternoon, I was riding eastward towards Schenectady, N.Y., on the N.Y.C. and H.R. road. I intended to get off at Schenectady, and take a train from there to Troy, and at Troy to get a train on the Fitchburgh and Hoosac Tunnel Road. I asked the conductor whether I would be able to make good connections at Schenectady, also at Troy. He informed me that I would at Schenectady, but at Troy I would not, for the reason that I would not arrive in Troy until five minutes after the departure of the train on the F. and H. T. He told me that I would not arrive in Troy until 5.5, and my train departed at just five o'clock, and that it was the last one for the week. This was Saturday. I asked him if he could suggest any way for me to get the train or reach my desired place of destination, but he said he could not. It seemed certain that I must lay off in Troy over Sunday. The conductor passed on, and I meditated, but to no purpose. After some time I took a pencil and paper, and thought, but did not write, "Well, I think I shall not get through to-night, I am very sorry." Instantly the pencil wrote, "You will reach —— to-night," naming the place I was bound for. I replied, by thought, "Why, it's impossible, how can I?—the train out of Troy leaves five minutes before my train arrives." The answer was, "Yes, but you will get to —— to-night," again naming my place of destination. Again I thought, "Pray tell me how I am to do so." The answer was, "Oh, never mind how, I tell you you will arrive in —— all right to-night." I urged the impossibility of the matter, but that was stoutly denied. I pleaded for an explanation, but it was written that I needed none, and that none would be given me. I asked for instruction and it was

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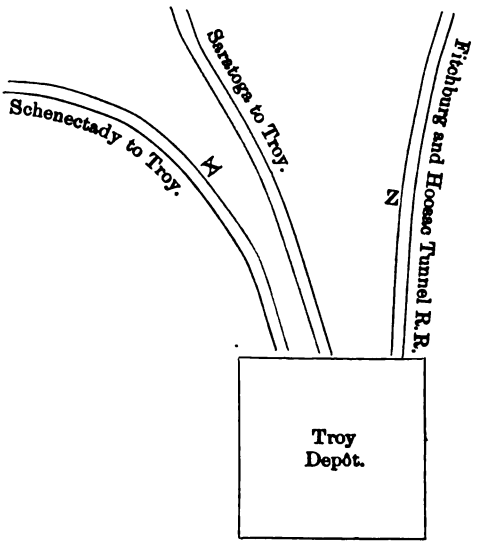
written that they had none to give. I insisted on the fact that I could not get the train, but this was not conceded.

On arriving at Schenectady I found my train for Troy, and as I boarded it, I asked the trainman if we would arrive in Troy in time for me to get a train on the Fitchburgh and Hoosac Tunnel Road. He replied "No" very promptly, and added, "it leaves five minutes before we arrive." I took my seat. When the conductor came along I tried hard to appear innocent, and asked him if I would get to Troy in time to get a train out on the Fitchburg and Hoosac Tunnel Road. I said I hoped to, for I was very anxious to arrive at —— that night. His reply was, "We do not arrive in Troy until five minutes after five, and the train on that road pulls out at just five and it's the last train." He passed on picking up tickets and I settled back into my seat. It seemed as if the last chance was gone, and I could not help but wonder what would be written, so I observed mentally, "Well, you see your prediction is wrong, do you not?" And then came to me what seemed to be the height of foolishness, "Why, you will get there all right, just as I told you." No explanation being vouchsafed, I fell to planning what I would do in the city of Troy over Sunday, for I had no hope of getting out.

After a while the conductor came back and took a seat just behind me, and leaning over towards me he said, "So you would very much like to get that train, would you?" "Yes, sir," I said. "Well," continued he, "there is just one way that is possible for you to do it, if you are a good runner and willing to take chances." Of course I asked how. Said he, "I don't advise anyone to do it, but it is possible to jump off this train, for we stop before we reach the Troy Depôt, and run and jump on to that train while it is going out." And he took a pencil and drew the railroads and the depôt (a Union one) about like this :—



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And then he went on to explain: "*We are not allowed to run into the depôt until the train for Saratoga and the one on the Fitchburgh and H.T.R. have both pulled out*, which they both do at just five o'clock. We should arrive at our stopping place X at about five. You could get off there and run across the Saratoga track and over to Z and jump on to that train. There is a street from a point near X to Z."

At X, as our train stopped, I jumped from it and ran to point Z and caught my train which was passing at that point.

When seated in the car I gave the pencil one more chance and it was written: "I see you are on board all right; don't you think I knew what I was telling you?"

I had no further trouble in reaching the desired place that night.

I will say that I was not aware of any of the material facts prior to their appearing as I have stated them. I had not consulted any time-table or otherwise learned as to the times on which these trains were to arrive or depart: and *I knew nothing* of the train *stopping outside the Troy Depôt* or of the possibility of getting from it and running up the street and catching the train I wished to take. I never had the slightest idea of such a thing until the conductor laid the plan before me just as I have stated it. I was travelling alone. I did not know the conductor or anybody that I saw.

I had no occasion to look up or inform myself as to trains at Troy for the reason that I expected to travel on the West Shore Road instead of the N.Y.C. and H.R.R.; but I missed the train on the West Shore Road and so took the N.Y.C. and H.R.R. as the best thing possible under the circumstances. On the West Shore Road my journey would not have been through Schenectady and Troy but would have been to Rotterdam Junction on the West Shore Road and there I would have connected with a train on the Fitchburgh and Hoosac Tunnel Road, all very nicely.

I think this experience is quite unique. Perhaps some one can explain it.

W.

N.Y. *November 8th*, 1894.

In accordance with your suggestion, I send you herewith a further statement that you may subjoin. I think it covers your enquiry.

C——. W——.

About two years prior to that I had travelled from Schenectady to Troy, and out of Troy on F. and H. T. R.; but at that time the train did not stop outside of Troy Depôt. I had travelled in years previous, that is, from 5 to 20 years ago, several times on trains between Schenectady and Troy, but none of them ever stopped outside of Troy Depôt. I had not been in —— since the trip of two years before. Prior to that I had been in that place perhaps once in two years, for a day.

It might be well to add that no friend of mine at —— or elsewhere knew any of these facts, to the best of my knowledge and belief. After arriving at —— I told my friends, but none of them had known of the matters. I feel confident that no friend or acquaintance of mine knew I was to travel from Schenectady to Troy, and that none of them had made or heard of a connection in that way. From talks with them I know they did not.

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Among our best attested cases of foreknowledge of a letter's arrival was one communicated by Dr. Ermacora, of Padua, and printed Vol. IX., p. 68.

As the readers of Dr. Ermacora's article in *Proceedings*, Vol. XI., are aware, that very careful observer has not yet been able to decide whether the "mediumistic personality" which calls itself Elvira is a separate entity, or merely a modification of the medium's own mind. There is, in fact, much the same perplexity as in another case which has been long and carefully observed,—the problem, namely, as to the identity of the so-called Phinuit with Mrs. Piper.

Whatever Elvira may be, she possesses certain supernormal powers which for us are perhaps the more instructive in that their scope is somewhat narrowly limited. Among these powers Elvira claims *precognition*;—admittedly on what may be termed a puny scale, and dealing with trivial matters, but nevertheless involving some real knowledge of the coming course of events, and of the part which human actions, apparently free, will play therein. The question now before us is whether Elvira's apparent foreknowledge may not be explained as inference from a slightly wider knowledge of the present, combined with a power of suggestion exercised not only upon Maria Manzini herself, (which on any hypothesis is obviously probable), but even upon strangers.[1] Dr. Ermacora, as will be seen, has kept these points in mind; and his conclusion is that Elvira has shown some foreknowledge of events, paltry indeed in themselves, but yet such as *suggestion* can hardly be pressed to cover. (See the incident of sale of pawn-tickets, and others, in *Rivista di Studi Psichici*, 1895). The question will then be,—and these trivial incidents may help us quite as well as more important ones towards its solution,—whether that supernormal knowledge of actually existing thoughts and things with which Elvira must at any rate be credited (*Proceedings*, Vol. IX, p. 68) may be enough to suggest by mere forward-looking inference,—itself perhaps supernormally acute,—the events foretold in the two following and some similar cases. The case first given would be easily explained if there were collusion between Maria Manzini, and Linda Bigoni. Dr. Emacora, however, is satisfied of the probity of Maria Manzini who, as previously stated, has been well known to him for some years.

[1] As this paragraph passes through the press, I hear from Dr. Emacora that Elvira has made a prediction involving a mistake to be made by Maria in cutting out some garments, and has then withdrawn it, as not wishing that Maria should thus waste the stuff, and resolving to influence her *not* to make the mistake. Elvira herself, therefore, admits that she can influence the so-called predictions by suggestions of her own.

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P. 211.

PREMONITION OF AN INCIDENT AT THE CAFFÉ NAZIONALE AT PADUA.

Percipient, Maria Manzini.

On the 7th of April, 1894, at 9.30 p.m., Sig^na Maria Manzini was in the somnambulistic state. The personality called Adriano manifested sensorially (hallucinations). He asked me to suggest to M. to pay attention to the dream she would have during the night, and to record it at once in the proper book, as it would be premonitory.

I went to see Sig^na Maria the next day, and found the following note in the register of dreams.

"Night of April 7-8, 1894. I dreamed that I was in the street, and that, being very warm, I went into a Caffé to rest. It seemed to be the Caffé at the bridge of San Lorenzo. I took some trifle, but when I wanted to pay for it (I found), to my great surprise, that I had forgotten my purse and had not a farthing. I was confused and so frightened and ashamed at not being able to pay that I woke.

"Padua, *April 8th*, 8 a.m. MARIA MANZINI."

I questioned Sig^na Maria, to get more details, but it was not much use. I immediately wrote the following note at the foot of hers. "M. says the Caffé was the one now called the Caffé Nazionale. The occurrence took place about 9.30 or 10 a.m.; she does not remember the date. It was fine and warm weather. She did not see any one else in the Caffé, and does not remember how she was dressed, nor what she drank."

April 8th, 10.50 p.m.

On the evening of April 9th, Sig^na Maria told me she had passed a restless night and had slept little, and that she had heard a voice which told her to pay attention to the continuation of the dream on the following night. I found this hallucination also properly recorded in the register by Sig^na Maria.

On April 10th, instead of the record of the continued dream, I found the following note :—

"Night of April 9-10, 1894. This night the voice again whispered the words I had heard the night before, although I had gone to bed with the intention of saying what Dr. E. had told me to say.

"I may have said it between sleeping and waking; I remember distinctly that the same voice replied 'I understand.'

"Padua, *April 10th*, 1894, 8 a.m. M. MANZINI."

[I must explain that Sig^na Maria had not recognised the voice the first time. I thought it was Adriano who had hallucinated her, but did not say so. Now, as Adriano had fixed the night of the 10th for one of the experiments with telepathic dreams, and as I wished to put it off till the 11th, and as none of the mediumistic personalities had in the meantime given me an opportunity to propose the delay, I had thought of profiting by Adriano's nocturnal manifestation, if it were repeated; and had charged Sig^na Maria to make the proposal if she heard the voice again. This second time Sig^na M. recognised Adriano's voice; *i.e.*, the voice he assumes in her dreams.]

On the evening of the 11th Sig^na M. told me she had had the promised continuation of the dream. She had noted as follows, directly on rising :—

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"Night of April 10-11, 1894. I dreamed I was in the Caffé Nazionale, at the bridge of San Lorenzo, and that I was confused and did not know what to say to the waiter, because I had not a farthing. At that moment I looked into the street and saw an acquaintance, Linda Bigoni, passing. I called her, and as she had money she got me out of the difficulty.

"Padua, *April 11th*, 1894, 8 a.m. M. MANZINI."

I omit the last half of the preceding note, as it concerns another dream.

We still had not been told on what day, nor with certainty on what hour, the double dream would be realised. On April 14th I went with Professor Faifofer and Signor Faido, to see Sig^na^ Maria, and Elvira manifested. I asked her if she could possibly furnish the dates. She said she did not know them, but that she would go and find out if we could wait a few moments. This she did, and returned to say that the dream would be realised on May 30th following, between 10 and 11 a.m.

As Sig^na^ Maria was seriously indisposed at this time, the manifestations of the different secondary personalities were very rare and irregular, and consequently I had no opportunity to consult them about the present prediction. But on the evening of May 28th, Elvira manifested and said she would return the next night to give me further particulars about the dream. She said it would be realised on the 31st instant. I remarked at once that the 30th had been predicted, but she insisted on its being the 31st: that she had announced it for that day, and she called to witness the *two men* who had been present at her communication of April 14th.

Next evening she manifested as she had promised, but she had little more to add. She repeated the prediction in the following terms. She did not dictate, but I copy the note I took the same evening, textually (consequently two days before the fulfilment). My note is founded upon notes taken on the spot, and is therefore almost equivalent to notes written from dictation.

May 29th, 5 p.m.

"Elvira re-affirms that the realization will take place on the 31st. In spite of my notes, which indicate the 30th, she is sure she said the 31st before the *two men* who were present (Prof. Faifofer and Signor Faido), and says that their testimony may be appealed to.[1] To my repeated question, she replied that the time would be 10 a.m.

"I asked her to tell me everything she knows. She says that at that hour M. will pass the spot, will be hot and tired, and will enter the Caffé and order a glass."

"Q. Of what?

"A. I don't know; I can tell you to-morrow night.

"M. will also eat a cake, and will then look in vain for her purse. She will be annoyed and confused, and will think of offering the waiter one of her earrings. She will look out to see if any acquaintance passes. It will be arranged that the person she dreamed of shall pass, and M. will call her in. She also will pay for a glass, and they will both laugh violently."

The above is taken from pencil notes written while Elvira was communicating.

May 29th, 6.25 p.m.

[1] I questioned these two gentlemen, but they could not remember.

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The following evening (May 30th), Elvira manifested in somnambulism and told me she had been informed that M. would take a glass of Marsala, but that she was not certain, as M. might change her mind at the last moment.

On the morning of the 31st, I arranged to witness the realization, unknown to Sig^na Maria and her friend, for fear of interfering with the course of events. Since April 11th, when Sig^na M. wrote down and repeated to me the second part of the dream, I had never mentioned the subject; later on, it had evidently vanished from her supraliminal consciousness, and she was unaware of Elvira's successive communications, as they had taken place in somnambulism.

To avoid recognition I wore a coat of a colour unlike any I habitually wear, and a hat of a very common shape, which I had not used for several years. About 9.30 a.m. I went towards the Caffé Nazionale. But as the name of the caffé had never been stated, and as we had only guessed it from topographical indications, it suddenly occurred to me that there might be some mistake about the place, and that the scene of action might possibly be the Caffé dell' Arena, which was close by. I walked up and down in front of the Caffé Nazionale for some time, hoping to meet some friend who would watch the Caffé dell' Arena, but in vain. But when I saw that there were several persons in the latter, I thought that Sig^na Maria would on that account be unwilling to enter it, and I decided to go to the Caffé Nazionale. I seated myself at a table in a rather dark place, far from the door.

The two tables which stood on each side of the door, near to the windows, were occupied; one of them by several persons who were talking animatedly. This was an unfavourable circumstance, as it might prevent Sig^na Maria from entering, or, if she entered, she would be obliged to sit far from the windows, and so would not see her friend passing. I therefore concluded that if the dream were to be realized, these persons would soon go. As a fact the tables were both empty a few minutes before ten, and only two or three people remained, farther back in the room.

Here is the account of what now occurred. It is based upon notes taken at the time, and on a more detailed account written a few hours later.

At 10 precisely Sig^na M. passed in front of the Caffé walking rather fast. She was going towards the Caffé dell' Arena, near the bridge of San Lorenzo. She passed the door of the Caffé Nazionale, but just as I was losing sight of her, she turned suddenly, as if she had come to a resolution, and, entering the Caffé seated herself at one of the empty tables near the window. I raised a newspaper which I had kept unfolded for the purpose, and hid myself behind it, pretending to read, though I was really watching her movements over the top of it.

She ordered a glass of Cyprus; a cake was also brought to her, but I did not see if she ate it, not being able to watch her continuously. She sometimes glanced in my direction and obliged me to hide my forehead and eyes behind the journal. Soon after she began to feel behind her, and showed signs of confusion, blushing very much. She often looked out of the window impatiently, and then turned to look at the room, but she did not appear to recognise me; I took care to let my hat be seen. It was, as I said, of a

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very common shape, but quite unlike those I usually wore. She felt her earrings repeatedly, but I could not see whether she removed them. The waiter brought her some illustrated papers which she opened and looked at carelessly, glancing now into the street and again into the room.

If the dream were to be exactly fulfilled, the friend must pass while Sig^na^ M. was looking out. At 10.17 Sig^na^ Linda Bigoni passed (who was the friend dreamed of).

She walked fast in the direction of the bridge of San Lorenzo, towards the Caffé dell' Arena. At that moment Sig^na^ M. saw and called her; but she refused to come in and went on. Sig^na^ M. then rose quickly, went to the door and called her more loudly. Sig^na^ Linda, whom I had lost sight of for a moment, came back. They exchanged some words near the door, but I only heard distinctly these words of Sig^na^ Linda's, "and if I had not passed?" They re-entered the Caffé directly. Sig^na^ Maria offered a glass to her friend and they then talked and laughed together, but quietly (not noisily as Elvira had said).

At 10.25 Sig^na^ M. went out, apparently because she saw some one to whom she wished to speak. At 10.26 she came in again.

Soon after, seeing that Sig^na^ Linda had emptied her glass, and fearing they might leave before I had time to question them, I gave up waiting to see if they would laugh loudly as Elvira had predicted, and went to sit close to them.

They seemed greatly surprised to see me, and gave me a short account of what I knew already. Sig^na^ Maria said she should never have supposed that the person reading the newspaper was I, and that she had felt impatient for me and the other two or three people present to go, so that she might be less ashamed to tell the waiter that she had no money and to leave some article as a pledge.

She said she had thought of leaving an earring, only that it would look odd to go away with one; not remembering in her confusion that she could put the other in her pocket. She tried to take off a ring, but it was too tight.

She seemed very much annoyed at not having recognised me, as she might have appealed to me, and thus have spared herself some emotion and a consequent headache.

She told me she had gone out that morning to visit two customers, one of whom lived in this neighbourhood (Via Noci), but that in any case she would have come this way to-day on account of other business. She had not found her clients at home, and could have returned a shorter way without passing the Caffé Nazionale, but she wanted to see the oleographs in the window of the lithographer, Prosperini, so she turned, and first passed the Caffé dell' Arena and then the Caffé Nazionale. She was tired and warm, and when passing the Caffé dell' Arena had thought of going in, but there were too many people. When she was passing the Caffé Nazionale, the idea suddenly occurred to her again and she entered. When I questioned Sig^na^ Linda, she told me she was not in the habit of passing through this street. She had by chance passed there also the day before, about ten, but that was the first time for a long period. Her reason for coming to-day was that she had a dress to make for a lady who lived in this direction, but farther on. She had chosen the morning for her visit by pure chance, having

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at first decided to go in the evening. But this morning about nine she discovered that the trimming of the dress was wanting. She thought she would go out to buy it, and then resolved to visit her customer about it first. She even showed me the pattern of the trimming she was carrying to her client.

She told me she hardly ever carried money and that it was by pure chance again that she happened to have a *lire* with her, and so was able to render the little service to Sig^na^ Maria. Yesterday when she passed she had not even a centime.

Sig^na^ Maria added that she had had some hope of seeing her doctor or her friend P. pass, because they lived in the neighbourhood, but that she had never thought of Linda. When the waiter had brought her the papers she was much disturbed, and a sudden and permanent headache came on. She said she had never gone into a shop without money before, and that she would never enter that Caffé again.

As there was nothing more to be learned from the conversation of the two, and as no harm could now be done by telling them, I now informed them that I had known all about the incident before. Sig^na^ Maria, who was used to such things, and was still feeling annoyance, was very little surprised; but it was very different with Sig^na^ Linda, who could not understand how I knew she would pass this place at this time. I pointed out to them, however, that the realisation was perhaps not quite complete; for Sig^na^ Maria ought to have eaten the cake, and I had not observed whether she had done so. But both of them assured me that she had.

[I have not related this conversation in detail for the sake of making my story more amusing, but for the sake of stating all the facts known to me, which may be useful when the case comes to be discussed, and may throw some light upon the states of consciousness of the two persons, immediately after the event.] The same day, at about 3.30 p.m., I went to see Sig^na^ Maria, whom I found in bed with the headache which had come on at the Caffé. I stopped it by suggestion and hypnotisation. The Elvira personality profited by this hypnosis to manifest and ask if all had happened as she had predicted. She has a childish character, and often causes misunderstandings between us and the other mediumistic personalities; she showed much satisfaction, and said "Now you see how exactly I am able to tell you things." Sig^na^ Maria was still slightly surprised at the occurrence, but said I must be mistaken in supposing that the event had been pre-announced in some dream of hers; because she said she did not remember anything about it, though she remembered the other dreams quite well.

Although this amnesia can be easily explained by the fact that the dream had happened two months before, it draws our attention to the probable existence of a particular psychological problem, related to the recollection of premonitory communications. In fact, in the experiments with telepathic dreams, in which Sig^na^ Maria acted as agent, we discover a striking tendency to amnesia (for the supraliminal consciousness of Sig^na^ Maria) of the telepathically transferred images. Therefore it may not be out of place to try to discover if anomalies of memory may not also be present in cases of premonition, although these phenomena differ, in so far that in them the subject apparently acts as percipient instead of agent; in reality they may be per-

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fectly analogous in cases like the present, where the premonition (taking the word in its strictest sense) may be only apparent, and the realisation may be due to telepathic action on the part of the subject. Thus an accurate study of anomalies of memory may perhaps some day furnish us with data for distinguishing premonitions realised by the subject's supernormal activity from those (if such there be) which are realised independently of the subject.

I remark in passing that in the case of the arrival of an unknown traveller, when it was more likely that Sig^na^ Maria was percipient, instead of telepathic agent, she perfectly remembered the premonition directly upon its realisation. In the other cases, where the premonition occurred in somnambulism, followed, as a rule, by amnesia, all necessary data are wanting.

Taking into consideration the separate particulars of the premonition after its completion by the last information given by Elvira; dividing them into two groups as they were or were not realisable or capable of being known beforehand by the normal personality of Sig^na^ Maria; and at the same time separating such as were realised from such as were not, we can epitomise them in the following table. The particulars which were partly realised, or partly non-realised, are enclosed between parenthesis.

	Realised.	*Not realised.*
Particulars which Sig^na^ Maria might have realised, or have been already acquainted with in a normal manner.	The forgetting of the purse. Impression of heat. Going into the Caffé. Ordering glass, etc. Confusion; idea of leaving earring, hope that an acquaintance might pass. (Merriment). Aspect of waiter.	(Order of glass of *Marsala*.) (Extreme merriment).
Particulars which Sig^na^ M. could neither have foreknown nor realised in a normal way.	Passing of friend, and coincidence that at that moment M. was looking out of window. Accidental circumstance that friend had money.	Presence in Caffé of other persons not seen in dream.

It is clear that those particulars which were realised, and which are placed in the upper group, do not add to the evidence for the premonition; it is proved only by those in the second group. However the table shows that the particulars of the upper, invalid group had no more tendency to complete realization than those in the lower.

Indeed, if the content of the premonition had been more closely connected with Sig^na^ Maria's normal activity than with that of extraneous persons, she ought to have preferred Marsala to Cyprus, and she would have laughed with her friend much more openly than she really did. But when later I asked Sig^na^ Maria if she had hesitated between Cyprus and something else, she

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said no, because she generally took Cyprus; she added (what I knew before) that she did not much like Marsala.

As I before remarked, even the present case does not help to demonstrate the precognition of things altogether independent of the subject; the latter's subliminal activity would explain all. It may have set in action not only the subject herself, but by means of telepathy, her friend also. The following circumstances would seem to support this hypothesis.

1. The first act of the realisation, the forgetting of the purse, occurred in a state of abstraction, and a state of abstraction is one of the natural fields in which the subliminal activity displays itself.

2. It was Sig^na^ Maria's desire to see the oleographs in Prosperini's window which led her to take the way past the Caffé Nazionale, and, as she told me, this wish came into her mind suddenly. She also declared that she had never felt the wish before, although she was often in the neighbourhood and frequently passed Prosperini's shop. This is analogous to a subliminal impulse.

3. The heat which Sig^na^ Maria felt, and which induced the wish to enter the Caffé dell' Arena (she told me afterwards that she was covered with perspiration), although explicable by her rapid walk, was perhaps exaggerated when it is remembered that the day in question was not very warm.[1] This permits us to suspect that her impression of heat and perspiration may have resulted in part from a self-suggestion.

4. The act of entering the Caffé Nazionale after having renounced the idea of entering the Caffé dell' Arena was performed without premeditation, because in the first place Sig^na^ Maria explained that after she had passed the Caffé dell' Arena she did not remember that there was another Caffé a little farther on; she had forgotten its existence; and also because, as I myself remarked, she seemed, when entering the place, to be yielding to a sudden impulse, which recalls so-called automatic actions determined by subliminal stimuli.

5. Sig^na^ Linda was not induced to leave her house and walk past the Caffé by any reason clearly independent of presumable telepathic action, but rather by an impulse which sprang up with the apparent spontaneity which often accompanies telepathic impulses.

But on the other hand we have two circumstances which appear to contradict the hypothesis that the realisation was determined telepathically by the subject.

1. Although the passing of Sig^na^ Linda may be attributed to telepathic action, it is very difficult not to see a determining cause in the circumstances which preceded her action (*i.e.*, the commission to make a dress for a lady in the neighbourhood), or, at the least, an almost necessary auxiliary, to the telepathic action; and it is still more difficult to suppose that these very circumstances should have been the outcome of a subconsciously elaborated plan carried out by telepathic action on the part of Sig^na^ Maria.

[1] On the 31st May, 1894, the Astronomical Observatory of Padua registered a temperature of 18·6deg. (Celsius) at 9 a.m.; and 21·0deg. at 3 p.m.

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2. As I remarked before, the particulars of the premonition directly realisable by Sig^na^ Maria did not show any tendency to be fulfilled with greater precision than those which depended on the action of a person unconcerned in the matter.

Observe that May 30th and 31st, the two days between which Elvira hesitated, were both of them days on which Sig^na^ Linda actually passed the café in question.

P. 212.

Premonitory dream of the visit of a commercial traveller who asked for a subscription to a novel. Percipient, Maria Manzini.

Signorina Maria Manzini at my request, kept an account of the dreams which occurred in her ordinary sleep. Some were remembered spontaneously in the morning and some in her next somnambulic state. In the latter case I suggested to her that she should remember and record them after waking.

I think the following case was remembered in somnambulism, but this is of no consequence, because Sig^na^ Maria, following my advice, recorded not only the date of dreams, but also the date and the hour when she wrote them down. In any case the present dream was recorded before its fulfilment.

This is what I find in the record of Sig^na^ Maria's dreams :—

"Night of March 26th-27th, 1894."

"I dreamt that the door bell rang on the S. Pietro side of the house.[1] I went to open and found a tall man about forty years old, with greyish trousers and a darker overcoat. He was very polite, and asked if I would subscribe to the issue of a novel, saying that afterwards I should have a pair of earrings as a prize. I said no, because I thought it was an imposture."

March 27th, 1894, 11 p.m.

I did not read the account of this dream till after its realization, but am perfectly certain that Sig^na^ Maria told it to me directly, and I also distinctly recollect that when Sig^na^ Maria related the realization a few days later, she said I ought to remember her preceding dream ; and I remember also that I not only recalled it, but that I looked at once at the record to see if it had been written down according to rule. I found that it was correct and that it agreed with the *viva voce* story. Besides though Sig^na^ Maria may not always be diligent in recording dreams she hardly remembers, she is very careful to put the exact date, and is therefore quite certain that the dream occurred either in the night of March 26th-27th, or at most (supposing the case to have been complicated by a paramnesia which displaced the dream in *time*) on March 27th, at 9 p.m. ; about which time, as can be seen from my journal of the somnambulic experiments, Sig^na^ Maria was in somnambulism in my presence.

[1] Sig^na^ Maria's house has two doors, one in the Via S. Pietro, and the other turned towards the river Bacchiglione.

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On the evening of March 31st, *i.e.* four days after the dream, Sig^na^ M. told me that on that day about 3 p.m. the visit of which she had dreamed had taken place. Everything coincided; the entrance of the person by the door towards S. Pietro, his age, his insinuating manners, the colour of his trousers and overcoat, and the object of his visit.

I called her mother, and asked her to describe the visit with all possible details; meanwhile I took the following notes: "The person came twice; the first time about 11 a.m., when Maria was out. Signora Annetta (her mother) was alone in the house. The visitor had very pleasant manners, and was about thirty-five years old (Sig^na^ Maria thought forty). He had a box covered with black cloth with him, such as is used by commercial travellers. He said he came to show them a novelty. In order to get rid of him, Signora Annetta said that Signorina Maria was not at home; he replied that he would return, and Signora Annetta told him to come at 2 p.m. At 2 p.m. he returned and rang at the door on the S. Pietro side. Signora Annetta opened to him, and says that when he entered the room Maria seemed much astonished (Maria said at once that she was astonished at recognising him). He proposed that they should subscribe to the issue of a novel; there were to be prizes when the issue was finished; two pictures, or a small organ, or a pair of earrings. In his box were the organ and an alarum, as samples, and he had with him, but not in the box, samples of the earrings, of the frames, and two oleographs between pasteboards.

Luigia Monti and Linda Bigoni were also present. Maria refused the offers. When they and the man were gone, Maria remarked with surprise that she had already dreamt of the scene with all its details, *i.e.*, as far as the man was concerned. Signora Annetta added that from girlhood she also had frequently dreamed of coming events.

March 31st 1894, 9.30 p.m. (written in the presence of Annetta and Maria). It was necessary to prove two things, before the case could be supposed to be evidential. First, that the visit was real, and not an odd hallucination of the senses or memory, and secondly, that the man had not made the tour of Padua, offering his merchandise, many days before the dream; in which case Sig^na^ Maria might have become aware of it in some way or other, and thus have originated the dream herself.

In order to clear up the first point, I went on the following day (April 1st, about 6.30) to see Sig^na^ Linda Bigoni and asked her to tell me all about the visit at which she had been present. She replied that she had gone to see Maria the day before, about 2.30, while the man was there, and she confirmed all the details about the object of his visit, his remarks, the things he had with him, his politeness, his age, and the colour of his clothes. He had made the same proposition to her as to Maria. As she had arrived after him, she could not say by which door he had entered; but she said he had left before her, and had gone out by the kitchen door, towards the river. On being questioned, she replied that she had not seen Sig^na^ Maria since the visit. Before leaving her, I requested her, if the man should come to her house, or if she should meet him in the street, to ask him on what day he had come to Padua; which she promised to do.

The same evening I went back to Sig^na^ Maria and before telling her of my talk with Signorina Linda, I questioned her and her mother again.

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Signorina Maria said she did not remember by which door the man had gone out, or rather, she had paid no attention, but her mother said she was certain that he had gone out by the kitchen door, because he had seen some one enter that way, and on leaving had said that as there was a door there also he would go out by it. The mother did not know however whether he or Signorina Linda B. had left first, but Signorina Maria was sure he had gone away first, because afterwards she had continued her conversation with Signorina Linda about their own affairs, and this conversation, begun before he left, had prevented her noticing by which door he quitted the house.

Both then said they remembered Signorina Linda B.'s coming at about 2.30 while the man was there, and that he had come before 2 and stayed nearly an hour.

Thus all the testimony is in accordance, and no doubt remains that the event with all its details really happened.

On the evening of April 18th, Sig^na^ Maria told me that her friend, Sig^na^ Linda B., had something to tell me, but in order to keep her promise she would tell it only to me. Signorina Maria said that Linda B. was coming to see her on the morrow, when I could meet her.

The following day (April 19th) I went to see Sig^na^ Maria at the time fixed, and found Linda B. at the house. The latter told me she had met the man in the street; that he had recognised her and had renewed his offer. She took advantage of this to ask him when he had arrived in Padua, and he said he had come on March 29th, and that he had not visited Padua before for several years.

This proves that the dream occurred two days before the arrival of the person implicated, and that consequently it could not have resulted from a mere sensorial impression of Signorina Maria's.

Of such a type as this;—gradually evolved, slightly inexact, and altogether trivial,—are all the predictions given through Elvira. I do not think, however, that their triviality affords in itself any clear indication as to their origin. They are the attempts of an intelligence which, whether embodied or unembodied, is not much above a child's level, to prove a fact of the highest importance,—namely, the possibility of foreseeing future events. In comparison with the value of the result thus aimed at, the actual incidents by which it may be attained matter little. It is of greater interest to have a pedlar's visit foretold, if only that visit could not have been foreseen by any ordinary intelligence, than to have, say, a death foretold, if we suspect that that more impressive prophecy may have helped to work its own fulfilment.

Since Dr. Ermacora's cases were in our hands he has published in the *Rivista di Studi Psichici* for July, 1895, a curiously parallel series of trifling telepathic incidents, mixed with premonition, obtained through automatic writing by Signor M. Bonatti, a painter known to him. This case, of which I here print a partial translation, tends, as far as it goes, to show that the secondary personality in those other cases is probably identical with Maria Manzini herself.

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P. 245.

Telepathic Perceptions by means of Automatic Writing.

By M. Bonatti.

Translated from the *Rivista di Studi Psichici*, July, 1895.

I began to write automatically with the hand of a medium resting on mine, but soon I was able to write alone. The communications were at first of a spiritualistic character, and the writing was a fair imitation of that of the defunct who appeared to be present, and whom I had known in life. However, I was acquainted with their writing. I was generally advised to work and study much; my counsellor was interested in my moral life, and was a more attentive friend than any I have found in flesh and blood. Soon after I was obsessed by a lying and frivolous, but not wicked, personality, who displayed a great passion for art. This personality was only useful to me on that point, giving me advice, and, by means of automatic drawing, greatly developing my memory of drawing and powers of conception. I did not write for several months, in order to free myself of this obsession. Meanwhile I enlarged my knowledge of psychical matters; and when I began to write again I succeeded in convincing the communicating personality that it might be an emanation from my own subconscious self. After this it called itself my *Secondo*.

I examined this *Secondo* to see if it possessed any supernormal powers, and discovered some. It continued to give me useful advice, and strengthened my love of art.

When I write automatically I do not know what the communication will be; sometimes I guess after a few words, but I often guess wrongly, and write something altogether unlike my guess.

I enjoy perfectly good health, and am able to endure constant outdoor exercise without fatigue. As far as I know, I am psychically normal. I retain all my normal faculties when writing automatically.

[Signor Bonatti begins by giving an account of telepathic communications transmitted to him by sleeping and dreaming persons at a greater or less distance, and revealed in automatic writing. We then come to monitions of actual or impending events.]

The following is copied from my journal.

October 14th, 1892, 7.30 p.m.

I write "Go to Pedrocchi's, because M. O. is there."

I wanted to see my friend M. O., whom I find in the evening at the Caffé Pedrocchi, except on certain fixed evenings when he cannot come. This was one of these evenings. I went and found my friend, who had been unexpectedly liberated from his engagement.

October 21st, 7.30 p.m.

I write, "M. O. is now mentioning your name to Sig^na^ R." Two hours after I meet M. O., who says he spoke of me to Sig^na^ R. about 7.30, *à propos* of a letter which he had received that evening, and which contained a reference to me. I had not seen him all the day, knew nothing of the letter, nor that he was with Sig^na^ R. when I was writing.

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November 2nd, 4 p.m.

I write, "Ermacora has arrived by the tramway." I knew that Dr. Ermacora had left Padua this morning and that he would return during the day, but I did not know where he was going, nor when the trains came in. This evening Dr. Ermacora told me that he came from the station by tramway, and that he got off it about 4 p.m. in the Piazza Garibaldi. I had not left my study for many hours, and no one who could have seen Dr. Ermacora arrive had been to see me. I cannot hear the tramway nor see the Piazza Garibaldi from my study, and there are no windows on the street, through which I could have heard anything.

February 20th, 1893.

I write, " X. has received the money from C. I."

I wrote this communication, which much interested me, two days after X. had received the money. I had had no information, and no conversation with X., with whom I had disagreed, and who had reasons for keeping silence, as he wished to retain the part of the money which should have come to me. I had been long awaiting the payment of this debt, but I could not even approximately guess that C. I. would pay it just then.

February 26th, 1 p.m.

I write, "I am poisoning myself. Think of me." The writing begins with a name I cannot decipher, but which I guess.

March 19th.—To-day a friend of the person whose name I guessed told me spontaneously that that person had attempted to poison herself several days ago. On the 26th, when I had the communication, she was at Bologna, and made the attempt later at Rovigo. I do not know if it was the first attempt, nor, if it was so, whether she had decided to do it when I wrote. I had no reason to suppose that A. G. would wish to take her own life. Unfortunately I have had no more communications from her which might have given me more details.

March 13th.—I write, "Shall come to you before Saturday to pay you. M. and S."

[March 22nd, I learned to-day that M. and S. could have paid me before the term fixed by the communication, as they had received the money, part of which was owing to me, before that date. I had had no reason to suppose they could have been in a position to pay me before;—could not even have guessed it.]

March 17th.—I write, "Run to the Club. Go." I have not been to the Club for more than a month, and intended to go to bed at once. My friend, A. L., who rarely goes to the Club, had this evening assisted at a conference on Guido Bonatti. Association of ideas made him think of me, and he went to the Club believing he would find me there. I obeyed the telepathic order, and thus discovered what had caused it.

March 20th.—The automatic writing confirmed the communication of the 13th inst. [As I have written above, I only discovered the truth on the 22nd inst.]

March 25th.—The automatic writing tells me about the money of which I wrote on the 13th and 20th insts. I understand that I shall be paid on

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Tuesday. I wrote to R., one of the persons concerned, on the 27th, hoping to be paid through his intervention. He replied the same day, "I am still unwell, and to-morrow [Tuesday] I must go out of town." [So that he could not pay before Wednesday.]

Instead of this, he did not go out of town on Tuesday, but came on that day to pay me, as the communication had foretold.

March 28th, 10 a.m.—I write, "You will receive a visit shortly." Twenty minutes later I had a visitor. At that time of day I receive nobody uninvited, and this visit was quite unexpected.

March 28th, Tuesday.—To-day I wrote that a person would come on Saturday, bringing money from X.

April 1st, Saturday.—This evening the automatic writing told me that R. had been looking for me at 4.30, to give me "*Carte valori*, 40 *Lire*."

Several days later I learned that R. was really looking for me on Saturday at 4.30, to give me money. He had only 20 *lire* with him, but had hoped at first to give me 40. I think I had no reason to believe that R. would pay me 40 *lire*, neither more nor less.

April 7th, 5.45 p.m.—I wrote, "Girls will come to the studio to-day. They will visit you."

6.15 p.m.—A girl has just come, as I was going out. She had decided just before to come and ask me for some information. Contrary to my habit I had remained longer in my studio. Generally nobody comes after five, as I leave at that hour.

May 8th. Morning.—A communication partly illegible. "You will receive . . . Ang—— Go—— to-day, which will tell you about M., because she has been talking to him."

Ang—— Go—— is at Venice. Many days ago I had charged her to say certain things to M. if she met him. He lives at Venice. On this evening (the 8th) I received a card from Ang—— Go——, relating her conversation with M. whom she had met by chance. After the "You will receive to-day" in the automatic writing, there are several attempts at a word. Now I know all about it, I can see that the word is meant for "postcard."

May 16th.—Several unimportant things. "We shall meet to-morrow. I shall come to you at (not clear whether 9.30 or 11) and will stop till one." Communication begins with the name of G—— N——.

May 17th.—Before I wrote yesterday, G—— N—— had told me she could not come to me to-day. However, she came at 11, and at once told me she could only stay till one. She generally stops till 2.30 or 3.

February 5th, 1894. Venice—(I lived at Padua while receiving the previous communications). The automatic writing informs me that my mother at Padua has had something the matter with her hand. [About twenty days later I verified this. No one had told me of it.]

February 5th. Venice.—"You will have a letter to-morrow." Having just written the above information about my mother, I understand that the letter will be from her.

On the 18th inst. I again wrote that my mother was suffering from her hand. I had not yet verified the communication of the 5th. After writing,

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my hand automatically turned over the leaves of my writing book till the above communication about the letter came under my eyes. I had paid no attention to it at the time, and now looked over my mother's letters. I found one with the postal stamp, "Padua, 5th February, 1894, 5 p.m.—Venice, 5th February, 1894, 7 p.m." I certainly received it on the morning of the 6th, as I never get letters in the evening.

Unfortunately I have not kept all the original writings before January, 1893, I have preserved only those which were verified. This is due to my then inexperience, for I thought it useless to preserve unverifiable communications. I remember that till January, 1893, false communications were rare, and the unverifiable ones were numerous.

From the beginning of 1893 till February 5th, 1894, against twenty-seven communications verified, I have recorded eight false ones, eighteen which I could not verify, five which were wholly or partly correct, but where I am not certain that the information may not have reached me in some normal but unnoticed manner, and two which were correct but not exact.

I reckon that from October, 1892, till January, 1893, there may have been five false announcements. Thus there may have been altogether thirteen false communications.

I conclude from my personal experiences that the principal cause of failure is the intervention of the normal consciousness, which occurs most easily when the writing is slow and illegible, or when the communication is desired. I do not remember ever having received a truthful message when I wished for it. The true telepathic cases were always spontaneous, and improved by the exercise of the faculty. A true message was nearly always followed by other true ones; then came a false one, which caused discouragement, and initiated an annoying series of falsehoods, till another success restored confidence.

I have observed that confidence is the best condition for obtaining psychical phenomena.

Signor Bonatti is a friend of Dr. Ermacora, who has been sometimes present when he was writing automatically; on one or two occasions when the writing was of telepathic origin. Signor Bonatti cannot obtain much confirmation, partly on account of the lapse of time, and partly because the supposed agents are persons whom he has lost sight of. In the case of November 2nd, Dr. Ermacora well remembers that on the same evening[1] Signor Bonatti asked him if he had really arrived at the hour mentioned, and that he had done so. Signor Bonatti did not at first recognise the importance of controlling his experiences, and was perhaps afraid of exciting the derision of the persons concerned. He has however kept and sent the two letters concerning the cases of March 25th and May 8th, 1893, which are partly translated below. The second, though dated May 7th, was really posted at Venice on the 8th, as the post-mark proves. First letter:—

DEAR ANGELO,—X. wrote me yesterday that you have received my part for the work for the Salon. I hope you are better. I only heard yesterday that you were ill. Pardon my troubling you.—Yours affectionately,

M. [BONATTI.]

[1] This phrase is thus corrected by Dr. Ermacora, after reference to his notes, from the Italian account.

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March 27th (?), 1893.

Second letter. Reply :—

DEAR M. [BONATTI],—I am still unwell, but must go out of town to-morrow. Manzoni came just now, and gave me 90 *lire* for you ; that is the last which the Ignoranti destined for me. I cannot go to M.'s before Wednesday, and will come to your study on Wednesday afternoon and hand you the 90 *lire*. ANGELO.

(This reply was written in pencil on the back of the first letter).

Third letter :—

Venice, *May 7th*, 1893.

I found M. and told him what you charged me to say. He told me he had written to you before leaving, and that he would write again and send you his portrait.—Yours, ANGELINA.

(Post-mark Venice, May 8th).

In the cases thus far quoted there has been some ground for supposing that the prediction came either from the percipient's own mind, or from some other incarnate mind, or from a mind which, even if unembodied, is scarcely distinguishable from the percipient's own. I proceed to a few cases where the warning seems attributable to some recognised discarnate spirit.

And here I would begin by referring the reader to the cases published in *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 170, under the title of "Indications of Continued Terrene Knowledge on the part of Phantasms of the Dead."

If the departed do indeed in some, perhaps relatively rare, cases preserve a certain power of following the earthly career of those dear to them (and we have little evidence of a knowledge on their part wider than this), then it is probable that they will foresee both some events which we on earth can foresee, and some which we cannot. In the paper just referred to, cases G 213, 214, 215, 216, 219, and 221 (a collective case) suggest a departed friend foretelling an approaching death,—usually a death already recognised as imminent by observers on earth.

In another case (*Proceedings*, Vol. VI., p. 349), where warnings were given as to the dangers run by a secret conspirator, no precognition, properly speaking, was needed, but only a knowledge of the young man's actual rashness. So, again, in the following narrative, a knowledge, on the part of a deceased person, of the concealed intentions of the Bank Managers would be enough to prompt the warning.

P. 331.

[This case is virtually made first hand by Dr. Hastings' letter.]

The following story was told me by Miss Graham herself, also told by her to Professor Barrett, who met her at our house. She was an American

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M.D., a woman between 30 and 40 years of age, in full vigour of practical life, whose perfect healthfulness of mind and body impressed all who met her. No one could have been less of a visionary. Descended from a line of medical ancestors, she was a marked instance of hereditary tendency. As soon as she learned to write her name she added M.D. to it, and in her childish play was always either doctor or nurse to her playmates. Her father was unable to give her a medical education, and possibly unwilling also, but she took this matter into her own hands. Beginning as a teacher in a school, she went on as nurse in an insane asylum, and then to make money faster, learnt book-keeping, and went as clerk in a merchant's office, where she worked steadily for eight years, until she had saved enough for her college career, through which she passed with extraordinary success.

She had put these precious savings into a bank in Boston started on philanthropic principles, to give good interest to women. There was no suspicion about the bank, guaranteed as it was by well-known names. But one morning Miss Graham woke hearing a voice say, "Miss Graham, take your money out of the Bank." Going to sleep again, she woke in the morning inclined to treat it as a dream. She quite believed in these voices, from frequent experience, but came within a recent legal definition of sanity, by not obeying th ir suggestions unless otherwise commending themselves to her judgment. Accordingly, instead of going to the bank, she fulfilled an engagement in another part of the town with her dressmaker. Here she was obliged to wait, finding herself in the same room with another lady who seemed determined to talk to her. Rather impatient at being delayed, Miss Graham was not socially inclined, till the stranger suddenly asked, "Do you know anything of Howe's Bank?" When she replied with interest, "Only that I have an account there." Her interest deepened as the lady proceeded to give details about the unsafe situation of the bank, with which her husband was connected, winding up with saying, "I felt compelled, almost against my will, to tell you all this, and must beg you to say nothing about it for a few weeks."

Miss Graham decided that she would lose no time in making herself safe, and only just succeeded in going home for her bank-book, and drawing out her deposit, before the hour for closing. *The bank stopped on the following day.*

The labours of 10 years would have gone for nothing without this timely warning.

Twice during her work at a London hospital, Miss Graham heard the voice. One night she had gone to her lodgings utterly wearied out, and just as she laid her head on the pillow, she heard the voice "Mary Graham, such and such a case (describing it accurately) has just entered the hospital." Miss Graham had gone straight from the hospital to her lodgings, and had left no such a case, one so rare that she had never met with it in any previous experience. She was, moreover, so worn out that she went to sleep. In an hour or so afterwards, she was awakened by the voice repeating the information. Being somewhat rested, she rose, and on arriving at the hospital found the case at the most critical stage. It had come in shortly after she left the hospital.

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On another occasion she was unable to obey the voice, and on reaching the hospital, found she had just missed another case of extreme interest.

These cases seem worth recording, and I give them as they were related to us by Miss Graham herself.

September 3rd, 1883. ANNIE E. RIDLEY.

Boston, *December 13th*, 1883.

Regarding the Howe Bank. First let me say that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was never in any way connected with that Institution. The Mrs. Howe who was, is now in jail, and I have the sympathy for her to believe that she did not mean to cheat any one, but her brain and mathematics were not sufficient to show her that there must be an end of her operations, and that some one must suffer in that end. With others I got into the affair. I was one of the late comers, so that I had received no interest. All I had put in I consequently lost. *I went with Dr. Graham when she drew her money, and might have taken mine, but did not. She believed she had had a warning from her mother. Nothing of the kind had ever come to me.* It is hard for me to believe evil intentions on the part of any one with whom I have dealings, so I trusted the managers, and lost.

The voice which Dr. Graham heard saying, "For a little while only," was not during her sickness, but just after she had got settled in her room. A few weeks before her death.

C. E. HASTINGS.

Dr. Caroline E. Hastings is the professor of anatomy (to a mixed class) at a medical college in Boston, so much esteemed that she was asked if her bust might be placed in the college. She chose instead to have a library for the students' reference, which was done.

Her confirmation of Dr. Mary Graham's story is complete. It was Dr. Graham's sister who told me that Dr. Hastings was with her when she went to the bank, and also about the last voice.

A. E. RIDLEY.

In the narrative next to be quoted, also, a knowledge of the expelled lodger's actual intentions would suffice to show the need of warning. This incident is noticeable from the fact that the phantom was seen by two persons. It is taken from a long psychical record written for Dr. Hodgson by a lady who has had many similar experiences, all of which she regards as veridical, although most of them cannot now be shown to have been more than subjective. This is not the only case where a psychical history of mainly subjective aspect has received at some points the support of a second witness for experiences resembling those which the same percipient claims to have undergone in solitude.

P. 215. MRS. NORAH GRIDLEY.

306, Rookery Building, Chicago,
August 19th, 1890.

The following statement corrected by my mother is true in every particular.

QUEENA O. V. GRIDLEY.

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[Revised from notes made by me in April, 1890.—R.H.]

In the month of September, 1889, my young daughter and I were occupying a room in a house on the west side. I had no intention of leaving the house then—didn't know when I should go.

Near 12 p.m., midnight, I woke suddenly; my daughter at the same moment made an exclamation. I gave a shriek almost appalling. My daughter said, "Mother, what's the matter?" and further said, "Mother, some one is standing at my head." I replied, "Oh no, go to sleep if you can."

But I did see something,—I saw the figure of a young man clothed in white and so transparent that I could see the articles of furniture through the garments, and a voice said distinctly, "Mother, go away from here," and for some time after, if I found myself dozing, the same voice would say, "Mother, don't go to sleep." At that moment a bright light illuminated the rooms. I saw both doors, one in to the hall, and the other to the back room, standing wide open. I knew they had been locked the previous evening. I arose and lit the gas,—I then found both doors closed and locked.

I was so frightened, and the pulsation of my heart so distinct, I know it could have been heard some distance away,—I did not sleep. I arose earlier than usual in the morning, related event of the night to my landlady, who sneered at it and said, "Don't be foolish, you're crazy."

Before I had finished the recital, my daughter awoke, and said, "Mother, do you know what happened in the night?" "I guess nothing happened, what was it?" (The landlady was still listening). Her reply was, "You did know, mother, for your heart beat so violently that it sounded like a hammer and shook the bed."

Then I said, "Why didn't you speak to me about that?"

Her reply was, "I thought that you thought if *I* knew that *you* were afraid, we'd both go to pieces."

I then said, "What did you see?"

"I saw my brother at my head dressed in white. His clothes were glistening like satin, though they were transparent, and I could see right through them." (The figure was translucent to me also).

"Did he say anything?"

"You must go away from here, mother."

I turned to my landlady and asked her what she had to say after this corroborative statement.

"I think you're both idiots!"

(My daughter was 16 years of age.)

Next day I was out working, reporting for a paper, and going along the South side I saw a furnished room to rent. I enquired price and said I would come next day to take possession. I told my daughter on returning to get ready, pack up, etc.

My daughter said I was crazy.

The day after we left and took possession of new room.

About ten days later I called to get some things left at my previous lodgings. The landlady said, "You don't know what an awful thing happened the night after you went away,—a man raised the window and

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entered your room. A woman occupying the aforesaid room said, 'What do you want here? Get out!' The man left, saying, 'I don't want anything of you.'"

The woman described the man as "short, thickset, very dark."

During my stay in that house, a man answering this description had failed to pay his room-rent. He and the landlady had had much trouble and hard talk. She couldn't get him out. The landlady asked my advice. I advised her how to take legal proceedings. She did, and the man left, saying as he departed, "You were never smart enough to get me out of my room; it was that black devil downstairs!"

The woman who occupied the room after I left was a domestic. The landlady was Mrs. Brown, Des Moines, Iowa.

With this case I will close my series of those precognitions which I regard as in various ways explicable without postulating any direct knowledge of the future. The group to which we have now to address ourselves presents our central problem in a directer form.

I do not, indeed, assume that we have come here to any real break or discontinuity in the nature of premonitions themselves. If the premonitions already recorded have been due to some kind of inference from a knowledge of existing facts wider than our own, it is possible enough that some or all of the premonitions yet to be mentioned have also been due to inference of some supernormal kind. The break which I find here is a purely subjective one. It is simply that I can no longer suggest any plausible explanation of my cases which does not involve some perception of the future more direct than any which our ordinary minds enjoy. I see no way in which intelligence of a common human type, working upon however full a knowledge of present facts, could arrive at some at least of the predictions to be now quoted. It does not, at any rate, seem worth while to strain that explanation further. It may still hold good, but I prefer to throw my remaining evidential cases into convenient groups, and to leave the reader to explain each group as he will.

First, then, I will take a series of cases which recall and extend the cases of promnesia given in my last chapter. In ordinary promnesia, as before explained, there is no proof that the incident which seems to have been already experienced has been so in fact; since it is only by the fresh experience that the supposed memory of the former one is revived, nor does the incident last long enough to allow of any test of the reality of the previous knowledge of it. It is plain that there might be two stages evidentially beyond this point.

In the first place, the promnesic incident may be sufficiently complex to allow of some test during its progress; and in the second place, the dream, or whatever it is, in which the future incident is foreseen may have been at once remembered, without waiting for

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the arrival of the incident to awaken the memory, and may have been related to other persons beforehand.

Of this second and more advanced stage we have many examples; cases, namely, where a person undergoing some definite incident states that that incident had previously in some way been presented to him, and sometimes that he had mentioned this presentiment to others, or had recorded it in some way before the event.

Now as regards cases of this type, especially where the precognition is alleged to have been conveyed in a dream, the following words of Edmund Gurney's (*Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 298) deserve careful attention.

"The first objection to dreams," he says, "as evidence for transferred impressions of distant conditions or events, is this, that dreams being often somewhat dim and shapeless things, subsequent knowledge of the conditions or events may easily have the effect of giving body and definiteness to the recollection of a dream. When the actual facts are learnt, a faint amount of resemblance may often suggest a past dream, and set the mind on the track of trying accurately to recall it. This very act involves a search for details, for something tangible and distinct; and the real features and definite incidents which are now present in the mind, in close association with some general scene or fact which actually figured in the dream, will be apt to be unconsciously *read back* into the dream—they make part of the original, of which the mind conceives the dream to have been a picture; and the picture, when evoked in memory, will only too probably include details drawn from the original. After we have once realised the matter in its full distinctness, it becomes almost impossible to recall with due *in*distinctness the distant and shadowy suggestion of it. Dreams in this way resemble objects seen in the dusk; which begin by puzzling the eye, but which, when once we know or think we know what they are, seem quite unmistakable and even full of familiar detail. For our purposes, therefore, it is of prime importance that the dreams shall be told in detail to some one on whose memory we can rely; or, better still, written down, or in some way acted on, at the time, and before the confirmation arrives."[1]

Bearing in mind this caution, (which refers also, by the way, to several cases already quoted), and omitting almost all cases where

[1] In a paper in *Mind*, for April, 1888, further developed in a "Report on Phantasms and Presentiments," (*Proceedings* of the American Society for Psychical Research, March, 1889), Professor Royce, of Harvard, presses the caution which Edmund Gurney's words inculcate into a further hypothesis (American *Proceedings*, p. 366). "This hypothesis is," he says, "that in certain people, under certain exciting circumstances, there occur what I shall henceforth call *Pseudo-Presentiments*, *i.e.*, more or less instantaneous and irresistible hallucinations of memory, which make it seem to one that something which now excites or astonishes him has been pre-figured in a recent dream, or in the form of some other warning, although this seeming is wholly unfounded, and although the supposed prophecy really succeeds its own fulfilment." In support of this thesis, Professor Royce quotes two records of insane cases from Kraepelin, and in a supplement a case from Orschansky, (a fourth case, p. 566-7,

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the premonitory dream was not mentioned or acted upon beforehand, we may proceed with a group of cases, relatively the most numerous of all, in which no explanation based on ordinary foresight will satisfy the facts, while yet there is seldom any indication of the agency of any spirit beyond the percipient's own. The general scheme is as follows:—The percipient, usually in dream, but sometimes by voice or crystal-vision, is shown a scene or is made aware of a fact in the future—generally in the near future—which scene afterwards is witnessed or which fact comes true. The scene is generally one from his own coming life, and is often trivial in character.

The following case was sent to me by Mrs. Atlay, wife of the late Bishop of Hereford.

P. 179.

Mrs. Atlay writes to me as follows:—

March, 1893.

My dream was as follows:—

I dreamt that the Bishop being from home, we were unable to have family prayers as usual in the chapel, but that I read them in the large hall of the Palace, out of which, on one side, a door opens into the dining room. In my dream, prayers being ended, I left the hall, opened the dining room door, and there saw, to my horror, standing between the table and the side-board, an enormous pig. The dream was very vivid, and amused me much. The Bishop being from home, when dressed I went down into the hall to read prayers. The servants had not come in, so I told my governess and children, who were already there, about my dream, which amused them as much as it had done me. The servants came in and I read prayers, after which the party dispersed. I opened the dining room door, where, to my amazement, stood the pig in the very spot in which I had seen him in my dream. With regard to your question as to whether I could have heard the pig in my sleep, he was then safely in his sty, and my room is quite on the other side of the house, a large hall dividing our side from the servants' side of the house, behind which, in a yard, was the pig-sty. It got into the dining room in consequence of the gardener being engaged in cleaning out the sty while the servants were at prayers; they

hardly needs reference), where paranoiacs have believed that all important events had been predicted to them beforehand. But as Dr. Hodgson points out, (American *Proceedings*, p. 543), these cases are not really parallel to the phenomena which concern us. They are, in fact, a form of the common insane delusion of grandeur. A further reply by Edmund Gurney will be found in *Mind* for July, 1888. It may suffice here to add that longer experience has continued to inspire distrust of these short cuts, or improvised generalisations, as to habits of memory. Memory may sometimes play such tricks as Professor Royce supposes, and may play all kinds of other tricks as well, and may, again, be sometimes far more accurate than we are disposed to expect. We must in each instance be freshly on the look out for memory's possible errors, but the notion of a *special track* of error in the direction suggested by Professor Royce has not as yet been supported by adequate evidence.

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having left every door open, the pig met with no obstacle on his voyage of discovery.

FANNY P. ATLAY.

I heard Mrs. Atlay tell the dream when she came into the hall before prayers. [Precise date not remembered—a few years ago.]

EMILY NIMMO. (Governess.)

In reply to my inquiry whether the pig might not have escaped before the dream, and have given some indication of proximity to Mrs. Atlay's bedroom window, that lady informed me that he only got loose while she was reading prayers;—the gardeners who had been cleaning his sty having left it imperfectly secured. The sty was at a considerable distance from the palace. The date of the incident was a few years before the record, but cannot now be precisely ascertained.

The next case which I shall quote is, I think, almost unique in our collection in this respect,—that the premonition seems to work its own fulfilment, by suggesting the one course of action which, as it happened, would bring about the dreaded experience. It is, of course, possible that the coincidence may have been accidental. Mrs. C. says that she is rather a frequent dreamer, although few of her dreams make so strong an impression as the one which I quote, and another with similar coincidence, which I omit for want of space.

P. 204.

Mrs. C. writes in a letter dated February 29th, 1888, from Holland-road, Kensington:—

I have an intense horror of monkeys—I seldom look at one if I can help it—they are objects of such antipathy to me; and I dreamed that I was persistently followed by one such as I had never seen before, but which terrified me extremely, and from which I could not escape.

Thinking I should be better able to throw off the impression of my dream if I told it, I mentioned it to my family, and my husband recommended a short walk. In consequence, and *quite contrary to my custom*, I arranged to take my children for a short walk, without their nurse accompanying me, and as their favourite walk was up Nightingale-lane, (Holland-lane), past another lane enclosed by the high walls of Argyll Lodge, the residence of the Duke of Argyll, I agreed to take them there, and when we arrived at Argyll Lodge, what was my horror to see on the roof of the coach-house the very monkey of my dreams! In my surprise and terror, I clasped my hands and exclaimed, much to the amazement of a coachman waiting outside, "My dream! My dream!"

This I suppose attracted the attention of the monkey and he began to come after us, he on the top of the wall, we beneath, every minute I expecting he would jump upon me, and having precisely the same terror I experienced in my dream. One of my children being very young we could not go fast, which added to my distress, but we succeeded in escaping it, and on my return home I sent a servant to enquire if a monkey had been

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seen there, for my state of nervousness was extreme. She was informed that that morning a rare and very valuable monkey belonging to the Duchess had got loose, and so the incident was explained. But my dreaming of it previously remains unexplained. [Signed by MRS. C.]

In a subsequent letter dated March 2nd, 1888, Mrs. C. writes :—

The "monkey dream" was told to at least six persons before I went for my walk, and my children still remember my terror and the "peculiar monkey" which followed us.

Mrs. C. also states that the dream occurred in 1867, and sends letters of corroboration from her husband and her nurse, which are given below.

F. W. H. MYERS, Esq.,—DEAR SIR,—I have seen my wife's correspondence with you, and I fully confirm the facts as she has stated them. Yours very faithfully, [Signed by MR. C.]

Statement written by Mrs. C.'s nurse.

Holland-road, *March 3rd*, 1888.

Caroline M., Mrs. C.'s nurse, remembers two dreams [*i.e.*, this and another sent to us, but not printed here] which her mistress told her when she went to her room in the morning. She remembers both dreams coming true.

The Marquis of Lorne informs me that a monkey was in fact kept in the stables of Argyll Lodge at and after the date here somewhat vaguely indicated.

Here is a case where the percipient is well known to me.

P. 224. *Statement by Colonel K. Coghill.*

April, 1894.

A curious case occurred to me last month, though it may be but a coincidence not worth recounting On 28th March I received a letter from a lady, with whom I had not been in correspondence for about a year, stating that on the 26th she had either a vision or a dream (I forget the expression) that she saw me in a very dangerous position under a horse, from which many people were trying to relieve me. By return of post I wrote that I thought it a dream which was proved by contraries, as nothing of the sort had occurred. That afternoon I received notice of a last "off day" with our pack of hounds, and the next morning on my way to covert I posted my letter. At the finish of a long run in the afternoon, my horse, pulling double down a steep hill, was unable to collect himself for a big bank at the bottom of the hill, breasted it, and fell head over heels into a deep and broad drop ditch on the far side with me underneath him. His head and shoulders were at the bottom and legs remained up on the landing side of the ditch. Many of the field dismounted, and after some minutes pulled the horse away, and got me from under, more or less stunned, but little the worse, except a few face cuts, the loss of a tooth, and a crushed stirrup, and the horse with a few head cuts. The horse was about my best hunter, and never before guilty of such a thing, though, of course, it may have been but a hunting-field coincidence.

KENDAL COGHILL.

April, 1894.

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The letter in which the lady in question (the Hon. Mrs. Leir-Carleton) relates her dream is unfortunately lost, but Sir Joseph Coghill writes :—

Glen Barrabane, Castle Townsend, *May 3rd*, 1894.

On the 29th March last, my brother, Colonel Coghill, C.B., showed me a portion of a letter just received from a lady who wrote describing a dream or vision in which she had seen him meet with a serious accident from a horse, and she noticed a crowd of persons assisting him away.

J. L. COGHILL.

Colonel Coghill writes by return of post, after the receipt of the letter relating the dream, but before the accident, as follows :—

Cosheen, Castle Townsend, Co. Cork, *Wednesday, March 28th.*

MY DEAR MRS. CARLETON,—Need I say how delighted I was to see your handwriting this morning, and how happy I am to say that your dream has so far proved the rule of going by "contraries," for I never in my life was going stronger than I am at present.

Writing again on the 31st March, the day after the accident, Colonel Coghill says :—

"MY DEAR MRS. CARLETON,—You win, hands down. There are two grounds on which we, your friends, have to thank ourselves that you belong to the last half of this century—first that we can enjoy your existence and friendship, and secondly that had you lived earlier you might have been burnt as a witch, for by your dream you foretold a grief to me, though in prospective. Yesterday I enjoyed the imperial crowner which you saw in your dream, the hardest fall I have had for very many years. It was the last day of our hunt, and I wanted to give a finishing touch to the education of my young horse. I began the day badly by being on the wrong side of the wood when they broke away, and while riding hard to overtake them I topped a bank and found a chasm too big, so we dropped a crumpler, but I got off with a broken spur and bent stirrup. After I had overtaken my field, I was pelting down a hill faster than I wanted, and met a stiff bank at the bottom with a broad ditch and a drop on the landing side. The young savage couldn't collect himself in time and struck the bank above his knees. Tableau—six legs in the air ; 2nd view—a man in the ditch with horse on top of his (the man's) head. Here your dream fails, for instead of an unsympathetic crowd helping him, I was released by half-a-dozen friends, including the master, and about as many ladies ; 3rd tableau—all their loose horses pursuing the hounds riderless.

"My first thought when down was your dream, and before my head was out of the mud, I said : 'At any rate, as I am to be led away by some one the neck must be all right'—and so it was, and I got off very cheaply. Considering that the horse was on my head I can't understand how the only thing that gave way was my extreme back tooth, which got smashed and its next neighbour chipped—a few scratches on nose and forehead sums up the total grief, and cheap at the price. Now will you oblige me, if I am worth a sleeping, or waking dream in future, to make a pleasanter one of it—for this morning I feel as if a crowbar had replaced my jointy neck, and every joint is bound in iron cramps of shoulders, arms, and legs. A few hot baths

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and a little massage will put all that right, and as it was the last day of the season, I lose nothing by it. I should not have written all this, but I thought that in connection with your dream you might feel an interest in its fulfilment."

The Hon. Mrs. Leir-Carleton, who experienced this dream, writes from Greywell Hill, Winchfield, as follows :—

From my childhood I have had premonitions of illnesses ; sometimes the illness proves trivial and sometimes fatal. I have no *distinct* impressions, but coming events seem to cast shadows before them, which as a child I used to term "fore-feeling," and I have not yet found any better word. I have heard my Scotch mother, long deceased, relate premonitory dreams of her own, so there is probably some hereditary sensitiveness to impressions.

After a few hours or days the gloomy fore-feeling seems to lighten in some cases, as though a threatening "disagreeable" had been somehow averted. But I can conscientiously affirm that no great sorrow, however sudden, has come upon me unpreceded by a premonition of *approaching trouble connected with the individual about to suffer or die.*

I have also repeatedly fore-felt the loss of pets neither sick nor old.

Here again is a case where a somewhat complex scene, involving the action of several persons, is dreamt and narrated beforehand.

P. 195.

Mr. Haggard of the British Consulate, Trieste, Austria, gives the following account of a premonitory dream and its fulfilment :—

September 21*st*, 1893.

A few months ago I had an extraordinarily vivid dream, and waking up repeated it to my wife at once. All I dreamt actually occurred about six weeks afterwards, the details of my dream falling out exactly as dreamt.

There seems to have been no purpose whatsoever in the dream ; and one cannot help thinking, what was the good of it.

I dreamt that I was asked to dinner by the German Consul General, and accepting, was ushered into a large room with trophies of East African arms on shields against the walls. (N.B.—I have myself been a great deal in East Africa.)

After dinner I went to inspect the arms, and amongst them saw a beautifully gold-mounted sword which I pointed out to the French Vice-Consul—who at that moment joined me—as having probably been a present from the Sultan of Zanzibar to my host the German Consul General.

At that moment the Russian Consul came up too. He pointed out how small was the hilt of the sword and how impossible in consequence it would be for a European to use the weapon, and whilst talking he waved his arm in an excited manner over his head as if he was wielding the sword, and to illustrate what he was saying.

At that moment I woke up and marvelled so at the vividness of the dream that I woke my wife up too and told it to her.

About six weeks afterwards my wife and myself were asked to dine with the German Consul General ; but the dream had long been forgotten by us both.

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We were shown into a large withdrawing room which I had never been in before, but which somehow seemed familiar to me. Against the walls were some beautiful trophies of East African arms, amongst which was a gold-hilted sword, a gift to my host from the Sultan of Zanzibar.

To make a long story short, everything happened exactly as I had dreamt —but I never remembered the dream until the Russian Consul began to wave his arm over his head, when it came back to me like a flash.

Without saying a word to the Russian Consul and French Vice-Consul (whom I left standing before the trophy) I walked quickly across to my wife, who was standing at the entrance of a boudoir opening out of the withdrawing room, and said to her;—"Do you remember my dream about the Zanzibar arms?" She remembered everything perfectly, and was a witness to its realization. On the spot we informed all the persons concerned of the dream, which naturally much interested them.

Mrs. Haggard's corroboration of her husband's dream and its fulfilment runs as follows:—

I remember being awoke one night by my husband to hear a curiously vivid dream he had just had. It is now some months ago, and possibly some of the more minute details of his relation may have escaped my memory, but what I remember of his dream is the following. He dreamed that we were dining with the German Consul General, whose drawing-room, a remarkably handsome apartment, was ornamented with trophies of arms from the East Coast of Africa. Having been in those regions himself, he felt some interest in them, and went nearer to examine them more closely. While he was doing so, the Russian Consul came up, and in his usual rather excitable fashion began flourishing his arm, as he dilated upon the extraordinary smallness of the native hand for which the hilt of a certain sword must have been designed. That is what I recollect of the dream. Its fulfilment took place a few weeks later, when the circumstance of the dream had almost passed from our thoughts.

We dined one evening with the German Consul General, the Russian Consul being also present, among others. After dinner my husband went to examine one of the trophies of East African arms, with which the room—as in his dream,—was hung. While he was doing so, the Russian Consul went up to speak to him upon the subject, and the dramatic flourish of his arm, with which he emphasised his conversation, at once recalled the dream, in which it had taken place, so vividly to my husband's mind, that he immediately crossed the room to me, and asked me if I did not remember it also, which of course I did, though, as I was talking to some one else at the time, and only knew the room previously by my husband's description of his dream, the coincidence might not have occurred to me had he not called my attention to it. Directly he did so, however, by asking me if I did not remember his dream, I recollected quite well all the details I have previously mentioned.

AGNES M. HAGGARD.

Trieste, *October 20th*, 1893.

Below are given a letter from Mr. Kolemine, Russian Consul, and a statement from Herr Michabelles, German Consul General at Trieste, both of

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whom were witnesses of the fulfilment of Mr. Haggard's dream, and of the great impression which it made upon him at the time.

Monsieur Haggard, mon collègue d'Angleterre, en a eu un très remarquable au point de vue psychologique. Mlle Z—— aussi et d'autres personnes encore. Veuillez accepter tout ce que Monsieur Haggard vous a écrit comme étant parfaitement la vérité et l'asserter de mon nom si vous le jugez nécessaire.

Agréez, cher Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée.

A. DE KOLEMINE.

Whilst I was German Consul General at Trieste, I had one evening in February or March of this year, the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Haggard's company at dinner; among others the Russian Consul was present. It was the first time that Mr. Haggard came into my private house; before we had always met in my office. After dinner I was busy in entertaining my party, when suddenly Mr. Haggard joined me and told me that a few weeks before he had seen, in a very vivid dream, my drawing-room with the trophies of East African arms on shields against the walls, and Mr. Kolemine, the Russian Consul, standing before one trophy had explained something to him in his usual excited manner, waving his arms over his head in order to illustrate what he said. All this had happened just at the moment with all particulars seen in the dream. I was extremely astonished at the strange occurrence and observed that the realisation of his dream had produced a strong effect on Mr. Haggard's mind.

J. MICHABELLES,

Counsellor of legation in the Foreign Office.

Berlin, *November* 10*th*, 1893.

In the next case the gradual accomplishment of the dream seems to have been watched with interest by more than one person.

P. 206.

The Rev. B. Dulley, of St. Peter's Clergy House, London Docks, E., sends the following statement, which was written in October, 1893, and is certified to be correct by the percipient, Annette Jones.

Annette, wife of Walter Jones, tobacconist, of Old Gravel Lane, St. George's, East London, early in September of this year (1893) had her little boy, Peter, ill. One night she dreamt that she saw a cart drive up, stop near where she was, and the driver move a black cloth and discover three coffins, two white and one blue. One white coffin was bigger than the other, and the blue was the biggest of the three. The man took out the bigger white coffin and left it, driving off with the two others. In the morning Mrs. Jones told her dream to her husband, and afterwards to another woman, specially telling her husband that one of the coffins was blue. On the 10th of September, Mrs. Devonshire, who, and whose husband were particular friends of the Jones's, was confined with a fine boy, whom they named Eric.

At first he seemed quite healthy, but a weakness of the lungs developed itself and he died on Friday, the 29th of September. Little Peter Jones died

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the following Monday, the 2nd of October, being then 16 months old. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, knowing that Eric was to be buried on the Wednesday, for the sake of both friendship and economy, hurried their little boy's burial for that day, so that both funerals should take place at the same time. On the morning of the Wednesday, the parish priest informed Mr. and Mr. Jones that another child's body would be brought into church along with theirs, the son of a Mrs. Jupp, whom they did not know.

Mrs. Jones then remarked to her husband, "If the coffin is blue, then my dream will come true. For the two other coffins were white." And so it happened. Mrs. Jones anxiously watched at the funeral for little Jupp's coffin, and when she saw it was blue, she clutched her sister, who walked by her side, and said "that's my dream." It will be noticed that the relative sizes of the coffins also corresponded, little Eric's being the smallest for a child of a few days, little Jupp's the largest for one about 6 years, and blue, and Peter's, of course, less than his but bigger than Eric's.

I have read the above and find it a true and correct account of my dream and the circumstances relating to it.

ANNETTE JONES.

I remember distinctly my wife telling me of her dream, and especially as to the colour of the coffins, 2 white and 1 blue, and watched the circumstances which occurred afterwards with something like awe.

WALTER H. JONES.

The Rev. B. Dulley states in a letter dated January 6th, 1894 :—

Mr. Jones is a particularly common-sense practical man with abilities in that respect above the average. So far from welcoming the preternatural event noted, he is rather vexed and worried by it. Both he and his wife are conscientious people, and certainly believe what they say.

B. DULLEY, Clerk in Holy Orders.

In some other cases the premonitory dream, although it may have made a vivid impression, and perhaps have even been narrated to others, is then apparently clean forgotten until the moment of its fulfilment.

Mrs. Sidgwick has justly urged (of a similar case) that this looks rather as though we were dealing with a pseudo-memory, *created* by the very circumstance which seems merely to *revive* it. There may, however, be another explanation. We know that when a suggestion is given to a good subject in the hypnotic trance to the effect that he will (say) open the window half-an-hour after awaking, he passes that half-hour in unconsciousness of the order,—which order nevertheless he fulfils at the right minute. Well, while he is thus fulfilling it, or just before he fulfils it, he lapses into a state more akin to the hypnotic state in which he received the order than to the waking state in which he has since remained. The memory of what he has to do comes to him only just in time, and derives its efficacy from a partial recrudescence of the condition in which he was when he accepted the order. Even thus, perhaps, we might by analogy consider the condition of the dreamer of

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a precognitive dream as a secondary state, the recollection of which has a tendency to fade from the waking mind, but which is partially revived when the prefigured incident,—which *belongs* in a sense to the secondary state,—suddenly presents itself in the waking day.

Bearing this in mind, the following prevision of a rattle-snake may be compared with the prevision of a woodcock which Mrs. Sidgwick quotes. Observe that in this case, although Dr. Kinsolving did not actually recount his dream before the event, he remembers having thought of doing so, but refrained from a natural scruple.

P. 149.

Dr. Kinsolving of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, writes as follows to Dr. Hodgson :—

2016, Locust-street, Philadelphia,
October 14*th*, 1891.

My Dear Sir,—The dream was this. I seemed to be in woods back of the hotel at Capon Springs, W. Va., when I came across a rattle-snake, which when killed had two black-looking rattles and a peculiar projection of bone from the tail, while the skin was unusually light in colour. The impression of the snake was very distinct and vivid before my mind's eye when I awoke in the morning, but I did not mention the dream to any one, though I was in the act of telling my wife while dressing, but refrained from so doing because I was in the habit of taking long walks in the mountains, and I did not wish to make her nervous by the suggestion of snakes.

After breakfast, I started with my brother along the back of the great north mountain, and when about twelve miles from the hotel we decided to go down out of the mountain into the road and return home. As we started down the side of the mountain I suddenly became vividly conscious of my dream, to such an extent as to startle me, and to put me on the alert. I was walking rapidly, and had gone about thirty steps, when I came on a snake coiled and ready to strike. My foot was in the air and had I finished my step I would have trodden upon the snake. I threw myself to one side and fell heavily on the ground. I recovered myself at once and killed the snake with the assistance of my brother, and found it to be the same snake in every particular with the one I had had in my mind's eye. The same size, colour, and peculiar mal-formation of the tail.

It is my belief that my dream prevented me from treading on the snake, but I have no theory on the subject, and get considerably mixed and muddled when I try to think on the line of such abnormal experiences.

G. H. Kinsolving.

Christ Church, Clinton and Harrison Sts.,
323, Clinton-street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
April 19*th*, 1892.

Mr. Richard Hodgson,—My Dear Sir,—My brother, the Rev. Geo. H. Kinsolving, of Philadelphia, has enclosed me your request for my

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recollection of his premonitory dream last summer at Capon Springs. Constant occupation during the season just ended is my apology for a somewhat tardy compliance with that request. The circumstances as I remember them were these :—

We started, he and I together, off from the Springs Hotel just after breakfast to go over the mountain to Rock Enon Springs. Our first stop was on the crest of the North Mountain and near it we had some conversation with two boys who were out huckleberrying. I asked them about their experience with rattle-snakes, and they replied that they had killed several during the season. Later, my brother and I were clambering up a steep, rough, bushy cliff and as he was in front I said, "You had better look out for rattle-snakes. This is a very snaky sort of place." At neither of these references to the subject of the snakes did my brother seem to be reminded of or make any allusion to his dream of the night before of which he had not then told me.

After walking some way beyond this we missed our trail and found ourselves descending the mountain. Suddenly my brother, who was at my side and a little in front, threw his body back and said, "My ! I like to have stepped on that fellow !" I think I caught him by the shoulder as, with one foot raised just over the reptile which was coiled under some bushes and a bit of brushwood, he reeled backward. Then as we closed in upon the snake and delivered our first stones, my brother catching sight of his tail said, "That is strange ! I will tell you something remarkable about that snake in a moment." Then when we had killed the snake, before I had noticed anything remarkable about it—when to me it was like Jim Smiley's frog, "just like any other frog"—my brother pointed to the fact that it had but one rattle on its tail, and proceeded to tell me his dream. He said that the night before he dreamed that he came up in the front of the Springs Hotel as a party of boys were in the act of killing a snake. Bending over the reptile he said, "Why, boys, that snake has a diseased tail." And on examination it appeared a very singular, defective tail. At the time of his narrow escape from being bitten (for the reptile had thrown back his head to strike when discovered), he said the dream had suddenly come into his mind. I noticed a pause and losing the thread of the argument in which we were engaged, and this made me look towards him at the moment. He answered *there on the spot* to my question why he had not told me the strange dream when I mentioned snakes as we clambered up the peak or when we were speaking with the boys, that he had not thought of the dream during our walk until a moment before this snake was met and that at that moment the dream had come into his mind with such vividness as to make him look where he was walking with some care.

The snake was large enough to have had half-a-dozen or more rattles. It had a single rattle—not a button—and looked as though disease or crushing or some unusual accident had deprived it of the rest.

These are the facts, as I remember them, very hastily narrated. The experience was altogether unique for me at least. I will send you this *direct* without having spoken to [my brother] of the experience since leaving the Springs in the month of August last.

ARTHUR B. KINSOLVING.

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The following case, from a lady known to me, is interesting in this connexion; since a dream is at first remembered so impressively as to affect action, is then apparently forgotten, and finally revives in memory just in time to enable the dreamer to avert its complete fulfilment.

P. 185.

On the second occasion my warning in dream did probably prevent a rather serious accident. We were living in about 188—, in Hertford-street, Mayfair. One day I determined that on the morrow I would drive to Woolwich in our brougham, taking my little child and nurse, to spend the day with a relation. During the night I had a painfully clear dream in vision of the brougham turning up one of the streets north of Piccadilly; and then of myself standing on the payment and holding my child, our old coachman falling on his head on the road,—his hat smashed in. This so much discomposed me that when in the morning I sent for the coachman to give him his orders, I almost hoped that some obstacle to the drive might arise, so that I might have an excuse for going by train. The coachman was an old and valued servant. I asked him if he would have the carriage ready to drive to Woolwich at ten. He was not given to making difficulties; but he hesitated, and when I suggested eleven instead, he said that he would prefer that hour. He gave no reason for his hesitation and said that the horse was quite well. I told him almost eagerly that I could quite well go by train; but he said that all was right.

We went to Woolwich and spent the day. All went well until we reached Piccadilly on the return journey. Then I saw that other coachmen were looking at us; and looking through the glass front of the brougham I saw that the coachman was leaning back in his seat, as though the horse were pulling violently, of which, however, I felt no sign. We turned up Down-street. He retained his attitude. My dream flashed back upon me. I called to him to stop, jumped out, caught hold of my child, and called to a policeman to catch the coachman. Just as he did so the coachman swayed and fell off the box. If I had been in the least less prompt, he would have fallen just as I saw him in my dream. I found afterwards that the poor man had been suffering from a serious attack of diarrhœa on the previous day, and had gradually fainted from exhaustion during the drive home. He was absolutely sober; and his only mistake had been in thinking that he was strong enough to undertake the long drive. In this case my premonitory dream differed from the reality in two points. In my dream we approached Down-street from the west; in reality we came from the east. In my dream the coachman actually fell on his head; the crushing of his hat on the road being the most vivid point of the dream. In reality this was just averted by the prompt action which my anxious memory of the dream inspired.

Signed [Lady Z.]

The *aversion* of the fulfilment, by reasonable precaution, is here an important feature. Another dream of the same lady's presents us with

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a fatal fulfilment occurring in spite of the dreamer's aroused anxiety. But in that case no precautions were taken—nor indeed could they have been easily taken,—to avert the calamity.

P. 184.

I am not usually a great dreamer ; but on two occasions, and two occasions only in my life, I have acted on dreams or impressions, and in each case there seems to have been some meaning in the impression which I received.

In or about the year 1866, Lord Z. and I were inhabiting a house in Charles-street, Mayfair. We had built out a bedroom into the small court behind. This bedroom was separated only by a narrow passage or strip of court from our neighbour, Mrs. L.'s kitchen, which was built out into the court in the same fashion, and was of one story only.

In the middle of a very cold night I was suddenly awakened by a heavy fall into this passage outside our bedroom wall, as if some heavy body had fallen into it from the roof of Mrs. L.'s kitchen. I listened, much alarmed, and heard groans from the passage. I thought that some burglar had slipped from the kitchen roof down on to the pavement and was lying there injured. I begged Lord Z. to get up and look ; but he could hear nothing, and told me that I had been dreaming. I went to sleep again at length ; but was again awakened by a similar thud in the passage. I now begged Lord Z. so earnestly to look that he got up and partially dressed and opened a door on the ground floor which led into this passage. The moon was shining brightly, and there was no trace whatever of anything unusual. Much perplexed I again went to sleep. After I had left the bedroom in the morning, a servant came to ask me whether he might get ready a bedroom to receive a workman who had come to work on the roof of Mrs. L.'s kitchen, and had fallen into the passage from the kitchen-roof just as I had thought that I heard a man fall some few hours previously.

The premonition, if such it was, was here of no special *use*. It seemed as though I had received an intimation of a coming fact which only concerned me by its mere physical nearness.

Signed [Lady Z.]

[Lord Z. is no longer living.]

A case very similar to this reaches us from America. Dr. Hodgson knows Mrs. P. and Dr. Lukens, and has examined Dr. Lukens's notes throughout.

P. 214. Metuchen, N.J., *March 12th*, [1892].

Prof. Hodgson,—Dear Sir,—About the time this reaches you, you will receive a "Fulfilled Prediction," written by me and signed by four others. The fifth witness is ill in Brooklyn, but I can procure her attestation should you desire it. I am the sixth—the seventh is in "The Great Beyond." All these heard the prediction repeatedly.

I lay stress on this incident because of my impression of the accident several weeks before it took place, and because in no way that I can see could it have been photographed upon the ether *before* it took place. Unless,

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indeed, our innermost, the spiritual essence, being at one with the Universal Spirit, foresees the future as part of the Eternal whole.

Some curious facts I did not incorporate in the statement, because they could not be vouched for by the witnesses. For instance, Mr. Collins, to whom the fatal accident happened, was asked by Mr. Van Horn (the husband of the last signer to the document which she will forward to you) to remove the snow from the roof as described. The roof was a small conservatory extending from the main dwelling. This he did as requested. *Then* he began to clear the ice from the gutter at his own monition, though remonstrated with and strictly charged to be careful lest he should fall, by Mr. Van Horn, his employer. You will see the pertinence of this fact by comparing this statement with that which is, or will be, forwarded to you by Mrs. Van Horn.

H. M. P.

A Fulfilled Prediction.

In the winter of 1886 and 1887, I was living at West 29th Street, New York City. In company with six friends I used to sit one hour each week, not for "spiritual manifestations" but for the purpose of harmonising ourselves and for the cultivation of sensibility to psychic impressions.

During these meetings several strong presentiments of future occurrences came to me (Mrs. H. M. P.), which were subsequently verified.

One of the more marked was the following :—

I distinctly felt that a serious accident would shortly happen to some person in or about the back portion of the residence. There would be a fearful fall of some elderly man.

Now in the house were two elderly men, but I foresaw that the accident would happen to neither of these.

Again and again as we sat within our quiet room, did the impression of this terrible fall come to me, as those present clearly remember. At such times the horror was strong and persistent. In consequence we even talked of having a lamp constantly burning on the hall of the basement staircase lest one might make a misstep there. But I could not locate the place where the fall would happen.

In the late winter of 1887 there occurred a heavy rain followed by a sudden freeze. In consequence the rain-gutter of the rear roof became clogged with ice which it seemed desirable should be cleared away.

In order to do this a man, between sixty and seventy years of age, Thomas Collins by name—the foreman of a number of men employed by the husband of one of us—volunteered to remove the ice. It is needless to say that none of our number knew anything of what he was about to do.

Accordingly Mr. Collins, a man of large experience, caution, and intelligence, with hatchet in hand mounted a ladder placed against the eaves of the roof. The ladder slipped as he reached the top, and he, with it, fell to the stone paving of the area. Mr. Collins struck upon his head causing fracture of the skull. He was removed to the hospital, where he died in a few hours without having recovered consciousness.

The first impression or foreshadowing of this accident was between two and three months before its occurrence.

H. M. P., Metuchen, N.J.

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The undersigned, who heard this prediction, testify to the statement as recorded above.

(Signed) HENRIETTA M. MARVIN, Morrisania, N.Y.
HARRIET W. FARNSWORTH, 140, W. 16th St., N.Y.
SARAH J. OSTRANDA, 181, Sixth Avenue [New York].
SARAH W. VAN HORN, Fairfield, Conn. (at the time mentioned 106, West 29th St., New York).

[I add a few other brief cases from the experience of Mrs. H. M. P.]

On the evening of January 2nd, 1892, Mrs. H. M. P. made the following prediction. "I see Dr. Anna Lukens receive a letter announcing a death. You (to Dr. A. L.) will soon hear of the death of some one connected with you—not very closely; but the news will be something of a shock and a great surprise, but it is not a death that will touch you closely."

The following persons were present (at 1,068, Lexington Avenue, New York City) when the prediction was made.

DR. ANNA LUKENS.
H. M. P.
M. L. JACKSON.
W. E. WARD.

[Received February 23rd, 1892.—R. H.]

Extract from letter to Dr. Anna Lukens from her niece :—

Philadelphia, *January 14th*, 1892.

MY DEAR AUNT ANNIE,—. . . . Wasn't that very sad about Hannah Jones? Suppose thee knew she died on January 2nd of pneumonia, and was buried Wednesday, the 6th. They were living on 13th Street, kl. Locust Street, for the winter. It must be very hard for John and the children. . . . . .

W. E. L.

Through Dr. Anna Lukens, member S.P.R.

Sunday, *May 1st*, 1892. 3.30 p.m.

Mrs. H. M. P. in semi-trance. Her control, X., tells Mr. W. E. Ward that one of his horses (off horse) (a new span recently purchased) is unsafe and that an accident will occur which may be very serious unless great care is observed. X. (control) says "horse will shy badly—I think going down hill, both horses inclined to be tricky—will try to run away on this occasion; better get rid of them." After a few minutes' pause X. says "Brave, there is a dangerous place in your big factory, upper part—something broken—will fall soon, and if it does will kill many people. Can't see just what it is—but you better look after it at once."

Both predictions verified the following Thursday (May 5th), within a few hours of each other. The off horse shied badly, threw the carriage off on the side of the road, nearly upsetting it, and then both horses tried to run away. Owing to the good management of the coachman, no injury was sustained. A few hours after this accident, a *split beam*, forming part of one of the heavy trusses supporting the roof, was discovered

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in exact locality as described by the medium. If it had fallen, which it must soon have done, there would have been serious loss of life.

(Signed) H. M. P.
W. E. Ward.
Anna Lukens.

[Received May 19th, 1892.—R. H.]

And now I quote a case where the dream was told beforehand, but to a person now dead. Even had it not thus been told, I see no reason to suppose that the mere sight of a quite commonplace scene could generate a pseudo-memory with so uniquely disturbing an influence in a man otherwise sane and in the midst of work.

P. 154. Algonquin Club, Boston.

December 27th, 1893.

Richard Hodgson, LL.D.,—Dear Sir,—I enclose to you herewith a very curious story told me by my friend, Mr. W. H. M. [name and address given], Boston. I am afraid that strong corroborative evidence cannot now be secured from persons to whom Mr. M. may have told his "dream" before he went to Reading. He thinks that he mentioned having had a very vivid dream to his fiancée, now his wife, and that his mother, now dead, knew of the dream at the time. He did not talk very freely about the affair, because he did not care to expose himself to the ridicule of his friends.

I know him very well. He is a brusque, practical, every-day young man, of large business experience, and apparently very far removed by nature and environment from susceptibility to hallucination. I believe in his truthfulness and honesty in this matter most implicitly.

It may be well to say that I have not attempted to secure evidence of the correctness of topographical details from Reading; also, that at the time of his dream, Mr. M. had in his possession no letter from that city, nor any friends nor business relations in or with the place, and his trip to Reading in the following autumn was purely the result of sudden exigency. He went to Philadelphia, I believe, to meet a friend, found he had gone to Reading, and followed him thither.

Charles Heywood.

Mr. W. H. M. awoke one morning, probably in August, 1884, and proceeded, as was his habit, to plunge his head into cold water. At this, the recollection flashed across his mind of a dream he had had during the night. He had seemed to be in a strange city, in a square at the intersection of several streets. Between two of the streets was a building with this sign upon it, "John Leyden (or Layton), Hay and Grain, Coal and Wood." The vision made such an impression upon him that he remembered it during the summer. In the following October he visited Reading, Pa., for the first time in his life. Arriving after dark and being unfamiliar with the city, he enquired the way to the nearest respectable hotel, and there put up for the night. In the morning he opened his window and looked out upon

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the square seen in his dream, corresponding in every detail, even to the bale of hay and the bags of grain at the door of the store.

The above statement is as nearly correct as I can now recall it.

W. H. M.

February 12th, 1894.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—I have your letter of the 8th, and in reply would say that my friend Heywood's account of my "dream" is as I recall it now. I am a civil engineer, and at the time of the occurrence I was Principal Assistant Engineer of the Boston and Providence R.R. My seventeen years of business life have been actively spent in the practice of my profession and in general contracting, and until this thing happened I had always regarded anything of like nature as a delusion or a trick. Under these circumstances, I think you will understand why I didn't mention the matter to my friends. I told my mother something of it before I went away,—in fact, a day or so after the dream,—but as she died October 26th, 1893, that avenue of investigation is closed. My (at that time) fiancée lived in Burlington, Vt., and on visiting her soon after my trip to Reading, Pa., I told her of the matter. She is now my wife, and recalls the affair, but I am afraid this is not good evidence, nor have I any other. The man I went to see died about 1885 or 1886, though I learned this only three years ago.

I am sorry not to be able to furnish corroborative evidence of this matter, as I would like to have it explained. I had never been in Reading till that time, nor have I been there since.

The matter bothered me so much at the time that it almost demoralized me. I couldn't get it out of my mind. There is one more thing which I would like an explanation of. It used to bother me, but I am quite used to it now. Since I was a young boy, I have been frequently surprised to find myself saying in conversation combinations of words which I recognize as having dreamt of, or unconsciously thought of. I mean phrases which I have never thought of in connection with the subject with which I afterwards use them. This used to so affect me that I would hesitate—almost stop talking—and then involuntarily finish the remark with the remainder of the words, which would frequently be in unusual combination, but properly used.

When I realised the occurrence, it seemed for an instant as though I had lost control of my mind. This happens to me still once in a while, but it doesn't unnerve me as it used to do. Do I make myself understood?

I do not think I am fanciful or imaginative, but I have given these things much unproductive thought, and I am anxious to have them explained, which is the reason I told Heywood of the first matter.

I should prefer that my name be withheld from publication. My wife can tell of her limited knowledge of the first matter, and I enclose her statement.

W. H. M.

[Name, address, and commercial position given.]

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February 12th, 1894.

The statement, as told by Mr. Heywood, of Mr. M.'s dream, is substantially as he told it to me before our marriage.

F. R. M. (Address given.)

The prefigured scenes which I have thus far quoted, whether in themselves trivial or otherwise, have mainly been drawn from the impending actual personal experience of the seer himself. But in the case (for instance) of the fall from the kitchen roof, it is noticeable that Lady Z. did not herself actually hear the fall, although she would have heard it had she still remained in her bedroom, where she heard the premonitory sound. Something then was prefigured which lay just outside her own life-history.

We have some other cases of like type, as, for instance, the following crystal vision seen by Miss X., in direct response (a very rare circumstance) to a request for information on a specific point. Other premonitions of Miss X.'s have already appeared in these *Proceedings*.

P. 183.

Extract from "Borderland" on "The Art of Crystal-gazing." *October*, 1893.

A week or two ago I was visiting friends in the country, and was about to leave their house on a certain morning. "I wonder what you will do after I'm gone," I was saying.

For answer, one of them pulled towards me a piece of bright mahogany furniture brilliantly polished, and said, "Here is a crystal—look."

"This is the pic-nic you said you were all going to at Pin Mill, I suppose," I said pleasantly, as a picture appeared. "What and where is Pin Mill? There is no sign of a mill—it is just a grassy bank with some thorn-bushes beyond. Why do you and K. get up and go away? G. and S. stay together and G. looks as if her back hurt her. The nurse is there too with the boy."

"I don't know in the least what Pin Mill is, but any way, the nurse and child won't be there," said my friend.

A day or two later she wrote, "You were almost right about Pin Mill—there is no mill in sight. We sat on a bank, K. had cramp and I had to take her for a walk, G. and S. were left together. G. had sprained her back and was in some pain, and the nurse and boy were there. The were no thorn-trees, but there were elder and blackberry-bushes grown up high, which at a little distance *looked like thorns*." [I have seen this letter.—F.W.H.M.]

Similarly trivial in the foreshown details is the following case from the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*.

P. 207. THE RIVANAZZARO CASE.

Letter to M. Charles Richet.

April 17th, 1891.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE,—You ask me to send you my case of telepathy. It is a story of my youth, and consequently an old story; I formerly told it to M. Sabatier, of Montpellier. Here it is, if it interests you:—

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During the summer of 1867, I was officially the assistant, but in reality the friend, in spite of difference in age, of M. F., a former officer in the navy, who had gone into business. We were trying to set on foot again the exploitation of an old sulphur mine at Rivanazzaro, near Voghera, in Piedmont, which had been long abandoned on account of a falling in.

We occupied the same rooms, and our relations were those of father and son, or of elder and younger brother.

I have often gone over, in memory, the story I am about to tell you; I have studied it with my scientific habits, without finding the least explanation. Nevertheless, before owning my absolute inability to arrange the facts in any method at all in accordance with those to which my profession habituates me,—measures, figures, experiments,—I have searched for all the accessory circumstances which might have influenced the phenomenon. Though I have not been able to come to a conclusion, more competent persons may do so.

I knew that Madame F., who lived at Toulon, and with whom I was slightly acquainted, would soon be confined. I cannot say I was indifferent about this fact, for it concerned M. F.; but it certainly caused me no profound emotion; it was a second child, all was going well, and M. F. was not anxious. I myself was well and calm. It is true that a few days before, in Burgundy, my mother had fallen out of a carriage; but the fall had no bad consequences, and the letter which informed me of it also told me there was no harm done.

M. F. and I slept in adjoining rooms, and as it was hot we left the door between them open. One morning I sprang suddenly out of bed, crossed my room, entered that of M. F., and awakened him by crying out, "you have just got a little girl; the telegram says. . . ." Upon this I began to read the telegram. M. F. sat up and listened; but all at once I understood that I had been asleep, and that consequently my telegram was only a dream, not to be believed; and then, at the same time, this telegram which was somehow in my hand and of which I had read about three lines aloud, word for word, seemed to withdraw from my eyes as if some one were carrying it off open; the words disappeared, though their image still remained; those which I had *pronounced* remained in my memory, while the rest of the telegram was only a *form*.

I stammered something; M. F. got up and led me into the dining-room, and made me write down the words I had pronounced; when I came to the lines which, though they had disappeared from my memory, still remained pictured in my eye, I replaced them by dots, making a sort of drawing of them. Remark that the telegram was not written in common terms; there were about six lines of it, and I had read more than two of them. Then, becoming aware of our rather incorrect costume, M. F. and I began to laugh, and went back to our beds.

Two or three days after I left for Torée; I tried in vain to remember the rest of the telegram; I went on to Turin, and eight or ten days after my dream I received the following telegram from M. F., "Come directly, you were right."

I returned to Rivanazzaro and M. F. showed me a telegram which he had received the evening before; I recognised it as the one I had seen in my

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dream; the beginning was exactly what I had written, and the end, which was exactly like my drawing, enabled me to read *again* the words which I saw *again*. Please remark that the confinement had taken place the evening before, and therefore the fact was not that I, being in Italy, had seen a telegram which already existed in France—this I might with some difficulty have understood—but that I had seen it ten days before it existed or could have existed; since the event it announced had not yet taken place. I have turned this phenomenon over in my memory and reasoned about it many times, trying to explain it, to connect it with something, with a previous conversation, with some mental tension, with an analogy, a wish,—and all in vain. M. F. is dead, and the paper I wrote has disappeared. If I were called before a court of justice about it, I could not furnish the shadow of a material proof, and again the two personalities which exist in me, the animal and the *savant*, have disputed on this subject so often that sometimes I doubt it myself. However, the animal, obstinate as an animal usually is, repeats incessantly that I have seen, and I have read, and it is useless for me to tell myself that if any one else told me such a story I should not believe it. I am obliged to admit that it happened.

J. Thoulet.

Professor at the Faculté des Sciences at Nancy.

M. Thoulet has lately confirmed all the details contained in his letter. He has no longer any written trace of this old story, but the recollection of it is perfectly clear. He assured me that he had *seen* and *read* the telegram like a real object.

The delicate point of this striking experience so carefully (if a little tardily) reported, would be to know exactly what degree of resemblance existed between the real telegram and the visionary telegram which M. Thoulet had read ten days before. But even if the identity was not as great as M. Thoulet now thinks, the analogy must yet have been striking, and the origin of this astonishing hallucination and clairvoyant premonition is most extraordinary.

Ch. R.

It is, of course, possible that the expectant mother had amused herself by composing telegrams to be used in case of the birth of a boy or of a girl, so that telepathy may have been at work here.

In the case next quoted the prefigured scene lies still further from the percipient's own experience; belonging to the private life of a man known to her only by sight, and in whom she took no interest.

P. 198.

From Mr. Alfred Cooper, of 9, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.

This account was orally confirmed by him to Mr. E. Gurney, June 6th, 1888. It is written by Mr. Cooper, but attested also by the Duchess of Hamilton.

A fortnight before the death of the late Earl of L—, in 1882, I called upon the Duke of Hamilton, in Hill Street, to see him professionally. After

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I had finished seeing him we went into the drawing-room, where the Duchess was, and the Duke said to me, "Oh, Cooper; how is the Earl?"

The Duchess said, "What Earl?" and on my answering "Lord L—," she replied "That is very odd. I have had a most extraordinary vision. I went to bed, but after being in bed a short time, I was not exactly asleep, but thought I saw a scene as if from a play before me. The actors in it were Lord L—, in a chair, as if in a fit, with a man standing over him with a red beard. He was by the side of a bath, over which bath a red lamp was distinctly shown."

I then said, "I am attending Lord L— at present; there is very little the matter with him; he is not going to die; he will be all right very soon."

Well, he got better for a week and was nearly well, but at the end of six or seven days after this I was called to see him suddenly. He had inflammation of both lungs.

I called in Sir William Jenner, but in six days he was a dead man. There were two male nurses attending on him; one had been taken ill. But when I saw the other the dream of the Duchess was exactly represented. He was standing near a bath over the Earl and, strange to say, his beard was red. There was the bath with the red lamp over it. It is rather rare to find a bath with a red lamp over it, and this brought the story to my mind.

The vision seen by the Duchess was told two weeks before the death of Lord L—. It is a most remarkable thing.

This account, written in 1888, has been revised by the [late] Duke of Manchester, father of the Duchess of Hamilton, who heard the vision from his daughter on the morning after she had seen it.

Signed MARY HAMILTON.
ALFRED COOPER.

Her Grace had been reading and had just blown out the candle.
Her Grace has had many dreams which have come true years after.

ALFRED COOPER.

[The Duchess only knew Lord L— by sight, and had not heard that he was ill. She knew she was not asleep, for she opened her eyes to get rid of the vision and, shutting them, saw the same thing again.]

An independent and concordant account has been given to me orally by a gentleman to whom the Duchess related the dream on the morning after its occurrence.

In the two cases which follow, we find a specially interesting form of gradual emergence. The percipient is for some time rendered anxious, as though by a dim precognition of an accident which no one could ordinarily foresee, and then when the moment of crisis actually arrives a telepathic shock transmits the scene—in one case to the percipient already affected, in the other case (though incorrectly) to his wife—along with an increment of his own dim distress.

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P. 164. T. F. LEECH, M.D.
Indiana State Medical Society.
Office of the Vice-President,
Crawfordsville, Ind., *August 14th*, 1893.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—I will say that I suffer from chronic rheumatism, and at times become a little nervous, caused by pain, loss of sleep, and worry about business, &c., &c. While in that condition I had the experiences to which you refer. My two sons, Ellerslie and Charlie, had been interested in establishing Sons of Virginia camps throughout the country [in June, 1892], and would occasionally ask to drive my horse and buggy on their nightly visit to different villages. I thought nor cared anything for it, until one evening at the supper table Ellerslie said, "Papa, I want to go to Mace to-night." Mace is six miles east, and there is a good gravel road leading to it. When he spoke, it flashed through me that on the way home something would happen to him. I thought of footpads, sudden illness, and the like. However, without making known my fears, I asked who was going with him. He answered, "No one." I told him to take Charlie along. He said Charlie had an examination the next day at College, and couldn't go. I told him to get Bart Griffith, a brother S. of V. He went to see G., and on returning, told me G. couldn't go, he had an examination also. I told him he ought to get some one. He said he couldn't. I tried to throw off my fears and started to my office. On the way I saw a young man, Arthur Wellington, and asked him to go with my son. He said he would. I took him to Ellerslie and said, "Arthur will go with you." He answered, "All right," and I dismissed the whole thing, fears and all, from my mind—at least, I thought I had.

I was busy at the office until nine o'clock, when I went home. My wife had retired. I got in bed, read a while, turned out the light and went to sleep, having forgotten that my son was away with the horse and buggy. About eleven o'clock I awoke with a start and sat up in bed. I had seen, before waking, Ellerslie driving along, alone in the buggy, the horse trotting slowly, one mile out of Crawfordsville. I saw the exact spot and recognised it, so I could have gone to it. In addition, I saw the lightning come down and strike in the middle of the road about 50 feet in front of the horse. My first impulse was to go up there. I remembered then that Ellerslie had gone to Mace, and, as I supposed, taken Arthur W—— with him. I tried hard to reason myself out of the alarm into which I had been thrown. I first thought I would hitch up and drive up to the scene of the lightning stroke and see if E. was hurt; then I remembered that I hadn't any horse. I thought, "They both certainly are not hurt, or at least, the horse will come home, &c.," but my fears had too deep a hold on me. I awoke my wife and asked her if Arthur went with Ellerslie. She said, no; there was no place for him to stay during the meeting of the camp, and he concluded not to go. In the midst of my worry Ellerslie came in, and I dismissed the whole thing and went to sleep without telling any one.

At the breakfast-table Ellerslie said, "I saw something last night that scared me." On being asked what it was, he said, "While I was coming home, I saw the lightning come down the road right in front of me, and all spill over the ground. It looked like it had been poured out of something

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and spilled all around on the ground. It scared me." "Did it scare the horse?" some one asked. "He stopped, and I gave him a cut and told him to get up. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw, it beat any fireworks." I asked him if he was alone and was he driving in a trot. He said he was. At noon of that day I asked him where he was when the lightning struck. He told me, and it was the place I saw in my sleep. I then told my family of my experience. It was strange that I should have taken alarm at the mention of his going, and also felt that he would be on his way home, when he would be exposed to danger; that I should have forgotten entirely that he was away—I generally can't go to sleep if any of the family is out; that I should see him in the buggy alone, the horse trotting, the exact location in the road, the lightning come down just where and how he described it; and when he told about it, I felt that I had been there and saw it. It was all new to me, and while I may have had fears of impending danger sometimes in my life, I don't remember such a remarkable succession of coincidences happening in my experience.

One day, shortly after the above described incident, soon after dinner, I was seated in my front room watching a game of Halma, played by the children and some company that was visiting us, when I had a feeling that there was a building on fire near by.

I felt so certain of it, that I could hardly restrain myself from going out to see if it was the barn. Then it occurred to me that it might be the house. I thought the people on the street would see it and cry "fire" if it was. I didn't want any one to know I had such a feeling, and was holding myself still, when the fire bell rang, and I said to myself, "there it is." To get out doors without any ado, I said, we must see the horses run. On opening the door Miss Bess Smith, sitting in a buggy, said, "Look at the school-house, it is all on fire in the cupola!" My own house and other houses were between me and the fire when I received the impression, making it impossible for me to see the school-house. Was it a coincidence? It was the Central school building, three stories high, and burned down, entailing a great loss in money as well as great inconvenience to the schools.

T. F. Leech, M.D.
E. W. Leech.
Mary E. Leech.

Crawfordsville, Ind., *April 3rd*, 1894.

Richard Hodgson, LL.D.,—Dear Sir,—Yours of the 30th prox. received. The date you enquire for was June, 1892. Our dear boy Ellerslie has gone to his long home. He graduated from Wabash College, June 20th, 1893, and spent the summer and fall of that year at the World's Fair. Came home and commenced the study of medicine. . . .

One of the last things he did, and the very last time he signed his name was in bed and when he signed the paper you sent some time in February last.

T. F. Leech.

The next case is still more remarkable, (as above implied), from its element of *collectivity*.

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P. 161. Forney, Tex., *February 1st*, 1894.

PROF. WILLIAM JAMES,—DEAR SIR,—Replying to your request, I find it hard for me to present to you the "premonition" as it impressed me.

In the first place I will state that I am, or have been, in perfect health. I am not in the least superstitious and am not subject to hallucinations, and have never taken but little interest in the investigation of such phenomena. Three years ago last December my son, then eighteen years of age, left home to accept a position in a drug house in an adjoining county. I was perfectly willing for him to go, and never felt a moment's uneasiness about him. Last summer I took an extended trip east and was gone some time. During my absence I never once felt the least apprehension about my son or any member of my family. I am naturally of a buoyant disposition. Some time last fall, in a vague and indescribable way, I became dissatisfied about my son. I can't say I was uneasy—only dissatisfied—though I cannot tell why. I wrote him several letters,—more than I had written him the entire three years of his absence. Early in November he came home on a visit, and after he left, I seemed to get more troubled and dissatisfied about him; it was not uneasiness or apprehension as to any danger, simply I was dissatisfied and troubled about him. I cannot explain my feelings. As near as I can remember, I felt just as I did after my father's death, when I was quite a small boy. It seemed that the light had suddenly gone out of my life and there was nothing left for me to live for. A weight like a mill-stone seemed crushing out my life. I remarked often to my friends that living seemed to have lost its attraction for me. As December wore along this feeling became intensified, and in some way my son seemed to be the centre of it all. Often I would awake in the night thinking about him, and so impressed with the emptiness and hollowness of life that I could not sleep. On the morning of the 19th of December I awoke some time before day. It seemed that I had reached a crisis. I got up and kindled a fire without disturbing any member of my family. In all my life I do not remember ever doing such a thing before. I sat down by the fire to think. I cannot explain the awful weight that oppressed me. I did not know what it was, nor what was the matter with me, yet in no way did I anticipate trouble or danger to my son. About 7 a.m. my wife awoke, and sitting in the bed, told me a dream that was strangely impressing her,—in fact it caused her to awake.

"I thought," she said, "that you were in a strange place and among people I had never seen before. It was a large family of people, with several small children who were going to school and a grown-up daughter. I came to the place in a wagon, but you were there already. I thought you were very intimate with the family. The large girl sat in your lap and put her arms round your neck and kissed you repeatedly. While I was wondering where you had met these people to become so intimate with them, you suddenly dropped over and died. And I awoke."

I replied to her that I felt wretched enough to wish the dream a reality; that I was so troubled about Walter that life had become a burden. After breakfast I got my writing material, and called my daughter and told her to write Walter a letter at once and tell him to come home. To be sure and get her letter off by the first mail train. I then rode out to one of my farms

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for recreation. About 12 m. I received a despatch to the effect that my son was badly hurt and was unconscious. I boarded a freight train and hurried at once to the scene, with the understanding that my wife and daughter come later on the passenger. Now, right here comes in a remarkable feature in that strange matter. Through some misunderstanding they failed to catch the train and had to get private conveyance and come directly across the country. By their changing horses at each little town, they were enabled to reach my son by 11 o'clock at night. The accident had happened near the residence of a most excellent farmer, whose daughter my son had been long visiting. To the house of this gentleman he was taken, as it was not only near by, but was the house of his best friends. He had a large family of children who were all deeply attached to my son. Of a truth, I could not say that we suffered more than did those people because of my son's death. When my wife entered the room where our boy lay unconscious, this girl I speak of was standing at the head of his bed weeping. She gave a glance around, and then whispered in my ear, "This is my dream! This is the room I saw you in—these are the people I dreamed of." Even her trip there in a wagon was a verification of her dream, and the family were just such people as she described to me—" very plain, but most excellent country people." The very nature of the country through which she travelled was in perfect fulfilment of her dream, as was also the scenery surrounding the house.

In conclusion I will say that the heaviness of feeling that so oppressed me has all disappeared. I have never felt that peculiar, that indescribable weight that was crushing out my very life, since Sunday morning, the 17th of December. Of course, I feel sad because of my loss, but it is altogether a different feeling.

T. F. Ivey.

Mrs. Ivey adds the following corroboration :—

February 14th, 1894.

Prof. James,—It was after daylight on the morning of 17th December, 1893, that I had the dream. I thought that I was at a strange place. I had gone there in a wagon. I had no recollection of my husband going with me, but he was there and seemed to be a particular friend of the family. It was a large family, and I was very much struck with their manner and dress and general appearance. I observed the house closely and the scantiness of its furniture and the slip-shod way it seemed to be kept. The children were getting lessons, and would go to my husband for assistance. The largest one of the children, a girl about budding into womanhood, sat on my husband's lap and was very affectionate. I was not the least jealous of this girl, only I wondered how in the world came my husband so intimate with those people whom I had never seen or even heard of before. They did not seem to pay any attention to me, but to devote themselves entirely to my husband, who seemed to be the centre of attraction. Suddenly my husband dropped over and died,—and then I seemed to be at home, and awoke.

About 12 m. the same day, we got a telegram from Copeville, Tex., that our son was fatally injured, and to come at once. My husband went immediately on a freight train. Through some misunderstanding I had to go in a private conveyance across the country. As soon as I entered the house I thought of my dream, for it was all just as I had dreamt, even the house

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and its surroundings. The peculiar dress and manner of the people, their scantiness of furniture and negligent housekeeping, even to the children getting their lessons, and the larger girl who wept over our son like her heart would break—all were just as I had dreamed that very morning. No one could have told that the dead boy was not their son instead of ours. We learned that he was indeed an intimate and most particular friend of the family; that he spent more of his time there than anywhere else, that all the children looked on him as a brother, and that the larger girl loved him more than a brother. With the single exception of putting my husband in place of my son, the dream was a real and vivid anticipation of the actual.

A. L. IVEY.

[Even this great inaccuracy—the substitution of the husband for the son—does not, I think, destroy the impression of a true relation between the actual and the visionary scene.]

In a subsequent letter Mr. Ivey gives some further particulars:—

Forney, Texas, *April 20th*, 1895.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—Replying to yours of the 12th inst. I will say:—

1st. My son was hurt about 11.30 a.m. Sunday, December 17th, 1893.

2nd. I woke about 3 a.m. the same morning, but not being able to go back to sleep from some undefinable cause, I got up about 4 o'clock and kindled a fire and remained up.

3rd. He was returning from church with two other young men in a buggy when the horses took fright and, running away, came in contact with a tree which, striking my son, produced the fatal injuries from which he died.

4th. The blow produced concussion of the brain, from which he was unconscious the greater part of the time. He died about 1 a.m., Tuesday 19th.

After more than a year I know of nothing I can add to the letter I wrote Prof. James. I believe it contained as near the truth as it was possible for me to write. As near as I can remember, for six weeks or more before the accident I was to a great extent two different distinct persons. During the day, I was my normal self—satisfied—interested in my business and going along as usual. But at night I was altogether another person. I would generally take a short nap and then awake with the most awful feeling of weight and depression that it is possible to conceive of. I could seldom sleep all night, (though I am usually a sound sleeper), I would lie and toss vainly trying to sleep—feeling all the time that there was nothing more to live for—that all that was worth living for had gone out of my life—that I had lived too long—and that my life was nothing henceforth but a burden. When I would awake after a short nap, I felt like I imagine a person must feel who was to have been hanged that day and realised the dreadful fact immediately after awakening. This expresses it better than anything I can think of. I once called the attention of a friend to my singular condition—it was something unusual in my life—I couldn't understand it—I remarked to him that I was so low-spirited as soon as I went to bed that I could not rest, and that I could see no sense in, it as my business was in good condition. I

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thought possibly that I was going to be sick, as I was only troubled at night and was as cheerful and full of life during the day as I usually am. I don't know, for some time, that this state of mind was in any way associated with my son, but gradually he became the centre, as it were, around which the awfulness seemed to crystallise. On Sunday morning, December 17th, I awoke about 3 o'clock and the feeling was so heavy that I could not stand it and got up and made me a fire. As soon as breakfast was over I got pen and paper and ordered my daughter to write to Walter *to come home at once.*

I remember well walking the floor after breakfast; and, turning to a friend who was at my house, I remarked to him, "*Jo*, I am troubled to death about Walter—I see ahead of him—*and there is ruin.*" I then called my daughter and, getting material and placing it on the table before her, ordered her to write to Walter then *to come home at once.*

Understand though, I never dreamed of any accident happening to him that day—I never thought of his getting hurt, or I would have telegraphed to him. I was simply troubled to death about him and couldn't tell why. It never once crossed my mind that he was in any danger at all. I had no premonition of any evil happening to him. I was simply troubled to death and he seemed to be the centre of it. I am a farmer. Buckle says that farmers and sailors are the most superstitious of people. Possibly this may be true, but I don't think I am the least so. I never had anything in the way of a premonition in my life before, though I once had a remarkable experience in connection with my first child who died at nine years of age; still it was in no sense a premonition. In the whole range of human experience I know of no class of phenomena so inexplicable as premonitions. Even if Spiritualism be true, I cannot see how spirit intercourse can explain it.

T. F. Ivey.

This case seems to tell against the view that the father's transcendental foresight discerned the accident long beforehand. It suggests rather that some intelligence to which the impending accident was long previously known may have endeavoured to inform the father, but only when the accident was just about to occur was able to impress the father still more strongly, and also to inform the mother of the event, though with much symbolic confusion.

Can we suppose that the boy's own spirit was thus aware beforehand of his own impending death, and was able to transmit the knowledge to the father, although not to the boy's own supraliminal consciousness,—with the desire, perhaps, that the father should avert the accident by summoning the boy home? Far-fetched though this sounds, we have a few cases of so-called "banshees" where the fact that all the family *except the dying man himself* are roused by the alarming sounds, looks as though those premonitory sounds were somehow caused by the spirit which is about to quit the flesh (see *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 307). But the evidence for "banshees" and "doubles" is too scanty to justify insistence on this view, and we shall presently find that the agency of disembodied spirits is more often suggested.

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I must first, however, quote a few more cases where the origin of the precognitive vision remains quite obscure. I will begin with a trivial incident, where possibly a full telepathic knowledge of the minds of others might have led to an expectation of the meeting which actually occurred. This resembles an extreme instance of the "home-coming" cases, where a man returning to his house is seen before he actually arrives.

P. Cl. 129.

From Captain Parker, through the Rev. A. T. Fryer.

Hythe Vicarage, Southampton, *April 16th*, 1889.

DEAR MR. FRYER,—On referring to the only notes I have, I find I cannot fix the exact date of the occurrence of which you want particulars. It was, however, during the latter half of June, 1886, as I find it was then that the man arrived whose coming I dreamt about.

I was then in charge of a Division of Coastguard, and it was a part of my duties to visit the various coastguard stations within the limits of that division of the coast. The dream, as nearly as I can remember it, was as follows: that I was visiting an outlying station where there were several coasting vessels moored, their heads out seaward, and sterns secured to the shore with hawsers. Two navy bluejackets landed from one of the craft, quite to my surprise, and on asking where they were from, one of them said he had been sent from Wick for duty at Sandhaven (a village in my division).

The details of the dream were so vividly impressed on my mind on waking, which is quite unusual with me, that I told my housekeeper about it at or about breakfast time—as far as I know the only time I ever told her any dream at all—and for the time thought no more of it, but soon after, I think the same day, when the post came I received an official letter appointing a man from Wick for duty at Sandhaven.

I was so astonished at this coincidence that I at once said to my housekeeper:

"You remember the dream I told you about a man coming from Wick for Sandhaven. Here is his official appointment."

A further curious coincidence in connection with the above is that in the ordinary course of events this man would have proceeded from Wick to Aberdeen by steamer, and from thence north by rail, and in fact that was how he was ordered to go; but on this occasion, which sometimes happened, the steamer stopped off Fraserburgh and landed the man there without my knowledge at the time, until I found a strange bluejacket at my quarters, and on asking who it was and where he had come from, he told me he had landed from the steamer from Wick, and was sent for duty at Sandhaven. At that moment all the details of the dream again came to my mind, and the fact of the man landing on the coast instead of coming by rail was also in accordance with the details of the dream. It is hardly necessary for me to remark that nothing occurred beforehand that would lead me to expect a man being sent from Wick, or I should not have thought that the dream was curious or worth a moment's thought.

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I have no doubt my housekeeper remembers something of this occurrence, as she has a better memory than I have for most things. I have not written to her on the subject, as I thought you might prefer to have her evidence without any reminder from me to her about it.

Y. F. H. Parker.

The following is from Captain Parker's housekeeper. If her recollection is exact, there was more coincidence in the man's *aspect* than Captain Parker has described.

Fraserburgh, *April 18th*, 1889.

In answer to your inquiry about Captain Parker's dream, I remember him telling me about it. He said that in his dream he left the house, and soon after met the coastguard man, and asked him if he was the man that was come to Sandhaven station from Wick, and he said, "I am." Mr. Parker said, when telling me about it next morning, "How I wish to see that man." He saw him soon, to his astonishment, the exact image and likeness as in his dream.

Elizabeth Macdonald.

Here is a "home-coming" case, interesting as being *collective*, although, as in many out-of-door cases, the hypothesis of mistaken identity seems a possible one.

P. 167. Coon Rapids,

April 24th, 1892.

Mr. Hodgson,—Dear Sir,—One Sunday in the latter part of March, my son went down street to practice a cornet solo with a lady pianist. After he had been gone a short time, I got up from my seat and went to the window, and looked in the direction he had gone. I was not thinking of his coming for some time, yet I saw him as plainly as I ever did, coming at a little distance. I said to the family, "Here comes the Professor." My daughter-in-law leaned back in her chair to look out of the window. She said, "Yes, there he comes." We looked at him a few seconds, and turned from the window. What seems queer is we failed to notice his not coming in, or to say anything about it. I don't remember thinking of him again until he really came some time afterwards. As usual I thought very little about it until next day. I then enquired of him, and he assured me he went directly where he started to go, and remained there an hour and a half, when he came directly home. I told him I saw his ghost. He laughed, as they always do. The third day afterwards I chanced to look out and saw him (not his ghost) coming in the very same place. This was a very windy day. Now, here is something strange about it, if I can explain it as it appeared.

The Sunday that I saw his ghost was a calm day, but he appeared as though the wind was blowing his clothes all to one side, and his head was drawn down inside his coat collar, as if to protect it from the wind. [He] had the appearance of being out in a strong wind, just as he really was the third day after. He seemed to be walking fast, and yet did not advance a step. After thinking it over for days, I bethought me to ask my daughter-in-law how he appeared to her. She described him exactly as I saw him, and the same strong wind and bending his head.

M. E. Vradenburg.

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MR. HODGSON,—I saw the apparition my mother-in-law has told you of just as she describes it.

DELIA VRADENBURG.

Received *March 19th*, 1894 :—

My brother went out to practise on the cornet with a pianist, as mother has stated, and when he had been gone a short time, mother went to the window and says, "Here comes the Professor!" My wife also looked out and saw him, as she testified in mother's statement. We all talked about his returning so soon, but did not notice his failing to come in then. But when he returned, he declared he was not out at that time, but had come directly home after practice. Remember my wife and mother seeing him on the third day after, really coming in the same place, and appearing as they saw him first, the wind blowing his clothes the same way.

E. H. VRADENBURG.

The next case is a remote one, but it involves incidents not likely to have been forgotten. Unfortunately, no corroboration is now obtainable.

P. 145. Dream.

The percipient, Miss K. M. Cleary, writes :—

Albert-road, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim.

February 15th, 1892.

I will first state that I am a very healthy woman, and have been so all my life. I am not in the least nervous. My occupation is that of head teacher in one of the Board's Model Schools.

[After giving an account of an occasion when she saw an apparition of one of her assistants, who was absent at the time, and another occasion when she saw the apparition of an unknown person, Miss Cleary says :—]

When I was about fifteen and at a convent boarding school, I dreamt, without any cause that could inspire it, that my father was ill, of details connected with it, of his death, of results which followed. When the bell rang for getting up, and the nun came round to wake us, I, who had been roused from my painful chain of visions, was sitting in my nightdress on the side of the bed, and so faint-looking that the lady insisted I should return to bed. But this I would not do. I was too terrified, and yet so glad it was "only a dream." This was Friday. On Sunday morning came the bad news : "Kate,—Father is very ill ; pray for him." And so commenced the chain of sad realities pictured so graphically to me.

In answer to our inquiries, Miss Cleary wrote further :—

February 26th, 1892.

In reference to the dream previous to my father's death, you ask me if I can give further details, dates, and corroboration, and "did it happen at the beginning of his illness, or before, or after it?"

Well, I think the only important detail I did not mention, or, at least, lay stress on, is that it was the sound of the bell for rising which broke the chain of pictures that were being presented to me—that I was sent for to go

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home (we lived in Roscrea, Co. Tipp., where the convent is); that I did go home; that I turned to go to the bedroom that had always been occupied by him; that mother, close behind me, motioned me to an opposite room, *which had never been used as a bedroom;* that I went in, saw the bed in a certain position, head towards this wall, foot that; that Dr. R. was towards the foot of the bed, holding in his hand a white china tea-cup, with lilac flower pattern, one of a set we had; that on the window was a very peculiar new style of lace curtain, the pattern of which I had never seen anywhere. I dreamt he died, and of the grief and terrible trouble; and about this part there was, as it were, a cloud, and one distinct figure loomed from it—that of an uncle, father's brother, Dr. James Cleary, of Dublin, (27, N. Earl-street), deceased since. I saw, or felt, that James took my only brother back with him to Dublin.

Every detail of the dream was verified. Now, with me, this dream is unique in, if I may express myself so, *its span.*

The loud, rapid tones of the hand-bell rung in the dormitory roused me, and mechanically I sprang from bed, scarcely awake; in a daze or stupor I was sitting on the side of it. The nun whose duty it was to go from bed to bed to make sure we had all arisen, found me as I described, noted my appearance, shook me a little, told me I seemed very ill, and should lie down again. This aroused me quite. I would not have gone back to that bed just then for worlds. I told her I was not ill, that I had been dreaming, and dreamt that my father was dead; but she "would not listen to such nonsense, superstition, and folly, &c." (She is dead, and there is no one who can corroborate.) I may have mentioned it to a companion; I did not attempt to do so again to any of the nuns.

At the time I had this dream I had every reason to believe that my father was in perfect health; *and he was in perfect health.* He was medical doctor to the house. I had seen him a few days before from a window, walking in the grounds with the Mother or Superioress. He looked then, as he always did, the embodiment of health and good humour. In comparing dates and events afterwards with my mother, who, unhappily, is no more, I found that the dream occurred *on the eve of his first day's indisposition.* He was attending a fever patient some miles from the town, got a severe wetting, which predisposed him to the infection, which he caught. He was but 5 days ill. He died on the 19th July, 1853. I am now 52, therefore I was not so much as 15 when he died. His death changed the whole course of my life, or rather, shunted me quite on other lines.

On Wednesday morning I had the dream. On the same Wednesday he got the wetting. Wednesday night he felt nervous and unwell, and had a hot foot-bath before going to bed. Thursday, I *presume* he did not go out. I'm *sure* he lay for the first time on Friday. Friday evening I first had any intimation of his illness. Then, my aunt, his sister, who was a nun there and one of my class mistresses, told me that mother had sent word of it, with a request that the nuns would pray for him, but she added: "There is no cause for alarm." I recollect nothing particular about Saturday.

On Sunday morning I was called away from the breakfast table and told I was to dress for going home, to see my father, who had become worse. I went and found as I had seen in my dream.

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Mother told me afterwards that she was greatly shocked by my standing as I did at the threshold of the door, and that I seemed not to be able to keep my eyes from the windows. The room and everything in the room was as I had seen them in my dream.

I know that father had been thinking of me particularly during the early part of the week in which he took ill, as I had had an earache. He sent me a drug for it, which cured it at once, but he was not aware of the success of his remedy. He asked me then, during this interval of consciousness while I made my short visit, how was the pain in the ear? I said: "Your little bottle cured it." (I had the same little bottle for many years.) He then kissed me and put his hand on my head and blessed me. The doctor then almost pulled me away, and told mother to take me from the room.

I remember well how unnaturally calm I was, and this calm, or apparent insensibility, remained throughout his short illness, and when I heard of his death. Mother used often to remark how strange it all was, and how extraordinary that I, who was the only child absent when he became ill, should be the only one who received his sad farewell, and, as she said, "It was fitting too, for I was his favourite child."

K. M. CLEARY.

It will be observed that the day of the week on which the dream occurred, is given differently in the two accounts. Whether Dr. Cleary's illness had actually begun or not at the time, it appears that the dream took place during a period when at least there was no reason for special anxiety about him, even on the part of his family at home, and when Miss Cleary herself had no reason for anxiety at all.

The case which I next quote, sent to us by Lord Wenlock, was omitted by Mrs. Sidgwick on the ground that an accident of this kind to a railway official is not rare enough to raise the incident clearly above chance coincidence. While partly agreeing, I think, nevertheless that the case, as now further corroborated, is one on which the reader should have the opportunity of forming his own opinion.

P. 368.

From Thomas Carbert, Porter at Escrick Station, through Lord Wenlock, Escrick Park, York.

At the end of February or beginning of March, 1883, I dreamt I saw Mr. Thompson, the station-master, lying with his legs cut off, close to a heap of coals against a small cabin at the back of the station. I dreamt that the accident happened to him by what we call the "pick-up" goods train, and that it occurred in the month of May.

I told my dream to Mr. Thompson the next morning, and, though he laughed over it, it seemed to make him uneasy.

On the 18th of May, 1883, Mr. Thompson was run over by the "pick-up" goods train, and both his legs were cut off.

The accident happened at the back of the cabin just where I dreamt I had seen him lying.

I have taken this down from the lips of the above-named Thomas Carbert.—WENLOCK, *February 14th*, 1884.

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Further enquiry has much improved the evidence in this case. Thomas Carbert, who has now been moved to Rillington, writes under date October 7th, 1895 :—

"I did dream it, and told Mr. Thompson of it, and he told Mr. Hartas Foxton of it the same morning. Mr. Thompson said it was three months to May yet. As to what made me say it would happen in May, something seemed to say it would be in May in my dream."

Mr. Foxton also writes as follows from The Grange, Escrick, October 12th, 1895 :—

DEAR SIR,—The incident you mention is vividly impressed upon my memory. One morning upon my arrival at Escrick station to catch the 8 train, Thompson and Carbert were together in the booking-office, and after the customary greeting Thompson said to me, "Master (he always called me 'Master'), what do you think Carbert here has been telling me? He had a dream last night, and that I have only so long to live" (mentioning the time, either two months or three). I replied, "Why, if you have only that time to live you must make the very best use of it ; at the same time, if you know your days are numbered, you may still have longer to live than some of us." This, of course, I said half in jest, and the train coming in the incident ended. But I noticed particularly that Carbert seemed quite downhearted and distressed when Thompson was relating the dream to me, and I must say it made some indefinable impression upon me, so much so that when I heard of the accident to Thompson, the dream and its ending flashed vividly back to me.

You are at liberty to make use of this letter in any way you choose, either publicly or privately.

HARTAS FOXTON.

For a reason similar to Mrs. Sidgwick's,—namely, the frequency of accidents in a miner's life,—I have omitted several premonitions of such events ;—premonitions pointing mainly to individual deaths, but sometimes taking the form of some strange sight or sound,—an *aridus fragor* in the heart of the earth,—which is held to intimate wide-spread disaster to the mine itself. A layman cannot judge as to how far the very conditions which make the danger may also cause the unusual sound. The following case, however, does not seem open to these general objections, since the danger was one voluntarily incurred by a man above ground.

P. 124. THE PIT EXPLOSION AT TREDEGAR.

From *The South Wales Daily News*,
November 11*th*, 1884.

A curious circumstance was narrated, and its accuracy vouched for, on Monday, at Tredegar, in connection with the death of the man Pugh. He, it will be remembered, persisted, in spite of the remonstrances of the police, in pressing forwards to the mouth of the pit, offering to give his assistance, which, as he was under the influence of liquor, was refused. He, however,

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went too close to the edge, fell down the shaft, and was dashed to atoms. He, it seems, was on intimate terms with a brewer at the Cambrian Inn, named Phillip Williams. Phillip Williams had a dream on Saturday night that he saw Pugh approach a coal pit, into which he fell and was killed. Pugh was drinking at the Cambrian on Saturday, and then Williams told him his dream. When the explosion was known at Tredegar he again saw Pugh, and warned him not to go near the pit, but Pugh started off direct to the scene of the calamity. His death took place shortly afterwards.

From Mr. Phillip Williams to Mr. C. Downing.

Cambrian Inn, Tredegar, *December 29th*, 1884.

The unfortunate man Phillip Pugh, who met his sad end by falling down Pochins Pit, I knew very well for years. And on Friday night, prior to the explosion, which occurred between 9 and 10 o'clock on Saturday night [the time is correct, F. P.], I dreamt that I saw Pugh going towards the pit, and falling down, and I was struggling with him to prevent him falling down, but could not prevent him ; I was in great trouble, and when I awoke I was in a bath of perspiration. On the following evening between six and seven o'clock, I met Pugh and told these words.

"I have been in awful trouble about you last night. I dreamt that I saw you going towards the pit and falling down and I was doing all in my power to prevent you, but could not. I hope to God nothing will happen to you ; be careful, it may be a warning, as you are working in a very dangerous place." The answer he gave me : "Oh, Williams," with a smile, "there's nothing going to happen to me ; don't I look well ?" and directly he heard of the explosion he ran down towards the pit, which is three and a-half miles from Tredegar, and when he came to the pit's mouth he wanted to give his assistance and was pushed back several times by the authorities, but would still come forward, and said that he would be the first man that would go down the pit ; and it so happened. I may tell you that he worked in the pit and was a very plucky young man. I told it to several people before it happened and have got two names and addresses below, which I can vouch for their respectability.

PHILLIP WILLIAMS.

Joseph Evans, miner, 79, High Street, Tredegar.
Emily Phillips, proprietress of Cambrian Inn.

From Mrs. Phillips.

Cambrian Inn, *January 4th*, 1885.

In answer to your letter concerning my name appearing in a letter sent by Mr. Phillip Williams respecting his dream, I beg to say that what he has written to you is quite correct, he having told me and others in the morning before the explosion took place.

EMILY PHILLIPS.

From Joseph Evans.

79, High Street, Tredegar, *January 3rd*, 1885.

I heard Phillip Williams telling Pugh of his dream, and what has been written is quite correct.

JOSEPH EVANS.

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Mr. Phillip Williams writes further as follows :—

Cambrian Inn, Tredegar, *January 19th*, 1885.

I may tell you that I am not in the habit of dreaming, but have dreamt on several occasions, but it never troubled my mind, and could scarcely make anything out of them in the morning when I awoke. I dreamt a dream about 30 years ago, when I was a boy in school, and in that case I was instrumental in saving a young man's life. [Account given ; but incident too remote.]

Another kind of accident is prefigured in the following case. It will be observed that Mr. Coburn (known to Dr. Hodgson as a good witness) remembers to have told two persons of the dream before the event.

P. 165. Upper Melbourne, Quebec,

December 14th, 1891.

Dr. Richard Hodgson,—Sir,—Yours of December 11th received, and I beg to hand you the premonition referred to in my former letter. I have made it as short and concise as possible.

Newlands Coburn.

A Peculiar Dream or Premonition.

In the year 1875, I think, one night I dreamed that my wife had gone to a friend's, who lived just across the river St. Francis (which here is about 750 feet wide) *at 11 o'clock a.m.*, and was going to stay for dinner. But on getting there, she having walked down the river and across the public bridge, and up again to her friend's, she found the house open, but nobody at home. So she went down to the river bank, and called to me from the other side to swim across to her and bring some refreshment in a tin can, which I immediately undertook to do ; but just as I was nearing a gravel bar in the middle of the river, but while just on the deepest place, the can, which was in *my left hand*, would continually keep drawing me under, and I would keep swallowing some water. So I was obliged to strike back for the home shore, which I reached in safety, amid great anxiety of my wife, who was watching me from the shore. The dream was so vivid that it woke me, and my stomach was sore from the supposed swallowing and belching out again of the water.

I turned over and went to sleep, but in the morning I still felt the effect of the dream on the muscles of the stomach, and *I told my wife then and there* of it, and how my stomach felt. And after breakfast I went to business, and was just telling a customer whom I was serving of the peculiar dream, when a neighbour rushed into the store and said he was afraid that there was trouble down at the river, as a boy on the other side (just where my wife was in the dream), was running up and down, yelling and gesticulating, and another naked one on this side was crying and calling for help.

It was just 11 a.m. I started at once for the river, throwing off my coat and vest as I ran, secured a boat and a young man to help me run it out, and after the boy pointed out where a companion had sunk for the last time, a few minutes before, I dived down in 12 to 15 feet of water just off the

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gravel bar, and grasped the arm of the drowned young man with my left hand, and brought him to the surface, only to find that my companion had allowed the boat I had dived off to drift quite a distance from me. I then had the same struggle to get the body and myself to another boat that had just put out from shore that I had in my dream, swallowing and then belching out a lot of water; and nothing but the encouraging shouts from those on shore, who had hastily gathered (my wife among them) nerved me to the struggle. I then *in reality* suffered the same pain which I felt in my dream, and the spot where the young man was drowned was just where the "can" troubled me in my dream, and where I turned.

N. COBURN.

Upper Melbourne, Quebec, *September 4th*, 1893.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—. . . My wife, to whom I related my dream before the drowning took place, died a few months after I wrote you.

You will pardon me, if I give you my explanation of the dream and drowning. I should have said that the young man had just come to visit friends on the opposite side of the river, and you will notice my rough diagram herewith, that the R.R. station of the G.T.R. is below where I live, and the young man arrived about 1.30 A.M. (say midnight) and was obliged to walk back up the river on the opposite side from where I lived, and I feel sure that the time of my dream was when he was passing up (say 2 A.M.) on the opposite side of the river. He went to bed at his friend's and did not get up until late, and immediately went to the river with some other young men for a bath and swim.

NEWLANDS COBURN.

The next case is my sole example of that premonitory vision of *coffins* which has often formed an important element in popular superstition.

P. 193. Through Mrs. Baker (wife of Lieut. Col. F. Baker Pasha, V.C.).

June 22nd, 1891.

A rather strange thing appeared in our family some years since, in 1887. One day my sister left the room in which she and I had been sitting and went into the drawing room. I immediately heard her call out, and on going to see what was the matter, found her very much frightened, at having, as she said, seen a coffin in front of the piano. Three weeks afterwards another sister of ours died, and previous to the funeral the coffin was brought down and placed before the piano, in exactly the spot on which it had been seen by the sister who had the prevision of it.

H. C. M. H.
"The Buffs."

[The subject is painful to Miss H., and she has not sent her own account.]

My next case shall be one which concerns not death but birth;—an elaborate prefigurement of the circumstances of an *accouchement*; including the observation, (independently confirming a suggestion

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advanced above), that when the moment of crisis came, the percipient,—passing again, as I conceive, to some slight extent into a "secondary" state,—was conscious of an unexpected ease and capacity in the performance of the duties which the dream had indicated as about to fall to her.

P. 186. The Post-Dispatch, 513, Olive Street, St. Louis,
February 24th, 1891.

MR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I called on Mrs. Sara Weiss, of 3,710A, Olive Street, yesterday afternoon. She was suffering with laryngitis and catarrh, and was unable to speak except in a whisper, and said that her delay in writing out an account of her dream was due to her sickness. She told me of the dream, as also of several other seemingly remarkable experiences, and promised me that she would write an account of them as soon as she improved a little. I am to call on her again for the report in a week or ten days, and if I find that the report is not yet written, I shall write it myself and give it to her to sign. She appears to me to be sincere, and if her story can be corroborated by several other persons, as she says it can be, the case will, I think, be a very good one for your collection of "occult wonders."

Mrs. W. dreamed on Friday night, January 21st, 1883, that her daughter, Mrs. Chauncey H. C., had been confined and that she had acted as accoucheuse, the doctor whom they expected not having arrived. After the birth of the child, a doctor arrived, but not their regular family doctor. He was a young country-looking fellow with black eyes and hair, and wearing grey pants, black vest and coat, and a blue satin necktie with a peculiar coral figure in it. This was the dream in outline, and she told it with many details at breakfast next morning to her daughter and son-in-law. Four days after, Tuesday, January 25th, the child was born just as she had dreamed it had been, even to all particulars, and after it was all over, her son-in-law brought in a young doctor exactly resembling the man she had seen in her dream, face, dress, and everything. But at first she didn't think of the dream, and really thought she had seen him in real life before. She claims that she never once thought of the dream until the child had been born and the doctor had been there some time. None of the family had ever seen this doctor until that day, and Mr. C. had tried to get five other doctors before he called at this doctor's office. When Mr. C. went down town Saturday morning, January 22nd, he told his friend, H. B., about it, and the latter told his wife and W. B., and a Miss Slaughter called on Mrs. Weiss that afternoon and they all talked about it. All of these people are still living except Miss Slaughter. The B.'s live in New York City, and the C.'s in Chicago. Mr. B. is manager and vice-president of the United States Express Company, with headquarters at Chicago. In January, 1881, he was private secretary to Albert Fink, president of the Railroad Freight Pool, and lives in N.Y. City. Mrs. Weiss was living then, as now, in St. Louis, but was visiting her daughter in N.Y. Mrs. Weiss tells me that Mr. B. objects to the use of his name in connection with the matter, as it would be embarrassing to him in his business, but I think he might be prevailed upon to answer a few questions, if assured that his name would not be published. His wife will let her

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name be used if the committee want it, Mrs. Weiss says. The B.'s have not been heard from yet. Mrs. W. told me Mr. B.'s business, but I don't recall it just now. Mrs. W. talks like, and has every appearance of being a well-bred lady, and used good language in her conversation. I was favourably impressed.

W. A. KELSOE, 1,331, South 13th Street.

1,331, South 13th Street, St. Louis, *March 16th*, 1891.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Sara Weiss handed me a written statement of that dream a few days ago with her name and address attached, and I have had a type-written copy of it made for you, which I herewith send you. I am at liberty to send you the original or a copy, and send the [latter] because it is more easily read. I see that Mrs. W. omitted to give the date of the dream, and I have supplied the omission from memory, though I am not positive whether the month was January or February. Mrs. W. asks that the names of the C.'s and B.'s be not used in any publication until their consent has been obtained, so please use only initial letters. She makes no objection to that. She is also anxious for you to obtain their statements regarding her dream, but hardly knows the best way to go about it. I suggested to her that perhaps if you sent Mr. C. and Mr. B. a copy of some report of the P.R. Society you could get them interested in the subject in that way and then secure their statements afterwards, and she thought that might be done. It may be that Mr. B. would offer no objection at the outset.

Mrs. W. omitted to say in her report that the nurse was now living here in St. Louis, and could not corroborate the dream. She remembers hearing Mrs. W. and her daughter speak of the dream at the time of the birth of the child, or rather when the young doctor was there immediately afterwards, and of hearing them say that the affair came off just as Mrs. W. had dreamed it would, but she doesn't remember having heard any of the family speak of the dream prior to the child's birth. I will try and see this nurse and get her statement, as I think it will be of some value, particularly if you fail to obtain any corroborative statements from the B.'s or C.'s. Her name is Mary something, but I don't know her address.

ACCOUNT OF MRS. SARA WEISS.

The dream I have promised to relate is remarkable, inasmuch as it antedated the fulfilment of it nearly four days.

In October, of 1881, I left my home in St. Louis, going to New York City, to be with my daughter, Mrs. C. H. C., during her expected accouchement. Dr. Ranney, an old well-known M.D., was the family physician. His office, as well as that of Mr. C., was far down town, while the family resided on cor. 124th Street, and Lexington Avenue. It was arranged with Dr. Ranney that he should come at once when called. The nurse was engaged, and everything put in order, so that there might be no delay or confusion.

I think that on Saturday, the 22nd of the month of January following, a heavy storm of snow and sleet prevailed over the region of N.Y. so that telegraph lines were weighted down with sleet and broken to such an extent in N.Y. City that for a time there was a break in the service.

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On Friday night I dreamed that my daughter's labour came on, that, owing to some cause not clearly defined, we failed to get word to Mr. C., who was to bring the doctor; that we sent for the nurse, who came; that as the hours passed, and neither Mr. C. or the doctor came, we both grew frightened; that at last I heard Mr. C. on the stairs and cried to him, "Oh, Chan, for heaven's sake get a doctor, Ada may be confined at any moment;" that he rushed away, and I returned to the bedside of my daughter, who was in agony of mind and body; that suddenly I seemed to know what to do, that I delivered her, attended to her and the child, and that shortly afterwards Mr. C. came, bringing a tall young doctor, having brown eyes, dark hair, ruddy, brunette complexion, and dressed in black coat, grey trousers and grey vest, and wearing a bright blue cravat picked out with coral sprigs. The cravat attracted my attention particularly. The young doctor pronounced Mrs. C. properly attended to and left. Then, after awhile, Dr. Ranney came, saying that he had been away and could not get back, but that everything relating to Mrs. C. was all right.

In the morning at breakfast, I related my dream to Mr. C. and my daughter, but none of us attached any importance to it. But as the days passed, the dream forced itself upon me so persistently that on Monday I said to Mr. C.: "I wish you could arrange some way for us to get word to you quickly, for with the telegraph lines down, what can we do in case Ada should be taken sick and you away?" Mr. C. smiled and said: "I guess you are worried over that dream, but to satisfy you, I will write a telegram, and leave it with instructions at the district office. If the lines are not in order, they will send a boy to me."

I have forgotten to say that Mr. C. on Saturday told a friend, Mr. H. B., of my dream, that in the evening Mr. B. called, and jestingly spoke of the dream; that on the afternoon of Saturday Mrs. B. and a Miss Evans called and my daughter related the dream to them. On Tuesday between 9 and 10 o'clock my daughter was taken with labour. Immediately that we knew her condition, I sent the maid with the telegram to the district office, and for the nurse, who arrived a half hour or so before the child was born. As time passed and it became apparent that the services of an accoucheur might be needed at any moment, both my daughter and I were greatly frightened, for I had no knowledge whatever of how to proceed, as in my dream, so I ran to the window to see if Mr. C. and the doctor might be in sight, then back to my daughter. At last I heard Mr. C. on the stairs, and cried to him to bring some doctor quickly, as Ada was on the point of being confined. Mr. C. rushed off and I returned to my daughter. She looked at me in terror, and said, "Oh what shall we do?" Then came what I shall be glad to have explained. In a moment all sense of claim left me, and all sense of sympathy beyond what a very cool and experienced doctor might feel. I heard myself saying in a peremptory fashion, "Ada, don't be afraid, I know just what to do, all will go well." She looked at me in a surprised way and replied: "If you are not afraid, I won't be." The nurse was panic-stricken, and ran from the room. I went after her and in a manner foreign to me, directed her how to assist me—I do not deem it proper or necessary to go into details. Suffice it to say that I succeeded perfectly, although there were complications which might have resulted seriously. Mr. C. went to seven doctors' offices before

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he found one, when at last he came, bringing a young doctor. The nurse was dressing the baby. My daughter was resting quietly and I sat in a corner of the room, feeling a dazed sensation and wondering if I were going to faint. In a few minutes I recovered myself and walked to my daughter's bedside, where the young M.D. was making an examination to see if all was right. When he turned around, Mr. C. introduced us (I think his name was White). I was surprised to find that the gentleman had a very familiar look, and I said, "Why, doctor, we have met before, but I do not recall where." He smiled and asked, "Do you reside in N.Y.?" "No, I live in St. Louis; have you ever been there?" "Yes, about two months ago I passed through St. Louis." "And I," I said, "have been in New York for over three months, and yet I know I have met you before, but I do not recall where." At this moment my daughter plucked at my dress and whispered, "Look at the doctor's cravat." In a moment I knew he was the man whom I saw in my dream, and then realised that all the occurrences of the past six hours were a complete fulfilment of the dream, which only needed Dr. Ranney's visit to finish it. The doctor's dress was exactly as I had seen it in the dream. Dr. Ranney came in about two hours. He had been called to Brooklyn, and the ice was running so heavily that the boat was delayed. He was very much surprised to learn that I had acted as accoucheur, and still more so as some complication in the case called for the services of an experienced person. When he came the next day he questioned me closely, and I felt that he doubted my statement. I had had no previous experience, and at my daughter's request, I told him of my dream and that what I considered one of the strangest features of the matter was that, on my honour, the dream had not once occurred to me from the beginning of my daughter's labour until she called my attention to the doctor's cravat.

Dr. Ranney desired me to write an account of the whole matter, and I promised to do so, but delayed it, and never did it. I have endeavoured to have my statement of the matter corroborated, but find that Dr. Ranney is dead. Miss Evans is also dead. My son-in-law, for reasons which he deems sufficient, does not wish his, or my daughter's name used. Mr. and Mrs. B. I know but slightly, and do not like to make the request of them, which they might not like to refuse, and then they may have forgotten the matter.

I am much too earnest a seeker for a solution of the question at the beginning of my statement to allow myself to exaggerate or mistake. I have condensed as much as possible my statement. The full particulars would be too lengthy. If my information was not from some foreseeing intelligence, where did it come from?

SARA WEISS,
March, 1891. 3,710, Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Studio of A. M. Blanchard, 418 1-2, Olive-street, St. Louis, Mo.
April 1st, 1891.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON.—DEAR SIR,—I may add that Mrs. A. M. Weiss, who recently sent you a report, is my intimate friend. I have read her M.S.S detailing the very peculiar experience in N.Y. ten years ago, and it coincides exactly with my recollection of the account she gave of it a few days after the event. No one but Mrs. W. knows that I was informed

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of it, and, for obvious reasons, I cannot go on formal record, should my testimony, which, of course, is only second-hand, be considered of any value. I was probably the only person, except those mentioned in Mrs. W.'s statement, who was informed of the experience at the time.

I am aware that my statement is merely corrobatory, and of no positive value as *evidence*; but the whole affair was so far removed from the ordinary run of psychic experiences, that it may be of some interest to you.

A. M. BLANCHARD.

Mr. A. M. Blanchard further writes :—

MR. RICHARD HODGSON.—DEAR SIR,—I mailed you yesterday a letter requesting information, and also containing a statement in support of Mrs. Weiss's report of her peculiar experience in N.Y. in 1881. This morning I met Mrs. W., and she voluntarily suggested that I make the statement which I had already forwarded, and gave permission that it go on record if so desired. I was in St. Louis at the time of the occurrence, and she wrote an account, somewhat less detailed than the one furnished you, but as far as my memory serves—and it naturally made a strong impression—agreeing with it in every particular. The letter is not now in existence. Mary, the maid, was not told the dream, but was in the room immediately after the birth of the child, and remembers the remark made to Mrs. Weiss by Mrs. C., reminding her of the appearance of the young doctor in the dream.

A. M. BLANCHARD.

Mr. Blanchard again writes :—

MR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I have read the report forwarded to you by Mrs. Weiss, of the dream and its fulfilment, on the occasion of the birth of her grandchild in New York, in January, 1881, and it coincides in all its details with my recollection of the account written to me by her a few days after the event.

I regret that the letter is not now in existence, but it made so strong an impression on my mind that I cannot be mistaken. A. M. BLANCHARD.

I have read my mother's written statement of the dream which she had previous to the birth of my little boy, and in so far as I remember, it is quite correct.

MRS. C. H. C.

St. Louis, [*July*] 31*st*, 1894.

MR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I had hoped when last I wrote you that I might very soon be able to go to Chicago, when I could talk with Mr. C., in relation to his recollection of the dream. I was very ill for some weeks, and at last went to Chicago, hoping that a change might benefit me, but the result was quite to the contrary. I talked with Mr. C., but he has been so immersed in business during the years which have elapsed since the time when the dream occurred, that he declares that he has no recollection of it, or of any matters outside of his business, and knowing him as I do, I do not doubt the assertion. My daughter and I have so often recurred to the birth of the little boy, and incidents connected with that event, that she remembers the dream distinctly, and I send her attestation of the fact.

SARA WEISS.
2,916, Pine-st, St. Louis, Mo.

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St. Louis, Mo.

I went from St. Louis to New York in 1881, as nurse maid to Mrs. C.'s little girl. I lived with Mrs. C. when the little boy was born. I was a little over fourteen years old when the baby was born. I do not think I was told of Mrs. Weiss's dream, but after the baby was born I was told to bring the little girl into the room. A strange doctor was just leaving. Mrs. C. said to Mr. C., "Did you notice the doctor's neck-tie?" Mr. C. said "No." Then Mrs. C. said, "Why, I know him by mamma's description as the doctor she saw in her dream." I heard a good deal of talk about the dream, but I was so young I did not pay enough attention to what was said to remember much about it.

MARIE LUENSTROTH.

My next case also is concerned with a birth; but it suggests certain possibilities which are still more perplexing.

The writer of the following account is a lady recommended to me by Dr. Liébeault of Nancy as in all ways an excellent informant;—a lady who has now for many years taken a leading part in an important French philanthropic enterprise, and whose mind is not given to exaggeration or morbid sentiment. I am obliged thus to describe my correspondent because, for reasons which seem to me adequate, I cannot give her name, or go fully into the points in her letters to me which have led me to regard her as a scrupulously careful witness. From among many psychical experiences, mainly conforming to our usual types, which she has recorded in a pamphlet in my possession, I select the incident which follows.

P. 178. [Translation from pamphlet printed 1894.]

In November, 1877, I was expecting my third child. On the night before its birth I had a terrible dream.

I had the feeling that my room was filled by all kinds of mysterious and sorrowful influences, and a small being, separating itself from these confused surroundings at the other end of my room, said to me, "I come to you that you may love me."

This being, of the size of a child two or three years old, was human only in its face, from which shone two large dark eyes; I remarked also the expression of the mouth, which indicated suffering; as to the rest of the body, it was so painful to look upon, so different from the rounded forms and fresh rosiness of childhood, that I woke in anguish, my heart beating violently.

In the morning I told my mother of this dream. She regarded it as a nightmare caused by my condition at the time; and we welcomed without apprehension the arrival of my third little daughter, a fine child of dark complexion, well formed, and showing every sign of strong health.

When a few weeks had passed, I observed that this child's physiognomy, especially when it was on the point of crying, bore a strong likeness to the child of my dream. It had also the same large dark eyes; but very gentle in expression, and filled, as it grew older, with a deep but indefinable

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sadness. I communicated my apprehensions to my sister. [A letter from this lady, herself concerned with philanthropic and literary work, lies before me, dated April 13th, 1894. She says, "I affirm the perfect exactitude of this narrative. My sister told me her dream, I was witness of her apprehensions during the brief existence of her third little daughter, and she said to me textually the words mentioned in her narrative, at the end of the child's life."] We observed the child's development with the anxious attention that every mother will understand.

She was very easy to rear, without faults of temper, and incredibly precocious in all ways—in her senses, memory, intelligence, and affectionate sensibility.

I brought her up thus to the age of two years and a half. Then she was taken from me by a terrible malady, granular kidney, (la granulie), following upon measles, and finally causing meningitis, after causing extreme irritation for weeks. The poor child was seriously ill for three months and a half. During the last week of her painful existence she was reduced to a state of extreme emaciation, and showing her sadly to my sister, I said to her with absolute truth, "Alas! There is the child of my dream, exactly as she appeared to me the night before she was born!"

It will be observed here that the premonition represented neither a child with normal resemblance to its parents, nor a child suffering from any disease which heredity or maternal suggestion could have caused, but a child in a condition into which it actually fell some two years later, as the result of zymotic disease.

These last cases offer no indication of any message from without. Rather they suggest the kind of flashing recognition which a man might experience who had seen his own life beforehand, and now retraversed it like a hypnotic subject carrying out a "deferred suggestion." I will next give a few cases where a man's future life seems to be shown to him as though from some external source of knowledge.

In the following case of Dr. Liébeault's,—a case which it is hard to regard as more than a series of strange coincidences,—it will be observed that Dr. Liébeault is not himself responsible for more than the fact that the young man believed that he was to die in a certain year. This is just the kind of case where the death might have been ascribed to *terror*; but in fact the subject's terrors here are calmed, and he then dies of a disease which terror could not have induced.

P. 190. From Dr. Liébeault's note-book.

M. S. de Ch. came to consult me to-day at 4 p.m. (January 7th, 1886) for a slight nervous ailment. M. de Ch. is much preoccupied by a lawsuit, and by the incident which I proceed to recount.

On the 26th December, 1879, while walking in Paris, he saw "Mme. Lenormand, Necromancer," written on a door. Urged by thoughtless

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curiosity he entered the house, and was shown into a rather dark room. Mme. Lenormand came to him, and placed him at a table. She went out and returned, and then looking at the palm of one of his hands said, "You will lose your father in a year from this very day. You will soon be a soldier; (he was 19 years old) but not for long. You will marry young, have two children, and die at 26." M. de Ch. confided this astounding prophecy to some of his friends, but did not take it seriously. However, as his father died after a short illness on December 27th, 1880, precisely a year from the interview, he became less incredulous. And when he became a soldier, for seven months only, married, had two children, and was approaching his twenty-sixth birthday, he became thoroughly alarmed and thought he had only a few days to live. This was why he came to consult me, hoping I might enable him to avoid his fate. For, as the first four events had taken place, he thought that the last would. On this and the following days I tried to send M. de Ch. into profound sleep in order to dissipate the impression that he would die on the 4th February, his birthday. Mme. Lenormand had not named a date, but he was so agitated that I could not induce even the slightest sleep.

However, as it was absolutely necessary to get rid of his conviction, lest it should fulfil itself by self-suggestion, I changed my tactics and proposed that he should consult one of my somnambulists, an old man of 70 or so, nick-named "the prophet," because he had exactly foretold his own cure of articular rheumatism of 4 years' standing, and the cure of his daughter, the cure in the latter case resulting from his suggestion. M. de Ch. accepted my proposal eagerly. When put into *rapport* with the somnambulist his first question was, "When shall I die?" The sleeper, suspecting the state of the case, replied after a pause, "You will die . . . you will die in 41 years." The effect was marvellous; the young man recovered his spirits, and when the 4th February passed he thought himself safe. [Some of those who had heard of the prophecy concluded in consequence that there had been nothing in it.]

I had forgotten all this, when at the beginning of October I received an invitation to the funeral of my unfortunate patient, who had died on September 30th, 1886, in his 27th year, as Mme. Lenormand had foretold. To prevent the supposition that the whole affair was an illusion on my part, I keep this letter of invitation, as well as the record made at the time of M. de Ch.'s visit to me. I have since learnt that the unfortunate man had been under treatment for biliary calcuti and died of peritonitis caused by an internal rupture.

DR. LIÉBEAULT.

Here, perhaps, as fitly as elsewhere I may introduce four old cases which should not be ignored;—cases the worse for their age, of course, inasmuch as we cannot question our informants further; yet narratives which have not passed from hand to hand, nor bear any trace of frivolous or superstitious origin. They are grave and mainly first-hand statements, and while they are themselves strengthened by our more recent narratives they do also in their turn lend to those new instances some real support.

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P. 181.

Translation of an extract from the *Mémoires du Duc de St. Simon.* (A. Sautelet et Cie, Librairies Editeurs, Paris, 1829). Vol. V., p. 120, et seq. (A.D. 1706). [The Duc de Saint Simon is believed to have kept a journal with the object of thence compiling his *Mémoires* and here, as in many other places, the account suggests that notes were taken at the time, although, of course, this cannot now be positively asserted.]

Here is something which he [the Duke of Orleans] told me in a corner of the salon at Marly, where we were having a *tête-à-tête* one day, when he had just arrived from Paris, and was on the point of setting out for Italy; something so marvellous, confirmed as it was by events which could not then have been foreseen, that I cannot omit it. He was interested in all arts and sciences, and with great powers of mind, had had all his life the weakness (so common at the court of Henry II.'s children), which Catherine de Médicis had introduced from Italy amongst other habits and customs. He had sought, as far as he was able, to see the devil, without success, according to what he has often told me, and to see marvellous things, and read the future. Mademoiselle de Sery had at her house a little girl of eight or nine, who had been born there and had never left it, and who possessed the innocence and simplicity of her age and upbringing. Amongst other dealers in hidden mysteries, of whom the Duke of Orleans had seen so many in his life, there was one to be met with at his mistress's house, who boasted that he could cause anything one wanted to know to be seen in a glass of water. Some one young and innocent was needed to look into it, and this little girl was just suitable. They amused themselves by wishing to know what was happening in far-away places, and the little girl looked and told what she saw accordingly. The fellow said something in a low voice over the glass of water and immediately it was looked into successfully.

The frauds to which the Duke of Orleans had so often been exposed induced him to put a test which might be convincing. He told one of his men in a whisper to go immediately to Madame de Nancré's, a little distance off, to ascertain exactly who was there, what was doing, the position and furnishings of the room, and everything that was going on there, and to come back and tell him in a whisper, without losing a moment or speaking to any one. The order was obeyed in a trice without any one having noticed what it was, and the little girl was in the room all the while. When the Duke of Orleans had been instructed by his messenger, he told the little girl to see in the glass who was at Madame de Nancré's, and what was going on there. Immediately she told them word for word all that the Duke of Orleans' messenger had seen. The description of the faces, figures, and clothes of the people who were there, their position in the room, the people who were playing at two different tables, those who were looking on, or talking, seated or standing, the placing of the furniture, in fact everything. Immediately the Duke of Orleans sent Nancré there, who reported that everything was as the little girl had said, and as the valet who had first been there had told the Duke in a whisper.

He did not speak to me much on these subjects, because I took the liberty of shaming him about them. I now took the liberty of rating him soundly

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about his account of this incident and of telling him what I thought might deter him from giving credence to these delusions and from amusing himself with them, at a time moreover, when his mind should have been occupied with so many great subjects. "That is not all," he said to me, "and I have only told you that to prepare you for the remainder," and he immediately went on to relate how, encouraged by the accuracy of what the little girl had seen in Madame de Nancré's apartment, he had wished to see something more important, and what would happen on the king's death; but without seeking the date, which could not be seen in the glass. He put the question then to the little girl, who had never heard Versailles spoken of or seen any one belonging to the court, except himself. She looked and explained to them at length what she saw. She described accurately the king's room at Versailles and the furnishings which were actually found there at his death. She depicted him precisely in his bed, and standing near the bed or in the room, a little child with the order held by Madame de Ventadour, at the sight of whom she exclaimed, because she had seen her at Mademoiselle de Sery's house. She made them recognise Madame de Maintenon, the striking figure of Fagon, the Duchess of Orleans, the Princess de Conti; she exclaimed at the Duke of Orleans; in short she revealed to them whomsoever she saw there, princes, lords, servants, or valets. When she had finished, the Duke of Orleans, surprised that she had not mentioned Monseigneur [the Dauphin], the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, nor the Duke of Berry, asked her if she did not see such-and-such figures. She persisted in answering "No," and repeated those she did see. The Duke of Orleans could not understand this, and expressed great astonishment at it to me, and sought in vain the reason for it. The event explained it. It was then 1706. All four were at that time in full life and health, and all four died before the king. It was the same with the Prince, the Duke, and the Prince de Conti, whom she did not see, whilst she saw the children of the two latter, M. du Maine, his children, and the Count of Toulouse. But until the event it remained a mystery. His curiosity satisfied on this point, the Duke of Orleans wished to know what would become of himself. That however was not to be seen in the glass. The fellow who was there offered to show it to him as if painted on the wall of the room, if he was not afraid of seeing himself there; and after a quarter of an hour of rodomantade before them all, the figure of the Duke of Orleans, clothed as he then was, and life-size, appeared suddenly on the wall like a painting, with a closed crown on its head. It was not that of France, Spain, or England, neither was it an imperial crown. The Duke of Orleans who gazed fixedly at it could not guess what it was; he had never seen such a one. It had only four circles, and nothing on the top. This crown covered his head.

From the previous mystery and from this latter one, I took the opportunity of showing him again the folly of this kind of thing, fitting delusions of the devil, permitted by God for the punishment of a curiosity, which He forbids, resulting in nothingness and darkness, instead of the light and instruction sought.

He was at that time certainly very far from being regent of the kingdom, or from thinking of it. That was perhaps what this curious crown announced to him. All this happened in Paris at his mistress's

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house, in the presence of their most intimate circle, the day before he told me of it; and I thought it so extraordinary, that I have given it a place here, not to express my approval of it, but to make it known.

"St Simon's account," a correspondent writes to me, "is the more interesting because he is not by any means a superstitious man. See his account of Boulainvillier's predictions of deaths,--some of which were right (apparently) but some wrong. St. Simon speaks of 'la fausseté, la vanité, et le néant de cette prétendue science qui séduit tant de gens d'esprit' (Edition Chéruel et Regnier, Vol. XI, ch. 7, p. 153;—1715 A. D.)"

The next case was also a matter of serious and immediate record.

P. 461. From the Rev. T. G. Crippen, Kirton, near Boston.

Since writing the foregoing paragraph (*i.e.*, P. 460) I have found a memorandum in my father's handwriting, dated January, 1869, in which he had set down particulars of several dreams or presentiments. I will give one of them verbatim; the incidents must have occurred in the early part of 1847.

" . . . . I had a dream, and set it down, telling the landlady and her daughter the page in my memorandum-book. They wanted to see it, but I said 'No, but they might mark the page,' which they did. Next morning I was sitting at the same table. . . . The postman gave his double knock, and I said 'Here comes my dream.' Sure enough it was; for there was a letter from the Board with my promotion, which I did not look for for another year at least. Now the dream was that I saw a letter, read it, went to London; close by a church that you could go round two sides of, I saw a gateway; I entered, saw a black-looking building with folding doors and a side door. (Rough sketch in the margin, unintelligible.) I entered and turned up a flight of steps on my right hand, met a very little man and he said 'Welcome, stranger; you are Mr. Crippen.' . . . That was my dream at Thorpe-le-Soken. The church was St. Giles in London; I never asked any one, but went straight round [*sic.*], saw the entrance and all in my dream. The supervisor was a very little man. . . ."

By way of explanation, I may add that the place described as having been seen beforehand was a soapery near St. Giles, of which my father had charge as "Assistant" for a few months in 1847. I was too young to be able to give any corroboration to this narrative from my own knowledge; but I know that *some* incidents connected with his removal from Thorpe-le-Soken to London at that time made a deep impression on my father's mind; he regarded it as a special occasion for gratitude to God, and several times spoke of it as such. THOS. GEO. CRIPPEN.

It will be observed that Mr. Crippen quotes from a memorandum-book of his father's, which is itself a digest of notes taken at the time. As regards the premonitory vision of Wansford, which follows, it is of course possible that the Excise authorities had already

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contemplated moving Mr. Crippen to Wansford, and had thought of that scene in connection with him, so that it might have been telepathically transferred.

P. 460.

From the Rev. Thomas George Crippen (Independent Minister), Kirton, near Boston.

July 8th, 1884.

In the spring or early summer of 1852, my father was Excise officer at Mildenhall, Suffolk, and was expecting shortly to be removed to another station. One morning at breakfast he said, "I have had a curious dream; I saw a malt-house standing beside some water; there were trees, and a crane; I have never been in such a place, but if I were an artist I could sketch the scene exactly." A few months later the expected order for removal came to hand, and my father, accompanied by my mother and myself, went to the place indicated to make needful arrangements. The place was Dalham, a few miles distant; and I distinctly remember that as we rode by a malt-house beside a pool, at Dalham, my mother said, "Is that like your dream?" The reply was "No, there were boats on that water." I may remark that I was then a few weeks under 11 years old. We did not remove to Dalham, the order being countermanded; but in the early spring of 1854—nearly two years after the dream—my father was ordered to Wansford, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. We had certainly never been within 40 miles of the place. We arrived at Driffield on a Saturday night, and put up at the "Bell"; and on the following morning my father and I took a walk around. In the course of our walk we passed a malt-house and mill, standing beside a large sheet of water, at Nafferton. I said, "Is that like your dream?" The reply was "Something like, and yet not like it." We walked on to Wansford—about two miles further—when suddenly my father said "My dream, Tom, there it is! There is the malt-house, and the trees, and the crane, and the water exactly as I saw it." The place was Bainton's mill—since known as Nornabell's—about two miles from Driffield. As I have a distinct remembrance of the dream being the subject of conversation before the visit to Dalham, of the conversation at Dalham, and of my father's words both at Nafferton and Wansford, I think this may be fairly put on record as an instance of presentiment inexplicable by any *known* natural law.

The memorandum contains further details, but I prefer to leave the narrative as it stands, because so far it is within the sphere of my own distinct remembrance.

THOS. GEO. CRIPPEN.

The next case is again noteworthy, as coming from a quarter where the slightest conscious embellishment of truth would have been reckoned as a sin. "Fletcher of Madeley" was one of the chiefest of English saints; and the premonition which follows is bound up with earthly lives than which few could have approached closer to the life unseen, or have lain more manifestly under the oversight and intendancy of heaven.

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P. 58.

From the life of Mrs. Mary Fletcher, of Madeley. By the Rev. H. Moore, D.D. Vol. I., pp. 241-243.

On Mr. Fletcher's death at his parish of Madeley, his widow expected to have to give up their house. In October, 1785, she makes the following entry in her journal: "I received a message from Mr. Kenerson, letting me know I should never be turned out of the house. It brought before my mind a dream I had some years before I was married. I dreamed a man came to offer me some tithes. I replied, 'Friend, I have nothing to do with tithes, I have no concern in any living.' But soon after I said to one of my family, Hannah, 'I am going away, I have a call from the Lord,—I must go.' But again I thought I knew not where, not even into what country. However, the way of duty is the way of safety. I will set out, and God will lead me. Immediately I left Cross Hall,[1] and after walking a few paces I thought I was carried, in a moment, I knew not how, and set down in a churchyard, and some one said to me, 'You are to enter into this church.' I went in, and walking up the aisle, I heard a kind of groan, and said, 'That is the sound of death.' When I came out of the church I entered into a house which was just by it. As I was on the steps it was said inwardly to me, 'This is the habitation which God hath chosen for you.' But I answered, 'Oh, no! I cannot live here. It is the order of God for me to live in Yorkshire.' I went into some rooms, and found in one I passed through, a man and woman. In the next was a young woman, with a child on her lap. She appeared dying of a consumption, and in great conflicts. We soon entered into conversation . . . . After a time, she told me I must come here, and here abide. I replied, 'Oh, no! I live at Cross Hall, in Yorkshire, and have a great family and many calls there.' But she said, 'It is the will of God to bring you here—there is work for you to do.' She added, 'Do not be frightened, God will make you a comfortable habitation.' I said, 'Have you the Gospel here?' She replied, 'Yes.' 'And who,' said I, 'is the minister that brought it among you?' She replied, 'He is not here now.' 'Then who,' said I, 'is your present minister?' She showed me a name of three syllables—but I . . . . could only remember the two last—'*nerson*.' I felt myself in great anguish and sorrow of mind, (though I could not assign any cause), and said, 'I must go away, I cannot stay here. I do not know that man and woman. I cannot live with them.' She replied, 'That man and woman will go away when you come. But there is work for you to do, you must abide here.' . . . . I went downstairs . . . . seeing a coach ready to be hired, I beckoned to it—the man opened the door; as I was stepping in he said, 'Where will you be carried?' I strove to say Cross Hall, Yorkshire, but I could not. Then I strove to name various habitations I had formerly lived in, but I could remember the name of none. . . . . At last I stepped back, and pointing to the house I came out of, I said, 'That is my home. God hath taken the remembrance of every other out of my heart.'

I knew nothing of the situation of anything in Madeley when I had this dream—but when, some years afterwards, I told my dear Mr. Fletcher,

[1] Cross Hall, Yorkshire, was at this time her home.

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he said, 'There was a man and woman who lived with me at that time, and a young woman named A. C., who was very useful in the work, to which she proved a nursing mother. She died of a consumption, in which she had many conflicts.' I said, 'Was there a minister here whose name ended in '*nerson*'?' He replied, 'No.' But now I understand it all. Had I before remembered the whole name, I should at once have known this dream would be fulfilled at my dear husband's death, as Mr. *Kenerson* was the patron and his son now became our vicar."

And now a case which we may interpret in various ways, but which yet points to spiritual presences which to this man's sober apprehension seemed real and near. I quote only so much of the narrative, not now evidential, as may serve to show its parallelism with more modern experience.

P. 11.

From a letter which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (Vol. XXXV. 1765, pp. 599, 600) headed: "*The Existence of Invisible Forewarners of Events Asserted.*" This letter bears the signature of J. Cook, M.D., and is dated Leigh, September 18th, 1765.

The writer, after vouching "by the living of God" for the truth of his narrative, says:—

"Ever since I was three and twenty years of age, I have had an invisible being or beings attend me at times both at home and abroad, that have by some gentle token or other, given me warning and notice that I should shortly certainly lose a particular friend, or a patient. They began and continued from our marriage till the decease of my first wife, in May, 1728, and of her infant daughter, who lived with me but seven months, and but six weeks after her mother, when they were very frequent and troublesome about my house, as was well-known, and noticed by many of our friends and neighbours. After that they came seldom, but so gentle, civil, and familiar, that I chose rather to have them about my house than not, and would not, if I was to sell it, part with the same without some extraordinary consideration upon that very account; and I really hope they will never leave me as long as I live; though my spouse wishes otherwise, to whom they are not so agreeable. . . .

"Sometimes we have had their hints frequent and close together; at other times but seldom, and at a great distance of time. But this I have observed, that rarely any patient, or friend that I respected, or that valued me, departs hence, but I have some kind of sensible notice, or warning of it; but yet so discreet and mild, as never to flutter, or frighten me. This notice, which is either by seeing, feeling, or hearing, is not fixed to any certain distance of time previous to their deaths, but I have had it a week, a month, and more, before their decease, and once only three days, when I actually heard the spiritual agent form an articulate voice, and utter these words, as I was abed, with a most pathetic emphasis, 'I am gone;' which was fulfilled the Monday morning following, by the sudden death of my cousin's daughter, who was upon a visit at my house, and was well two days before."

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Towards the end of his letter he adds that the voice came "just as I had put out my candle, and was laid down in my bed," etc. . . .

"My spouse was fast asleep by me, so missed being witness of that notice; though she often is, and some of my sons too, and many others." . . .

"At first, in 1728, I kept a book of account, where I entered every notice or warning, with the particular circumstances attending, and the event that succeeded such notices, but they were so frequent and numerous that I grew quite weary in writing them down, so left off that method, resolving to take them for the future just as they came. The very last hint I had was on Saturday night, the 6th of July 1765, in my chamber, about eleven o'clock, as I was walking to my bed, being from home attending a patient I was that morning sent for to, and which I lost on the 20th day of the same month. For the first five days I saw no danger; yet I doubted the event; but when I have more than one patient dangerously ill at a time, the issue only determines the case, and though I lay no stress upon such notices, so as to affect my practice, yet I fear the worst, and though the use of means is then to no purpose, yet it renders me the more diligent for conscience' sake."

It is interesting to set beside these old cases some modern examples, where like intimations are still given through the same channels as before.

The case next to be given has the rare peculiarity of involving a definite date,—the day of the month, a few months ahead,—on which the premonition was to fulfil itself.[1] The matter involved was a private one, and I am able to give the case only in outline.

(P. 223.) In December, 1889, I received from Miss X. a sealed envelope containing a *date*. Miss X. stated that a premonition in auditory form—a voice often heard before at crises, and which she had always trusted—had deferred to the date therein-mentioned the decision of a matter as to which she had been in great anxiety, and which she had been daily expecting to be obliged to decide. It did not then appear to her likely that the decision should be so long deferred; nor was it essential that an actual meeting should take place; but she resolved to do nothing either to help or hinder the fulfilment of the prediction. The date in question found her, in fact, at a distance from London (where the question would have to be settled), and likely to remain in the country. An unexpected summons from an invalid relative brought her back to London,—the cause of the summons being the sudden illness of a maid. Miss X. arrived in London, and an accidental visitor at the relative's house invited her impromptu to an entertainment at which she met the friend upon whom the matter

[1] See Mr. Edisbury's case, Vol. VII., p. 318.

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depended—although that friend was previously a stranger to her hosts of the evening.

Miss X. then wrote to tell me of this fact, and Mrs. Sidgwick and I, opening the sealed letter together, found that the date given therein corresponded to that on which the predicted meeting and decision had now actually taken place.

In the next case a date is also obscurely given.

P. 643. Dream. Cf. *Phantasms of the Living*, Case (79).

From the Rev. E. D. Banister, Whitechapel Vicarage, Preston, Lancashire.

[*November 12th*, 1885.]

My father, whilst a schoolboy (probably from 1808-1815), had a dream relating to his future, which I and my sister have often heard him relate. In the dream he saw a tablet in the parish church of his native place, on which was inscribed his name in full, the date of his birth, and the day and month, but not the year, of his death. But there seemed to him to be something uncertain about the *month* in the date of his death. The date as inscribed on the tablet was Jun. 9. But as June is seldom, if ever, abbreviated as Jun., he was somewhat inclined to think that it might be Jan. 9.

Many years elapsed after the dream, and nothing occurred to recall the circumstance until on June 9th, 1835, my eldest brother died at the age of two years and ten months. My father at the time was very deeply affected by the loss of the child. The date of the child's death called to his mind the date on the tablet, and though in his dream he distinctly saw his own name, he ever afterwards favoured the idea that the date he had seen was Jun. 9.

On January 9th, 1883, my father died.

Mr. Banister's sister confirms as follows :—

I have seen my brother's letter respecting the dream of which I have heard my father speak, and can only say that the facts are as my brother has stated.

AGNES BANISTER.

To what extent departed human spirits may be concerned in messages like these is a problem which only a much wider collection of evidence can enable us to solve. I have already alluded to certain cases which seem to show us a departed friend foretelling some death which may or may not have been already recognised as imminent by observers on earth. It is suggested thus that the disembodied spirit can better discern the invalid's condition, and remains at hand to receive him when the transition comes.

In several families there is a tradition that some special sign precedes or accompanies the transition of the head of the house, or of

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certain of its members. In the case of one of these families, I have received evidence to the persistence of a given type of "warning" during a period of three centuries.

P. 232.

Extract from Dr. Robert Plot's "Natural History of Oxfordshire." Edited 1677. (Original Book at Conyingham, Knaresborough. Pages 204 and 205).

I. "I must add also a Relation, as strange as it is true, of the Family of one Captain Wood, late of Bampton, Oxfordshire, now of Brise Norton, Captain in the late Wars for the King. Some whereof before their death have had warning given them by a certain knocking, either at the door without or on a table or shelves within; the number of *stroaks* and distance between them, and the place where, for the most part respecting the circumstances of the persons to dye, or their deaths themselves, as will easily be collected from the following relation. The first knocking that was heard, or at least observed, was about a year after the Restoration of the King, in the afternoon, or a little before night, at or upon the door it being then given, as it was apprehended by Mrs. Elenor Wood, mother to Captain Basil Wood, who only heard it, none being about the house but herself; at which she was very much disturbed, thinking it boded some ill to *her* or *hers*, and within fourteen nights after, she had news of the death of her son-in-law, Mr. George Smith, who dyed in London.

II. "About three years after that, there were three great knocks given very audibly to all that were then in the house, viz., to the aforesaid Mrs. Elenor Wood, Mr. Basil Wood, and his wife, Mrs. Hester, and some servants; which knocks were so remarkable that one of the maids came from the well, which was about twenty yards from the place, to see what was the matter; and Mrs. Elenor Wood, and another maid that was within the house, saw three great pans of lard shake and totter so upon a shelf in the milk house that they were like to fall down. Upon this violent knocking, Mr. Basil Wood and his wife, being then in the hall, came presently into the milk house to their mother, where finding her somewhat disturbed, and enquiring the reason, she replied, 'God Almighty only knew the matter;' *she* could tell nothing, but she heard the knocking; which being *within doors*, Mr. Basil Wood concluded was for some of the family *at home*, that upon the *door* being for a friend *abroad;* which accordingly fell out, *three* of the family, according to the number of the knocks, dying within little more than half a year after, viz., Mrs. Hester Wood, wife to Mr. Basil Wood, a child of Mr. Wood's sister, and Mrs. Elenor Wood, his mother.

III. "About August, 1674, Mr. Basil Wood, junior, son of the Mr. Basil Wood aforesaid, living at Exeter, in Devonshire, heard the same kind of knocking, at which being disturbed, he wrote word of it to his father here at Bampton, in Oxfordshire; viz., 'That one Sunday he and his wife and her sister and his brother did distinctly hear upon a Table in their chamber, as they stood by it, two several *knocks* struck as it were with a cudgel, one of them *before* and the other *after* morning prayer, a little before dinner;' which letter was shown to Mr. Wood, senior, (as the other knockings before the deaths of any that dyed were *beforehand* told) to several neighbouring

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gentlemen ; after which within about fourteen days,[1] Mrs. Hester Wood, a second wife of Mr. Basil Wood, senior, and about a quarter of a year after, her father, Mr. Richard Lisset, dyed both at Bampton ; since which time they have heard nothing more as yet."

IV. The following is a copy made by Miss Ethel Woodd of an entry made by her father, Mr. Charles H. L. Woodd, in the margin of his copy of Plot's "Natural History of Oxfordshire" :—

"The said warning was heard at the death of Mr. George Woodd, of Richmond, Surrey. A knocking was heard by Mrs. Woodd the night he died. He said, 'Oh, it is the Woodds' warning, I shall die before morning.' He did so.

"C. H. L. Wood.

"A. D. *March*, 1784."

[Mr. George Basil Woodd, father of Mr. Basil George Woodd, died March 11th, 1784.]

V. Basil George Woodd died at Hillfield, Hampstead, August 28th, 1872, aged 91 years.

Hannah Wardman, an old servant, living in Mr. Basil George Woodd's house, The Old Parsonage, Harrogate, Yorkshire, heard three distinct knocks outside on the front door the night he died at Hampstead. She got up and went down in the middle of the night, opened the door and looked round—not a creature to be seen over all the stray [*i.e.*, the wide grass common at Harrogate on which the old parsonage looked out.] The knocks occurred again and she came down a second time in vain (remembered by Eleanor J. Mitton and Fanny L. Woodd). She also heard dogs coming into the yard and howling all night.

At Hillfield, Mr. Gleave, the butler, heard knocks at the pantry window (this is remembered by E. H. W. only). It is thought that an old servant, who lived at Hillfield at the time, may be able to corroborate it, and she has been communicated with.

["E. H. W." is Mrs. Basil Kilvington Woodd, who has kindly helped in the collection of these facts.]

Lower Lodge, Waterperry, Wheatley, Oxon.,
June 22nd, 1895.

Hond. Madam,—In reply to your request about the knockings heard by Gleave on the eve of Mr. Woodd's death, at Hillfield, August 28th, 1872, I quite well remember Gleave coming out of the pantry and saying "Some one has been knocking at the pantry window." Nothing could be seen ; we supposed it must have been a bird. Gleave said, "It is a strange thing for a bird to come there." The dog howled pitiously. Chase, one of the men in the garden, remarked, "The old master will soon be gone and the dog knows it."

I remember Mr. C. H. L. W. once speaking of the knocks being heard in the Woodd family at the death of the oldest member.

[1] Mr. Basil Wood was married three times, first to Esther Meade, secondly to Hester Lisset.

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I heard Hannah Wardman herself speak of the three knocks at the Old Parsonage; the neighbours in the morning remarking to her how late she had visitors. As they were speaking, a messenger brought the sad tidings of Mr. Woodd's death. It was the exact time of the knocking at the Parsonage door. I did not hear any knocking; I had been with the ladies and Mr. Woodd in their great trouble in a strange house. It quite prepared me for the sad tidings Jane Simpson had to tell me. This is all I can tell you,—
Yours respectfully,

SARAH TYLOR.

[Hannah Wardman died a few years ago.]

Mr. C. H. L. Woodd made the following note on the margin of his copy of *Plot*:—

"August 28th, 1872, my father, Basil George Woodd, of Hillfield, Hampstead, died at 11.12 p.m., at Hillfield. An old servant who took care of his house at Harrogate was aroused at 11 or 12 by a violent knocking at the front door. She looked out, could see nobody; this occurred thrice. Her neighbours asked her next day, 'What was the knocking?' She heard next day of the death of Mr. B. G. Woodd at that hour. She had never heard of the legendary superstition.

"C. H. L. WOODD.

"Roslyn, Hampstead.
September 6th, 1872."

VI. Charles H. L. Woodd died December 15th, 1893, between 8 and 9 a.m.

August 21st, 1895.

On Thursday evening, December 14th, 1893, after church I was sitting before my fire—I knew my father was ill, and had a presentiment that he was dangerously ill, though if I had known this I should have remained at Hampstead, where I had been that day. As I sat, I distinctly heard three knocks, perhaps more, like the sound of some one emptying a tobacco pipe upon the bars of my fire-grate.

Thinking it may be a warning, I did not go to bed for an hour, thinking I might be sent for. At 1 a.m. the butler, Arthur Reading, came, and I was awakened from sleep by ringing of the front door bell and knocking. He told me the doctor had sent for me, as my father was very ill; and he would be back in twenty minutes whilst I dressed, to take me to Hampstead. He went to Westminster for medical appliances. In half an hour he had not returned, and I said to my housekeeper, Elizabeth Park, "I must go. I feel sure my father is dying, because I heard the Woodd knocks as I sat in my chair before going to bed."

A hansom cab passed and I ordered the man to drive as fast as he could to Roslyn (Hampstead). On my arrival my first question was, "Is he still alive?" for I believed he must have passed away at the time of the knocking. He died at 8.45 next morning."

(Signed) TREVOR BASIL WOODD.

(Assistant Curate, S. Peter's, Eaton-square, London).

Mrs. Park verifies this statement.

Mrs. Dumbell writes as follows:—

I, Winifred Dumbell (née Woodd), certify that my brother related to me this circumstance at breakfast next morning.

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There was no reason for my leaving Rosyln on Thursday afternoon, and I should not have done so had I thought my father was in extremis.

St. Crinian, 7, Walpole-gardens, Strawberry Hill,
December 13th, 1895.

I am requested by Mrs. Basil Kilvington Woodd to write down the following facts relating to the death warning in our family.

On December 14th, 1893 (Thursday morning) hearing my father, Mr. Charles Woodd, was not well, I left Epsom, where I was staying, for Hampstead, and found my father in bed and very weak, but I was in no way anxious about him, as I did not suppose him to be seriously ill. At 11 o'clock at night, being tired and finding I could not assist my mother or the nurse, I lay down in an adjoining room leaving the door wide open and I fell asleep. In a short time I was suddenly awakened by a loud rapping as if at the door. I jumped up and ran into the passage thinking my mother had called me. I listened at the door of my father's room, but no one was moving. I lay down again and instantly fell asleep, when exactly the same thing occurred. I did not actually sleep again, and cannot say whether any sound made me get up the third time, but I went in search of the doctor and gathered that he was anxious about my father, who was getting much weaker. We were all aroused, and about 8 o'clock a.m. my father died.

WINIFRED DUMBELL, *née* WOODD.

I did not connect this rapping with the Woodd warning, as all was so rapid and unexpected, but on mentioning it at breakfast the next morning to my brother, the Rev. Trevor Basil Woodd, he told me he also heard a similar warning in his rooms in Vauxhall Bridge-road about the same time.

VII. Basil Thomas Woodd died June 4th, 1895, 10.30 p.m. His two daughters send me the following statement :—

On June 3rd, at 10.30 p.m., Fanny, his daughter, staying with Mrs. Stoney, 83, Wharton-road, West Kensington, heard knocks, apparently from next door, as of nails being hammered in and pictures hung, which seemed so unlikely at that hour of night that the next morning she mentioned it to Mrs. Stoney, whose bedroom was just below hers, asking if she had heard it or could account for it. At the same hour Kate, his youngest daughter, who was with him at his brother Robert's house, Woodlands, Hampstead, having retired for the night, heard bangs or thumps against the windows below, which made her suspect burglars. The next day, the 4th, Fanny left Mrs. Stoney to go to Woodlands, and Kate was to leave on the 5th. Mr. Woodd was in his usual health, and was with the family at dinner, chatting and telling Yorkshire stories, but had no appetite and ate nothing, and at 10 was seized with the apopletic attack from which he never rallied, and breathed his last at 10.30 p.m.

FANNY L. WOODD.
KATE I. WOODD.

83, Wharton-road, West Kensington, *July 1st*.

Miss Fanny Woodd was staying in my house, and I distinctly remember her on the morning of the 4th June asking me if I had been disturbed by the great knocking on the wall of the adjoining house the previous night. She supposed the people must have been putting up pictures, and we agreed

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that it was inconsiderate of them to do it at that hour, 10.30. Something interrupted us, or I should have remarked on the strangeness of my not having heard, as my room is just under Miss Woodd's, and the noise heard by one could not have failed to disturb the other. A servant who sleeps on the same floor also did not hear the knocking, but was bringing in breakfast when Miss Woodd spoke of it to me, and remembers her doing so and signs this too.

M. J. STONEY.
M. RISDALE.

81, Wharton-road, West Kensington, *July 1st.*

There has been no putting up of pictures or knocking of any kind in this house for quite two years. We are also early risers, and are always in bed and asleep by 10 p.m. (Signed) HARRIET TAYLOR.

Roslyn, Hampstead, N.W., *August 5th*, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the following account, which I should like you to see, in reference to the "Woodd knockings."

A few days before hearing of the death of my uncle, Mr. Basil Thomas Woodd, which took place at Woodlands, Hampstead, I distinctly heard a sound as of some one knocking two or three times at the front door; it was about 10.30 p.m., and I was in bed, but thinking it might be a beggar I got up and looked out of the window; no one was there, and all was quiet after, and I thought nothing more of the circumstance until I heard of my uncle's death a few days after. I may add I am not superstitious, nor was I expecting that my uncle was in danger. I and my sister were staying at the time at Oughtershaw, Skipton-in-Craven.—Believe me, yours truly,

GERTRUDE J. WOODD.

Roslyn, Hampstead, N.W., *August 5th*, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—My cousin, Miss Woodd, of Conyingham Hall, Knaresborough, asked me to send you my own experiences of what I believe to be the "Woodd knockings." I am not superstitious in these ways, but one night about 10 p.m. I heard in my bedroom a sound as of some one hammering nails into a wall. My sister slept next door and remembers that the next morning I asked her if she had been putting up something on her wall, after retiring for the night. She said she had not, and I thought little more about it. There was no one else about in that part of the house. This took place, as far as I can remember, several days before I heard of the death of my uncle, Mr. Basil Woodd, which took place at the residence of my uncle, Mr. Robert Woodd, of Hampstead, on Tuesday, June 4th. We did not hear of the event until the following Thursday, June 6th.—Yours truly,

ETHEL G. WOODD.

Can it be possible that when communication of this sort has been found feasible by some group on the other side there is a continuity of effort to sustain it? or that each decedent in succession finds in the previous history a suggestion to attempt a similar message himself? or that there is in the family a hereditary aptitude for the same type of percipience?

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In various ways, indeed, our evidence suggests that approaching death may bring about a *rapprochement* between incarnate and discarnate souls of which such evidential incidents as we can get hold of give but a partial glimpse. For instance, if the dying can appear to the living, may they not appear also to the dead? May there not, that is to say, be some precursory manifestation of the departing spirit to friends in the unseen world, as well as a farewell manifestation to friends in this? The following case, although carrying no proof of being more than subjective, illustrates what is here suggested.

P. 635. 74, Durham-road, Manor Park, Little Ilford, Essex.
April 11th, 1888.

My brother's wife died on March 4th, 1885. From that time he was in failing health. Early in February, 1887, he grew rapidly worse, and was ordered to Bournemouth. About midnight one Saturday night (I think it was the 23rd of February) [February 23rd, 1887, was a Wednesday; and, therefore, Mrs. Jameson says in a later letter, her vision must have occurred on the 26th], while he was at Bournemouth, I was lying awake in bed, the gas being full on, when I fancied that I saw a grave with a small white stone lying, and one in an upright position. These stones suddenly changed to a leaden hue, and upon the flat stone I saw a basket of exquisite flowers, all white, and such as I have not beheld before or since. On the top of all the flowers was a very large tiger lily. Immediately following this I felt a presence near me, but could see nothing, and it flashed into my mind that my brother had died at Bournemouth. Shortly after I saw him in my bedroom with a lady, whose arm was linked in his. Her face I did not see, as they were a little in advance of me. I saw his, and recognised his form. He was on the side nearest to me. The lady was draped as a well-dressed bride, and veiled. Her dress was white and glistening. He was in ordinary clothing, and they were both very happy. I also heard distinctly the low murmur of voices, and heard, too, her glad laugh. (This increased my belief that he had died, and that this lady was his wife.) They were in mid-air, and were quite unconscious of my presence, and seemed to glide rather than walk. After advancing a little they stood still, my brother seeming reluctant to go on. After lingering a moment the lady vanished, leaving my brother as one deep in thought, but still hesitating; she reappeared for an instant, and, as it seemed, enticed him to follow her. But he still seemed unwilling to go with her, and she vanished finally, and after a few more moments lingering, my brother followed in the same direction that the lady had vanished. He returned to London about a fortnight after this vision, and died on the 23rd of March, 1887, very suddenly, and the memory of this wonderful experience will, I feel, be always sacred to me. The surprising part to me is, that throughout the whole of this I was possessed with a feeling of calmness and utter absence of fear. MIRIAM JAMESON.

Mr. Jameson writes:—
April 7th, 1888.

My own share in the proceedings narrated was as follows. I was, on the night referred to, sitting at work in my study—not far from our bedroom—

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when my wife called me, and said that she felt sure her brother was in the bedroom. I said, "You are nervous. I will come to bed." I had scarcely done so when she sat up, and began to describe to me what is stated in her narrative as to seeing her brother, &c. I saw nothing. My wife was composed, but her face was very animated and her eyes glistened. She looked and spoke just as a good actress would, in describing scene and action not visible to her audience.

Our little son, then about 18 months old, had been taken into our bed — being wakeful. He was wide awake, and was prattling and trying to caress his mother, while she told me what she was seeing. His interruptions seemed to hinder my wife from hearing what her brother said, for she hushed the little one repeatedly.

The orphan child, about two years old, of my brother-in-law, who had been with us from the time of her mother's death, was sleeping in an adjoining room.

I may add that, although I am acquainted with several well-known Spiritualists, I have never (nor has my wife) taken much interest in Spiritualistic phenomena. I mention this to show that prepossession would not account for my wife's remarkable experience.

My own mind is still in suspense on the point whether that experience was not purely subjective, although I cannot but admit that I have been deeply impressed by the fact of the intense objective reality of that experience to my wife.

WILLIAM JAMESON.

In answer to inquiries, Mrs. Jameson informs us :—

1. That she never had any other hallucination of sight, hearing, or any other sense.

2. There was no point of coincidence with fact in the two tombstones, the tiger lily, &c.

3. She thinks the interval of time between the vision of tombstones and the vision of figures was about five or ten minutes. "The white stones changed soon and suddenly, the leaden hue lasted longer, then came the flowers. Then I *felt* the unseen presence, and on turning round or over to my little son, who began to chatter, these figures appeared together, as I have told you, and I sat up in bed and watched them steadfastly until they vanished close to the outer wall of the house."

4. The walls, the gas full on, and all in her bedroom, were visible to her, but she *felt* that her brother and the lady had an environment of their own. She remembers most distinctly her brother's curly hair.

5. She does not think that she had been more than usually anxious about her brother. She had been speaking of him, and had written to him that day.

6. She never mentioned the vision to her brother, and does not know anything about him on the night in question, except that she heard on the Monday that he had seemed a little better on Saturday night.

The vision affected her very much.

And now for three narratives, or rather groups of narratives, where unseen *protection* or *guidance* seems to be suggested. I leave the first in the original French, in the hope that its publication may

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bring other narratives of the same kind, from countries where compulsory military service is in vogue.

P. 147.

The following interesting cases of presentiment were sent to us by Professor G. Hulin, of the University of Ghent, who wrote to Professor Sidgwick on April 13th, 1894 :—

Ghent, Place de l'Evêché, 3.

DEAR SIR,—At the congress of Psychology held at Paris in 1889, I had the honour of making your acquaintance, and had a conversation with yourself and Mrs. Sidgwick about second sight and similar subjects. At that time, I had never within my immediate experience come across any certain and well-established fact of the sort. Since then I had the occasion of observing a case of presentiment which struck me because it is certified by trustworthy witnesses, and if a mere coincidence, it is certainly a most extraordinary one. So, although I own I am still rather sceptical about that class of phenomena, I send you herewith a narrative of the facts, thinking the case may interest you. I take the liberty of writing it in French, as I want to be sure of the correctness of my statements.

GEORGES HULIN.

Vers le commencement de l'hiver 1890-91, un jeune homme du nom de Charles-Louis Casset, du village de Loo-ten-Hulle (Flandre Orientale) où ma famille a sa résidence d'été, annonça, près de deux mois à l'avance, qu'il amènerait au tirage au sort pour la milice, le numéro 90 (on sait que le recrutement de l'armée Belge se fait par voie de conscription). Plusieurs personnes entendirent cette prédiction, faite sur un ton de parfaite assurance, et qu'il renouvela devant le commissaire d'arrondissement présidant au tirage au sort. A la stupéfaction générale, ce numéro sortit en effet.

Le bruit en étant parvenu à nos oreilles, je voulus m'assurer de l'authenticité du fait, et interrogeai plusieurs personnes, entre autres la mère du jeune homme. Tous m'affirmèrent avoir entendu la prédiction. Je m'adressai alors au commissaire d'arrondissement, M. van Dooren, qui me donna l'attestation écrite que voici :

. . . . "Cette année-ci, le milicien Casset, Ch^s L^s, de Loo-ten-Hulle, me demande, avant de tirer, si le n^o 90 se trouvait encore dans l'urne ; sur ma réponse affirmative il s'écria : 'C'est celui-là qu'il me faut !' Appelé à tirer, il amena en effet le numéro 90.

"Le Commissaire d'Arrondissement,

(Signé) "JULES VAN DOOREN."

En présence de ce témoignage officiel le doute n'était plus permis. Très intrigué, je tâchai de savoir comment le jeune homme avait eu ce pressentiment.

Au printemps, quand mes parents furent retournés à Loo-ten-Hulle, je le fis venir à la maison, et l'interrogeai. Jusque-là il n'avait voulu répondre à personne ; sans doute je lui inspirai plus de confiance, car, après quelques hésitations, il me fit le récit suivant.

Comme la plupart des fils de petits cultivateurs, il avait grand peur du service militaire, qui devait priver sa famille de son travail. Plusieurs mois d'avance il était donc préoccupé et anxieux, et pensait constamment au jour fatal du tirage au sort.

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Environ deux mois avant celui-ci, une nuit qu'il venait de se coucher il vit dans un coin de sa chambre une forme indistincte, mais grande et élevée, de sorte que de son lit il devait lever les yeux pour la voir. La seule chose qu'il pouvait clairement percevoir, c'était la chiffre 90 en grands caractères, "espacés d'environ un poing."

Il se souleva, ferma les yeux et les rouvrit pour bien s'assurer qu'il ne rêvait point. L'apparition était toujours là, aussi indéniable qu'au premier moment. Saisi de frayeur, il se mit à prier, et ainsi, peu à peu, s'endormit.

Dès le premier moment il avait eu l'intuition que ce nombre 90 était celui qu'il tirerait et que c'était un bon numéro.

A partir de cette nuit, il eut l'esprit tout-à-fait tranquille et dit à tous ceux qui s'étonnaient de ce calme qu'il savait qu'il aurait le numéro 90. On crut d'abord à une plaisanterie, mais il affirmait cela avec tant de conviction que bientôt il excita la curiosité.

Comme je lui demandais s'il avait dans sa vie eu d'autres visions, il me dit que non, mais que, après la première apparition, il eut souvent la même vision, même le jour, pendant son travail. Il ajoutait judicieusement que ce n'étaient plus sans doute de vraies apparitions, mais seulement l'effet de son imagination vivement frappée.

Cependant il croit avoir réellement revu l'apparition mystérieuse dans la chambre où se faisait le tirage au sort, avant de plonger la main dans le tambour. Il dit au président qu'il était inutile qu'il tirât, que son numéro était 90. Le président lui répondit de ne pas plaisanter et de prendre un billet. En tendant celui-ci au président il répéta que c'était 90.

Ce récit me fut fait avec un grand air de sincérité et de scrupuleuse exactitude. Le jeune homme, qui semble doux et intelligent, parlait à voix basse avec une émotion visible, et me demanda de ne rien dire aux autres habitants du village. Il croit évidemment à une intervention surnaturelle.

Je m'adressai encore au commissaire d'arrondissement pour lui demander s'il se rappelait d'autres cas où des miliciens avaient prédit le numéro qu'ils tireraient. A cette époque (1891) il ne s'en rappelait qu'un seul, qu'il voulut bien me certifier par écrit en même temps que celui rapporté plus haute :

. . . "en 1886, au tirage au sort, à *Eeclo* le milicien *Masco* (Ferdinand), de cette ville, m'a déclaré, avant le tirage, qu'il amènerait le n° 112, ce qui fut vrai."

Depuis, il m'a signalé trois autres cas : l'hiver dernier ou le précédent (sa lettre n'est malheureusement pas datée, et mes souvenirs ne sont pas précis sur ce point), il m'écrivait ce qui suit :

"Un fait bizarre et digne d'être raconté s'est produit mercredi dernier au tirage au sort pour la milice à Maldeghem. Un inscrit du nom de *Pamvels* (Edouard), de la commune d'Adeghem, en s'approchant de l'urne déclara hautement au commissaire d'arrondissement qui présidait la séance, qu'il amènerait le n° 216, et ce fut en effet ce numéro qu'il tira et qui fut proclamé. Il y avait encore au moins 150 numéros dans le tambour. Le plus bas numéro était 46 et le plus élevé 223."

Enfin, cet hiver même, il m'a envoyé avec sa carte de visite un journal contenant l'entrefilet ci-joint, concernant deux nouveaux cas constatés par lui-même.

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The newspaper cutting enclosed is as follows :— Février, 1894.

TIRAGE AU SORT.—Deux faits bizarres se sont produits au tirage au sort qui eut lieu à Eecloo samedi dernier.

Le milicien Camille Pyfferoen, s'approchant de l'urne, déclara à M. le commissaire d'arrondissement, qui présidait les opérations, qu'il avait rêvé, la nuit passée, qu'il amenait le numéro 111, et qu'il était convaincu que le sort l'aurait favorisé de ce bon numéro.

L'interessé amena, en effet, le n° 111. M. le commissaire lui ayant demandé si ce qu'il avait déclaré était bien réel, le milicien appela son père en confirmation de ses dires.

Un second milicien, Louis Crispyn, annonça qu'il amènerait le n° 116 ; mais sur l'observation que celui-ci était déjà tiré, il déclara qu'il prendrait alors le numéro précédent, et il tira, en effet, le n° 115.

These cases of conscription-numbers foretold seem to me much more impressive than the somewhat similar dreams of *races* of which we have printed several specimens ; since the event is absolutely incalculable, the numerical chance against success is much greater, and the testimony of the presiding officer on so serious an occasion carries weight. The nearest parallel which I can find to these incidents is the guiding of Mr. Stainton Moses' hand to open a book at a particular page (*Proceedings*, Vol. XI., p. 106). It seems perhaps less incredible that some suggestion at the moment should have guided the fortunate percipient to the lucky number—which his less fortunate comrades must also have been guided to leave ready for him—than that the exact disposition of the numbers in the urn should have been foreseen months beforehand by any finite intelligence. Of course, however, we cannot tell how many conscripts may have dreamt —and *announced*—that they will draw a particular number, and have failed to draw it.

The second case in this series is in many ways noteworthy. I place it here because it looks as though suggestion had been exercised upon the railway porter to prevent him from asking for the ticket, much as upon the conscripts to cause them to draw the desired number. There is also premonition as regards various incidents of the journey.

P. 220.

The narrative which follows is of an unusual and complex type. Its main purport is concerned with a continued knowledge of terrene affairs evinced by a departed spirit. But this, the kernel of the case, must be kept entirely secret, for reasons affecting survivors ; which reasons, so far as I can judge from a very partial knowledge of them, are entirely sufficient. For the same reasons the true names (all of which are known to me) have had to be altered throughout and various details omitted. Thus deprived of its central significance the narrative presents the following type.

Mrs. Claughton (here so-called) visits a house reputed haunted. She there twice sees a phantasm, which she is able to describe ; the description

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suiting a deceased lady unknown to her, who had lived in that house. There is external evidence to the fact that she twice saw this phantom and was greatly impressed. The phantom appeared to speak at some length; and made many statements of facts unknown to Mrs. Claughton. Some of these were such as could be at once verified; and they were found correct. Others related to an expedition which Mrs. Claughton was enjoined to make to a village, here called Meresby, of which she had not previously heard. Certain persons whom she would find there were described by name and with other details. Certain incidents of her future journey thither were also described; thus bringing this case within our definition of premonitions; although it may be urged that the fulfilment of the predictions was accomplished by suggestions given to certain persons by the disembodied intelligence; so that no true precognition was needed. Mrs. Claughton went to Meresby and found all as foretold. She there received (as had also been foretold) additional communications; and she then obeyed certain orders as to the communication of facts to survivors. That she made the journey, and certain subsequent visits, is proved by external evidence. As to the messages to survivors, nothing is known beyond Mrs. Claughton's own statement that they effected the intended results.

This whole story is no doubt very different from the usual tenor of our narratives, and much more resembles some of the figments of romance. On the other hand the evidence for the external facts of the narrative is absolutely conclusive. There is (as will be seen) no doubt whatever that Mrs. Claughton did make the journey to Meresby, giving as her reason some message conveyed to her on an occasion when she undoubtedly was found fainting in the middle of the night. There is no doubt that at Meresby she obtained admission to the church at a similar hour of the night; nor that after so visiting the church she paid certain other visits to persons previously strangers to her.

Nor has any explanation due either to self-interest or to insanity been suggested, so far as I can discover, by any of the persons concerned. The whole expedition was a source merely of trouble and embarrassment to Mrs. Claughton, who left a sick child to attend to the alleged injunction, under circumstances of much inconvenience, and with no possible advantage to herself.

An explanation from insanity or hysterical desire of notoriety is equally untenable. Mrs. Claughton is a widow lady, moving in good society, with children growing up, and known to many persons as a cheerful, capable, active woman, who has seen much of the world, and has plenty of business of her own to attend to;—and who is by no means given to dwelling on things morbid or mysterious. She has, indeed, had some previous experiences of apparitions, which all appear to have been veridical, but she has paid but little attention to them, and has never sought to encourage such visitations in any way.

This present adventure she kept as quiet as she could; but other people had heard vaguely of it, and she was annoyed by distorted versions; so that she ultimately consented to give to the Marquis of Bute, and through him to our Society, her own account of such incidents as she did not, for the sake of survivors, feel bound to conceal.

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The written evidence now existing may be divided into three parts.

I.—Mrs. Claughton's own diary, written mainly in pencil, before, during, and after the Meresby journey. This diary bears the marks of hasty writing and is dated from day to day and in parts from hour to hour, during the events which interest us. This diary contains the secret matter, and has not been entrusted by Mrs. Claughton to any one; but Lord Bute and I have been allowed to read portions of it, and to observe the dates of the important entries therein.

Along with this diary must be classed a document which I am allowed to reproduce almost *in toto;* viz., a sheet of memoranda made by Mrs. Claughton before her Meresby visit, as to what was to happen to her there, and what she was to do. I became possessed of this document in the following manner.

Mrs Claughton had stated that she was told beforehand [by the phantom] that her ticket (the outward half of a return-ticket) would not be asked for on her arrival at Meresby; and that in fact it was not asked for. That it was not asked for is proved by the fact that Mrs. Claughton sent it to the Dr. Ferrier of the story, who testifies to having possessed it, and to having seen a letter from the Railway Company stating that no other ticket had been issued from London for Meresby by the train in question. But Mrs. Claughton had not mentioned the prediction as to the ticket to Dr. Ferrier *before* her journey. I therefore asked her orally whether she had made any memorandum of her own as to the ticket before that journey. At my request she at once brought her packet of private papers connected with the case; searched amongst them in my presence, and found a paper of memoranda as to what she was to do and to expect on the journey, written before starting. Cutting off a part of that paper which dealt with the secret matters, she gave me the rest and I reproduce it below. The porter's omission to take the ticket is therefore predicted in writing before the event, along with many other particulars as to the Meresby visit.

II.—The second main piece of evidence is an account, written by Mr. Andrew Lang, the well-known author, and sent by him to the S.P.R., embodying the written and oral statements of Dr. Ferrier (and of another friend) communicated verbally while Mrs. Claughton was actually on her journey, and in writing before the incidents and result of that journey were known. Mr. Lang's account thus reproduces Mrs. Claughton's preliminary statement to Dr. Ferrier, in which some trifling errors have been since corrected in notes by Mrs. Claughton. As to this statement, and the ticket incident especially, Dr. Ferrier writes to me, June 10, 1895: "I do not possess the ticket, but Mrs. Claughton sent it to me, and I gave it up, in order that enquiries might be made about it, as I thought she had perhaps taken two tickets, and that this was the unused one. I saw, but do not possess the letter from the Railway Company stating that the ticket in question was the only one issued by that train from London to Meresby, and that they were not able to account for it not having been given up. I possess the letter from the Curate of Meresby to the Rev. Mr. Johnson, which confirmed in a general way the account given by Mrs. Claughton of her doings there."

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Of the account given to Mr. Lang, Dr. Ferrier says: "It was revised, though not signed by me. I would rather trust to its accuracy than to my present recollection of the circumstances of the case."

III.—The third main document is the account dictated by Mrs. Claughton to Lord Bute, May 17th, 1895, giving for the first time an authentic history of the journey to Meresby. This account is supported by corroborative letters from persons concerned. It will be well to begin with this account as the substantive statement, and to add other papers as corroboration.

Statement made by Mrs. Claughton to the Marquis of Bute.

Mrs. Claughton is constitutionally second-sighted, as are many members of her family, and has had frequent psychical experiences, but has never tried to excite the faculty by artificial means, such as crystal gazing or sitting for raps. She has sat as a joke with her hands on tables which moved, but she cannot tell whether the movement was connected with her.

She was staying in 1893 with her two children at 6, Blake-street, a house belonging to Mrs. Appleby, daughter of the late Mrs. Blackburn (who died after three days' residence, December 22nd, 1878, of a wasting illness, which had lasted three years), but let to Mr. Buckley. They had so done at least five or six times before, during about seven years. Had heard the house was haunted, and may have heard the ghost was Mrs. Blackburn's. Had been told water was found spilt on the floors inexplicably. They arrived on October 4th. About 1.15 a.m., Monday, October 9th, Mrs. Claughton was in bed with one of her children, the other sleeping in the room. Mrs. Claughton had offered to be of any use she could to Miss Buckley, who had arrived from London unwell on the Saturday. She had been asleep, and was awakened by the footsteps of a person coming downstairs, whom she supposed to be a servant coming to call her to Miss Buckley. The steps stopped at the door. The sounds were repeated twice more at the interval of a few moments. Mrs. Claughton rose, lit the candle, and opened the door. There was no one there. She noticed the clock outside was at 1.20. She shut the door, got into bed, read, and leaving the candle burning, went to sleep. Woke up, finding the candle spluttering out. Heard a sound like a sigh. Saw a woman standing by the bed. She had a soft white shawl round the shoulders, held by the right hand towards the left shoulder, bending slightly forwards. Mrs. Claughton thinks the hair was lightish brown, and the shawl partly over the head, but does not remember distinctly, and has no impression of the rest of the dress: it was not grave-clothes. She said, "Follow me." Mrs. Claughton rose, took the candle, and followed her out of the room, across the passage, and into the drawing-room. She has no recollection as to the opening of the doors. The house-maid next day declared that the drawing-room door had been locked by her. On entering the drawing-room, Mrs. Claughton, finding the candle on the point of extinction, replaced it with a pink one from the cheffonier near the door. The figure went nearly to the end of the room, turned three-quarters round, said "to-morrow," and disappeared. Mrs. Claughton returned to the bedroom, where she found the elder child (not the one in the bed) sitting up. It asked, "Who is the lady in white?" Mrs. Claughton thinks

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she answered the child, "It's only me—mother; go to sleep," or the like words, and hushed her to sleep in her arms. The baby remained fast asleep. She lit the gas and remained awake for some two hours, then put out the lights and went to sleep. Had no fear while seeing the figure, but was upset after seeing it. Would not be prepared to swear that she might not have walked in her sleep. Pink candle, partly burnt, in her room in morning. Does not know if she took it burnt or new.

In the morning she spoke to Mr. Buckley, on whose advice she went to ask Dr. Ferrier as to the figure about 3 p.m. He and his wife said the description was like that of Mrs. Blackburn, whom Mrs. Claughton already suspected it to be. Thinks Dr. Ferrier told her that Miss Blackburn (Mrs. Appleby) had seen her mother in the same house. Mrs. Claughton cannot recognise the photograph of Mrs. Blackburn shewn to her by Mr. Y. (who got it from Mrs. M.) She says the figure seemed smaller, and the features much more pinched and attenuated, like those of a person in the last stage of consumption, which was also the general appearance. By his advice, Mr. Buckley put an electric bell under Mrs. Claughton's pillow, communicating with Miss Buckley's room, as Mrs. Claughton determined to sit up that night and watch.

That night Mrs. Claughton sat up dressed, with the gas burning. About 12 she partly undressed, put on dressing-gown and lay down outside bed, gas still burning, and fell asleep reading. Woke up and found the same woman as before, but the expression even more agitated. She bent over Mrs. Claughton and said: "I have come. Listen!" She then made a certain statement and asked Mrs. Claughton to do certain things. Mrs. Claughton said: "Am I dreaming, or is it true?" The figure said something like: "If you doubt me, you will find that the date of my marriage was + + +" (this is the date of the marriage, which took place in India, of Mrs. Blackburn to Mr. Blackburn, who is alive and married again. Mrs. Claughton first learned the corroboration of the date from Dr. Ferrier on the following Thursday). After this Mrs. Claughton saw a man standing on Mrs. B.'s left hand—tall, dark, well-made, healthy, sixty years old, or more, ordinary man's day clothes, kind, good expression. A conversation ensued between the three, in course of which the man stated himself to be George Howard, buried in Meresby Churchyard (Mrs. Claughton had never heard of Meresby or of George Howard), and gave the dates of his marriage + + + and death + + + [Entries of these dates seen by me in Mrs. Claughton's pocket-book, as torn out and lent to me.—F. W. H. M.] He desired Mrs. Claughton to go to Meresby and verify these dates in the registers, and, if found correct, to go to the church at the ensuing 1.15 a.m. and wait at the grave therein (S.W. corner of S. aisle) of Richard Hart, died + + +, ætat +. She was to verify this reference also in the registers. He said her railway-ticket would not be taken, and she was to send it along with a white rose from his grave to Dr. Ferrier. Forbade her having any previous communication with the place, or going in her own name. Said Joseph Wright, a dark man, to whom she should describe him, would help her. That she would lodge with a woman who would tell her that she had a child (drowned) buried in the same churchyard. When Mrs. Claughton had done all this, she should hear the rest of the

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history. Towards the end of the conversation, Mrs. Claughton saw a third phantom, of a man whose name she is not free to give, in great trouble, standing, with hands on face (which he afterwards lowered, showing face), behind Mrs. Blackburn's right. The three disappeared. Mrs. Claughton rose and went to the door to look out at the clock, but was seized with faintness, returned and rang the electric bell. Mr. Buckley found her on the ground. She was able to ask the time, which was about 1.20. Then fainted, and the Buckleys undressed her and put her to bed.

That morning, Tuesday, Mrs. Claughton sent for Dr. Ferrier, who corroborated certain matters so far as she asked him, and ascertained for her the date of Mrs. Blackburn's marriage (she received his note of the date on Thursday). She went to the Post Office, and found that "Meresby" existed. Returned, and ascertained that it is in Suffolk, and so wrote that evening to Dr. Ferrier, and went to London with her daughters that (Thursday) evening.

Friday night, Mrs. Claughton dreamt that she arrived at 5 after dusk, that a fair was going on, and that she had to go to place after place to get lodgings. Also, she and her eldest daughter dreamt that she would fail if she did not go alone. Went to station for 12 noon train on Saturday. Went to refreshment room for luncheon, telling porter to call her in time. He went by mistake to waiting room, and she missed train and had to wait (going to the British Museum, where she wrote her name in Jewel Room) until 3.5, as stated. [Hours of trains slightly altered.—F. W. H. M.] House where she finally found lodgings that of Joseph Wright, who turned out to be the Parish Clerk. She sent for the curate by porter, to ask as to consulting registers, but as he was dining out he did not come till after she had gone to bed. Sunday morning, Mrs. Wright spoke to her about her drowned child buried in the churchyard. Went to forenoon service, and immediately afterwards went into vestry and verified the registers; described George Howard to Joseph Wright, who had known him and recognised description; then was taken by Joseph Wright to the graves of Richard Hart and George Howard. On the latter there is no stone, but three mounds surrounded by a railing overgrown with white roses. She gathered rose for Dr. Ferrier, as had been directed. Walk and talk with curate, who was not sympathetic. After luncheon went with Mrs. Wright and walked round Howard's house (country house in park). Attended evening service, and afterwards, while watching the lights put out and the church furniture covered up, wondered if she would have nerve to go on. Back to supper; afterwards slept and had dream of a terrorizing character, whereof has full written description. Dark night, hardly any moon, a few stars. To church with Joseph Wright at 1 a.m., with whom searched interior and found it empty. At 1.20 was locked in alone, having no light; had been told to take Bible, but had only Church-service, which she had left in vestry in the morning. Waited near grave of Richard Hart. Felt no fear. Received communication, but does not feel free to give any detail. No light. History begun at Blake Street then completed. Was directed to take another white rose from George Howard's grave, and give it personally to his daughter (unmarried—living at Hart Hall), and to remark her likeness to him. About 1.45 Joseph Wright knocked and let Mrs. Claughton out.

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Went to George Howard's grave and gathered rose for Miss Howard, as had been directed. Home and bed, and slept well for the first time since first seeing Mrs. Blackburn.

Next day went and sketched church and identified grave of Mrs. Rowe, on whose grave, she had been told in church, she would find a message for herself. The words engraved are + + +

Then called on Miss Howard and recognised strong likeness to her father—carried out all things desired by the dead to the full, as had been requested. Has had no communication from any of them since. Nothing since has appeared in Blake Street. The wishes expressed to her were not illogical or unreasonable, as the ratiocination of dreams often appears, but perfectly rational, reasonable, and of natural importance.

Signed by MRS. CLAUGHTON, *May 17th*, 1895.

Copy of Memoranda for journey made by Mrs. Claughton.

Go to Meresby. Railway ticket not asked for. Porter to have one of K.'s names [*i.e.*, to have as a surname the Christian name of one of Mrs. Claughton's daughters,—which turned out to be the case.—F.W.H.M.]

Ask for marriage register of George Howard. Find out last day the name Mrs. T.

Find grave in churchyard with white roses.

Send white rose to Dr. Ferrier.

Ask on arrival at Meresby for Mr. Francis. [The gentleman so designated was concerned in the private matters; was found as predicted.—F.W.H.M.]

Dark man Wright—big fresh-coloured healthy fellow—will help me in what I have to do.

Find grave of Richard Hart in church.

Verify home of Mr. Howard.

Verify village—village fair going on. [There was a fair going on in Meresby, as predicted.—F.W.H.M.]

Church standing far away by itself. [Found true.—F.W.H.M.]

Stay in house of woman whose boy is buried in same churchyard as Mr. Howard. [Found when in house that boy was so buried.—F.W.H.M]

Watch in church by Mr. Hart's grave. Dark man—Wright—to take me there.

Mr. Andrew Lang's statement.

1, Marloes-road, Kensington, W.

October 17th, 1893.

[The sentences in square brackets are added by Mrs. Claughton, slightly correcting Mr. Lang's account.]

I send the following narrative, not for its value as evidence, but because it enables us to take a ghost half volley, as it were, the adventure being, to my knowledge, at this moment incomplete. The proceedings of the ghost, it will be remarked, are *vieux jeu*, and such as we seldom meet in modern science. The tale was told to me orally, last night (October 16th) by a gentleman whom I shall call Dr. Ferrier. He is connected, as trustee, with the haunted house. To-day he brought me his narrative written out partly

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by himself, partly by Mrs. Ferrier, and he added some facts *viva voce*. Here begins his M.S. with all names altered. A. L.

Statement by Dr. Ferrier.

Mrs. Elizabeth Blackburn died at 5 a.m., on December 22nd, 1878, in 6, Blake-street, into which she had moved only a few days previously. Her disease was chronic diarrhœa of long standing. Her children stayed on in the house till the eldest girl married Mr. Appleby in 1880. The eldest son informed me that they frequently heard strange noises in the house during the night. The house was empty for a time, then tenanted for five years, during which no noises are reported. The house again was empty till Lady Day, 1888, when the present occupier, Mr. Buckley, entered. His mother and two sisters, on their entry, were much alarmed by sounds as if of heavy steps on the stair-case, which is of stone. This lasted for three years, but was never heard by Mr. Buckley. A few months after the family entered water burst out in the front area, from the breaking of a water main.[1] About two years after the affair of the main, Miss Buckley was in the attic, kneeling by a trunk, when she felt some water "switched" at her. She thought it was a practical joke of her brother's, but he was not in the room. A small pool of water was on the floor where she stood, and the wall beyond was sprinkled. Soon after, as Mr. Buckley went upstairs in the dark, carrying an ink bottle and some pens, he found his hand wet. He thought it must be ink, but on getting to the light found it was clean water; there was a little pool of water on the stair where this occurred, but no sign of damp on the ceiling above.

For almost two years since this occurred no noises have been heard.

In October, 1893, a Mrs. Claughton came to stay in the house. She had frequently been a visitor, and, on one occasion, when nursing Mrs. Buckley (*mère*), had heard footsteps coming and going on the stairs. In this last visit (October, 1893) she began to hear footsteps and the dragging of a heavy weight on the stairs about 1 a.m. [October 8th. No footsteps or anything peculiar was heard till the Sunday night. Mrs. Claughton went to stay in the house the previous Tuesday.] She was awakened by a chill wind blowing across her face, though window and door were shut, and it was a calm still night. On the night of October 8th and 9th, after hearing the noises and feeling the wind, she opened her eyes, and saw leaning over her the figure of a woman, who was looking at her intently and very sadly.[2] The woman said in a distinct voice, "follow me," whereon Mrs. Claughton rose and followed her into the next room, the drawing-room.[3] She took her bed-room candle which was flickering in the socket, and, in the drawing-room, paused to replace it by a pink candle from a table. She then saw that the figure had reached the further end of the drawing-room; the figure turned her

[1] Water is only carried up to the first floor. There is an unused system of hot air pipes. The sounds lasted after the main was mended. [Note by A. L.]

[2] Mrs Claughton describes the appearance as very emaciated, sad and kindly of expression, the head swathed in a ramchudder shawl. [Note by A. L.]

[3] Mrs. C.'s account of this is that the figure passed through the locked door. How she entered herself she does not recollect. [Note by A. L.]

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head, said, in a distinct voice, "to-morrow," and vanished. Mrs. Claughton returned to her room, and heard no more that night.[1]

The woman came to her bedside on the following night, and, after making her take most solemn oaths of secrecy, [made her a certain communication, and asked her to do certain things.] Mrs. C. was to go to a place of which she had never heard, to a house and a man whom the figure described. This man would help her in what she had to do, including a nocturnal visit to a church where she would receive some information.

The Buckleys were wakened by the alarum wildly pealed, and found Mrs. Claughton in a swoon on her bed. [Mrs. Claughton said she had been asked to go to a place, the name of which she had never before heard.] Dr. Ferrier recommended her to consult a postal guide for the name of the place which she did not communicate to him. She did, however, ask Mr. Buckley if he had ever heard of such a place as Meresby (not the real name), and it is as obscure as a village can be, and within four to five hours of London.

Mrs. Claughton left the town where these events occurred on October 11th for London, meaning to visit Meresby as soon as possible. Here my information ceases, except that her governess in town (after her arrival there), was disturbed all night by moans, laments, and sounds as of an electric machine out of order (October 13th). Mrs. C. had asked Dr. Ferrier for the [date] of Mrs. Blackburn's marriage. He sent her a note from Mrs. Appleby, giving place and date.

Mrs. Claughton at once showed Mr. Buckley and Dr. Ferrier that date noted in her diary.

In a later letter, dated October 26th, 1893, Mr. Lang writes:—

There is now no doubt that Mrs. Claughton did all she says. She went, on October 14th, to a very remote small place. The parish clerk there and the curate (the rector being off duty from age), corroborate things in written statements.[2] She says she reached the place I call "Meresby" in the evening, went to the clerk named by ghost, and asked for parish registers. She saw these on Sunday (October 15th) after Matins. There she found entries (she says) corresponding with those given by ghosts. The curate, of course, can only say she searched for those names, which I need not give. She expressed satisfaction. She passed some time in the church at 1—2 a.m. (after midnight), the clerk remaining outside. She then emerges, all happened as she expected. She asked the clerk to take her to the grave of [George Howard,] one of the parties in the register; he died in the same year as ghost (Mrs. Blackburn). [It was the grave where she went after church in the morning. It was too dark for her to find her way without the clerk's guidance.] There she plucked a white rose and went back to bed.

So far clerk and curate.

[Mrs. Claughton has said to no one what happened in the church.] Here comes a curious thing. Originally she said (Dr. Ferrier remembers it) that she saw more than one phantasm, [three persons] on the *second* night, October

[1] On the following morning she consulted Dr. Ferrier. He advised her to change her room, which she disdained as cowardly. He suggested fixing up an electric alarm in her room, which was done. [Note by A. L.]

[2] I have seen curate's and clerk's reports. [Note by A. L.]

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9th, when she rang the alarum. One of these was owner of the said grave. *That* ghost bade her go and see his daughter, [and that in her face she, Mrs. Claughton, would see the likeness to her father.] Mrs. Blackburn only sent vague messages of forgiveness, and it was *she* who insisted on the flower-plucking. On Monday, October 16th, Mrs. Claughton called on daughter of owner of grave (at Meresby), and gave the ghost's message. She lives some way outside of the little village. Mrs. Claughton describes this lady's father [to her, and the lady said the description was that of her father.] The clerk corroborates fact of visit to the daughter. Mrs. Claughton returned to town on the following day. [She travelled up in the same carriage as a lady and gentleman and a child, who she afterwards found had been staying at the Rectory. The child was cold, and Mrs. Claughton lent her a jacket, and then entered into conversation, they saying they had been staying at Meresby Rectory.] Mrs. Claughton has no natural knowledge of the place or parties. [Mrs. Claughton feels relief that she has been able to carry out satisfactorily what she had undertaken,] and is apparently convinced she saw phantasms [either in a dream or reality].

A. L.

By the way, spectres throwing water occur in some of your society's reports (*Proceedings* XIX. 189), and in old books. This occurred not to Mrs. Claughton but to her friends, before her adventure.

The clerk of the parish of "Meresby" states that Mrs. Claughton correctly described one of their local ghosts as he was when alive, though nobody knows how she even knew of his existence. Neither this latter ghost nor Mrs. Blackburn seems to have been known to Mrs. Claughton. [Mrs. Claughton was in England in 1878, in the same place, as far as she can remember, as where Mrs. Blackburn died, only she did not know her.]

Copies from tombstones in Meresby Churchyard.

(1) To teach self-sacrifice and simple faith this stone recalls the sweet memory of Constance, the dearly-loved wife of Thomas Carden; born May 2nd, 1851; died, 17th January, 1891.

"And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

(2) Richard Hart, Esq., 15th May, 1745, aged 67 years.

(3) Marriage. George Howard, merchant, November 7th, 1839, Hatcham; died August 7th, 1878, aged 72.

Statement by the Clerk of Meresby, written out October 22nd, 1893.

I am clerk of the Parish of Meresby. On Saturday evening, October 14th, a lady who gave the name of Claughton, after going to several places for lodgings, came to my house, accompanied by porter with luggage. I accommodated the lady with lodgings. She told me that she wanted to look at the church registers, and did I think the curate would come and speak to her at my house. I told her I thought he would, as she would like to see them on Sunday. The lady then sent note by porter to curate, who was just going out to dinner so did not come till about half-past eleven, when lady had retired to bed. He asked me to apologise to her for not coming before, but would be happy for her to see registers on Sunday morning after service.

The lady came to morning service, and afterwards came to vestry and asked for registers of Richard Hart and George Howard, also giving descrip-

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tion of George Howard, which was quite correct, and dates of registers also corresponded with those in the lady's journal. I then showed her the tombstone of Richard Hart, and also the grave of George Howard. Curate refusing to assist lady any further, the lady asked me whether I would accompany her to the church at twenty minutes past one Monday morning. I told her I could not give a decided answer just then, but would do so after evening service. Spoke to curate upon the matter after service. He told me that he should not have any more to do with it, but that I could do as I liked. I then told the lady I would do as requested. At a quarter to one o'clock I called her. We then proceeded to the church, and after looking all around the interior, I left the lady in the church at twenty past one o'clock in total darkness, locking the door on the outside. At twenty minutes to two o'clock, by the lady's request, I gave three slight taps on the door, unlocked it, when the lady came out. We then went to grave of George Howard, where the lady plucked some roses. We then returned, reaching home at about two o'clock.

(Signed) JOSEPH WRIGHT,
Parish Clerk.

Meresby, *October 22nd.*

Letter from the Clerk of Meresby.

Meresby, *October 22nd*, 1893.

DEAR MADAM,—I have sent my statement, which I have made out to the best of my abilities. I saw the curate last evening. He showed me a letter that came from a man by the name of Johnson, of Barton, asking for particulars about you[1], and also whether I took you to the church on Saturday night or Sunday morning, he put it, but, unfortunately, this letter was sent to the vicarage, and, of course, the vicar was not supposed to know anything about it. The curate seemed to be rather annoyed about it going there, as it was decided to keep it a secret. Hoping that you arrived home quite safe, —I remain yours obediently,

JOSEPH WRIGHT,
Parish Clerk.

Letter from Mr. Buckley to Mrs. Claughton.

DEAR MRS. CLAUGHTON,—There was a ghost before you came to stay in the house. We took the house in ignorance of its reputation, and were only told of it when we ourselves wanted to account for certain noises—walking up and down stairs at night, etc., etc.

The water throwing business was as follows :—

My sister L. went up into the garrets or attics about 9 o'clock one evening, with a candle in her hand, to get something from an old chest. Water was thrown obliquely across the room, nearly extinguishing the candle, wetting her hand, and leaving an oblique splash on the wall. There was a pool of water on the floor as well.

My sister was alarmed at this, as she knew no one was in the room or on that story with her. I was called to investigate it, and found everybody in the house ready to establish clearly that they were none of them above the drawing-room at that moment, except my brother who came first to my sister when she called out.

[1] A gentleman whom Dr. Ferrier had asked to inquire as to Mrs. Claughton's proceedings, so as to check her own account.—F. W. H. M.

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My own experience is as follows :—

I went upstairs one evening about 9 o'clock, and on the bedroom landing water was thrown at me wetting my hand and falling on the floor, which was covered by oil-cloth, or linoleum.

I ran into each room and found nobody—upstairs into the attic—and found nobody—and then went down and accounted for everybody in the sitting-rooms and basement. There were no wet marks on ceilings in either case.—Yours sincerely,

July, 1895. W. BUCKLEY.

Statement by Mrs. Claughton's governess.

I was sitting at needlework in the schoolroom last night (Friday, October 13th,) at about 11 o'clock. Mrs. Claughton was in her room, the door shut, the servants all in bed. I heard some one crying or rather sobbing, very low but *very* distinctly, as if their heart would break. I immediately thought of Hilda and went half way downstairs when I found her door wide open and all perfectly still. I returned to my work, the sobbing continued, like a woman's or a girl's voice. I thought it strange that one could hear so distinctly through the walls, but determined it must be from next door and thought no more about it.

I was awakened from my first sleep by loud moans which seemed to fill the room and come from every part. As soon as I was awake they ceased. Oddly enough, I did not feel a bit frightened, but made up my mind that it was a sudden gust of wind. I sat right up in bed and listened. All was perfectly still, till I heard a very odd sound overhead like some electric battery gone wrong and broken. I thought of thieves, then remembered that the telegraph wires are fixed to this house, but thought it odd I should hear them, having the nurseries over my room. I hesitated whether I should go round the house and see if all were well, but determined to go to sleep again, as the sound was certainly not that of housebreakers. I also thought of a supernatural cause and could find none. I was *wide* awake and sitting up in bed when I heard this strange sound, and not being able to account for it satisfactorily, lay back and went to sleep again. All was so perfectly still in the street and everywhere I should imagine it must have been between the hours of one and two. I slept soundly and was awakened at least three times more always with these fearful moans, which filled the room, always feeling wide awake and each time attributing it to the wind, although when one awoke the sounds ceased and there was not a breath of wind to be heard. Towards morning I *distinctly* heard a very, very heavy footstep overhead and a heavy *thud* as of somebody moving something very cumbersome and heavy. I thought of Richardson and wondered if she had returned without any one knowing. As I knew the nurseries to be locked and the keys (as I *then* thought) in *her* keeping, I sat up again and listened. All was perfectly still. I knew I had *not* been dreaming, and yet could not account for the noise, all being so perfectly still.

I slept again and heard the servants going down, some hours later, and thought no more about my dreams until I saw Miss Claughton after breakfast. Mrs. Claughton had talked of Spiritualism during breakfast, yet

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this did not bring my night's experience to my memory. It only all came back link by link when I saw Miss Claughton and told her.

Saturday, *October* 14*th*, 1893. (Signed) MARIE GIRAUD.

The third series of narratives suggesting an unseen protection or guidance comes from a witness of whose veracity and memory Mr. G. A. Smith, who interviewed him for Mr. Gurney in Florida as long ago as November, 1886, formed a very high opinion (see *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 325). Mr. Smith's account, and some other recommendations received of Mr. Skilton, led Mrs. Sidgwick to print some of his experiences. (*loc. cit.*) Some subsequent correspondence has confirmed the impression, and although the following incidents are remote and uncorroborated, I think that they should be printed here.

Writing from Daytona, Florida, October 20, 1895, Mr. Skilton tells me that the statements sent to Professor James were "written down along as they occurred."

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Mr. Skilton, writing from Jacksonville, Florida, November 10th, 1890, sends to Professor James the following additional incidents "noted down in my memorandum."

1. In giving this incident of my life in which I was guided by some very mysterious influence beyond my control, I feel as though my life and acts had been of some good and benefit to my fellow man. Being sick with the mumps for some time and severe, I was confined to my room about three weeks, but one morning feeling able to go to the R.R. Depot, I started out; my folks telling me I must not go away, as it was raining and bad weather. However, I went on to the depot and the first train that came in was a construction train out picking up iron and ties along the road, and I very strangely went off dead-head on the train for a distance of twenty miles where they went on the side track to let the express pass them, as they were nearly due, and a very fast train of about seven cars, and did not make this a stopping place. As this working-train had backed in so as to clear the main track, and the switch set for the main track, the conductor told the forward breakman to go up to open the switch, meaning after the express had passed; he then went with the engineer to the carboose car for some purpose, but the brakeman went direct to the switch and changed it to the side track, which of course the conductor nor engineer knew nothing about. Just about this time I heard the express coming, and saw the switch wrong, and the brakeman standing at it. I tried every way in my power to get him to change it, but could not. I then started and ran to change it myself, but just before I got to it, I fell down by some means, but got up again and changed the switch just as the engine of the express was coming on to the rails, and saved the terrible collision.

The engineer on the express stopped his train, after running by some distance, and, backing up, called on the conductor and engineer to know what that meant, but they, not having seen it, were in a puzzle to know

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what was going on; but after being told what had happened, the question came up, who changed the switch and saved the train? I told them I did. They then wanted to know what I was doing on that train. I told them I was a dead-head on it; but for what purpose I did not know, as I ought not to have come away from home that day, as I had been quite sick; but I thought it was all right as I had done a good thing. The engineer on the express says, "Yes, you have saved my life and many others," and then turning to conductor and engineer on the working train said, "You had better keep a dead-head on your train all the time."

Now for an explanation of what that brakeman thought he was doing would puzzle the oldest heads that know anything about railroad management!

I went home on that working train that night, and felt justified, though I had gone away without any purpose; and many times since, in meeting this engineer of the express, he would say, "you are the man that saved my life."

This happened before I had learned the art of railroading, but as for any remuneration or favour, I never received as much as a "thank you" from the R. R. Co. for what I did.

2. I do not call this a premonition; you can style it what you think proper.

As an introduction to it, I would say that I have been engaged a great part of my life as a locomotive engineer, and this happened while engaged in that business. I was engaged with two other men one day about two o'clock p.m. in taking out some evergreen trees from a box car to take home and set out; they were large and heavy; I had to run the car up on the switch rails to get them out; but as there was no train due till forty minutes I would have plenty of time to get them out, and push the car back out of the way. There had been a great deal of other freight put in the car after mine was, so it was necessary to take out some of it before I could get at mine. I opened the car door, and a barrel of eggs fell out on the ground, and just at that instance I saw a medium-sized person standing at my right hand clothed in white with a bright countenance, beaming with intelligence. I knew what he wanted in an instant, although he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Come with me." We moved upward, and a little to the south-east with the speed of lightning, as it were; I could see the hills, trees, buildings and roads as we went up side by side till they vanished out of our sight. As we passed on, this glorious being that was with me told me he was going to show me that bright heavenly world. We soon came to a world of light and beauty, many thousand times larger than this earth, with at least four times as much light. The beauties of this place were beyond any human being to describe. I was seated by the tree of life on a square bunch of what appeared to be a green velvet moss, about eighteen inches high; there I saw many thousands spirits clothed in white, and singing the heavenly songs, and I could think of but one verse that I had ever heard that would do justice to this heavenly music, and that is this, "Hark what sweet music, what a song Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!" for it was the sweetest song I have ever heard. I here told my attendant that it was the first time I had ever been perfectly at rest in my

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life. They did not converse by sound, but each knew the other s thoughts at the instant, and conversation was carried on in that way, and also with me.

After viewing the wonderful beauties of the place for some time and the thousands of spirits, robed in spotless white, passing through the air, for they did not confine themselves to the surface, but went every direction as they pleased, I wanted to see my dear mother, two sisters, and a child of mine that had died some time before this. The request was granted at once, but I was not allowed to converse with them. They were standing in a row in front of me, and I looked at them and coolly estimated the distance we were apart at thirty feet, and wondered how these things could be. They seemed very much pleased to see me, and I shall never forget how they welcomed me when I first saw them, although no conversation passed. About this time my attendant told me we must go back ; I wished to stay, but he told me my time had not come yet, but would in due time, and that I should wait with patience. At this we started back, and were soon out of sight of that heavenly land. When we came in sight of this world, I saw everything as it looked from a great height, such as trees, buildings, hills, roads, and streams, as natural as could be, till we came to the car that I had opened the door, and I found myself there in the body, and he vanished out of my sight. I spoke then (just as I opened my watch and found it had been just twenty-six minutes that I had been engaged with that mysterious one), and said I thought I had left this world for good. One of the men said, "There is something the matter with you ever since you opened the car door ; we have not been able to get a word out of you," and that I had done all the work of taking out everything and putting it back into the car, and one item was eight barrels of flour I had taken off the ground alone and put them back in the car, three feet and a half high, with all the ease of a giant. I told them where I had been and what I had seen, but they had seen no one.

This I count the brightest day of my life, and what I saw is worth a lifetime of hardship and toil. Being in good health, and in my right mind in mid-day, while busy about my work, and my mind not more than ordinarily engaged on the great subject of eternal life, I consider this a most extraordinary incident. I was told by this mysterious person that if we are counted worthy at death, we shall be accompanied to that bright world by one of those glorious beings, and this is my firm belief.

A Dream.

3. Being engaged running a locomotive with a local freight train for some time, and there were several working or construction trains on the same road, and one in particular that was very difficult to run and not get in the way of other working trains, which offence would suspend the conductor and engineer, or one of them at least ; and what made it still more complicated was that they had to run over several miles of another road where there were many more trains to look after, as both roads ran over the same track. After trying three or four conductors and engineers and all got discharged or suspended for thirty or sixty days, the road master came to me to take the engine I was running, and go and try it without a conductor, and have charge of a large number of men as gang boss, working the men, keeping their time mileage of the cars loaded and light, conducting the

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train, running the engine, and receiving all telegraph orders, making a report each day of all I had done, and all that transpired—being stationed out on the road at a small town.

After running it about two weeks, I dreamed one night that there was a collision at that station of the fast express with the through freight train, and that the engines were terribly broken up and passenger coaches, with many killed and many more badly hurt. When I awoke, it was very vivid in my mind, worried me throughout the day, but nothing happened; but the next morning when I was ready to go, the through freight train was late, and came down, passing the station seven minutes on the express time (one of the most reckless things they could have done, as it was in a cut, and on a sharp curve where the express always came through at full speed). My engine was standing over on the second side track with its train. Just then I heard the express whistle for the station,—I saw my dream in an instant, with all its horror, but, not supposing there was any chance to save them, I took a red flag and ran out on the track and stopped the freight by my signals, as I ran down the track towards the express, as it was in the curve. As soon as the engineer saw the flag, he did all in his power to stop. The two engines came within about ten feet of each other, as they stopped.

Now without any one to have flagged them, there is no telling what the result would have been, as there were nine coaches, with all that could stand up inside and out on the platforms, and no one else that could have flagged the trains, as they were not there to do it if I had not done it. The dream had aroused my mind so thoroughly that I was on the look out for anything of the kind to happen; otherwise I should not have paid any attention to them, as I was not in the habit of meddling with other trains when mine was out of the way. This was looked at by those interested there at that time as a matter of chance, or luck, as some would have it—just happened to be so, but if they [had] known what I did about it and had their mind taxed as heavily as I did the day before, they would have thought different; for I practically knew of it more than twenty-four hours before it came, and had it in my power to save it, and did it with joy.

I attribute this to the power of an unseen agent that worked upon my mind so effectually as to entirely avoid the terrible accident that might have sent many to their long home.

How I Saved a Dreadful Collision.

4. I was once engaged as engineer on a fast express, and it became necessary to change the time card on the R. R., as they put on another express train which was to meet the train I ran at the point I took it, and in changing the time they changed some of the most important rules in running the road, and not making them quite as explicit as they should. When the first day came for us to meet there, the new train did not come. After waiting the usual time for the variation for watches, the conductor gave the signal to go, but I shook my head. He stepped into the office and reported me to the superintendent (who was there) immediately, saying he would not have an engineer that would not go when he told him to. The superintendent came out and asked what was the matter. I said he had no right to go according to the time-card, but he called me into the office with several other men, who all said I was wrong. The superintendent said he had made

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the time-card and knew his business. But after parleying fifteen minutes, and getting myself in a position to be discharged promptly, and all parties being in a bad humour, I asked the superintendent to read over the rules that related to meeting station, which he promptly said he would do, and show me where I stood. He picked up a new time-card and began reading the rules, but not coming to the one he wanted to, he was some time in getting to it, and just using up the time, as I wanted him to, and before he got quite to the rule he wanted to show me, I heard the familiar whistle of the fast train up the grade about a mile. I tapped him on the shoulder with my hand and said, "That settles it." I ran out and just succeeded in backing my train down the grade out of the way. I then went to the superintendent and asked him what he thought about the time-card. He said, "You have saved us one of the greatest collisions that was ever had on a R. R." He says, "I can't see how you could see anything in the time-card that would hold you so against such odds and men of experience, as to utterly refuse to go out." I told him the time-card was not very plain, and would not have kept me from obeying orders. "My will was to do just what you wanted, but there was a very strong impression on my mind that there was wrong in starting, which grew intense as the conductor gave the signal; it appeared to reach a point just at that time that it would have been impossible to have got me to go." Although I was cool and quiet in the midst of derision, I had faith to believe that my impression, come from what source it would, was able to carry me through, and I determined to follow it at all hazards, and it brought me out in triumph.

The superintendent then said, "For this act, I will never find fault with you hereafter,"—and he never did. The conductor that evening said, "You are worthy of a pension, I will never dispute you on the rights of trains again."

Now this kind of a glorious informant, or a sure knowing of things not yet happened, has been with me all of my railroad life, and has never failed me in any instance, but has saved my life many times.

5. I was once firing a locomotive that was hauling iron over another road to lay its track of. It was a fine new passenger engine, with large driving wheels for making fast time, just from the builder's shop, and I thought I had been very lucky to get so good a situation as to be fireman on so good a locomotive.

Two nights before leaving with the train, I dreamed that the engine and train ran through the shallow cut, and came out on the top of a stone bridge very high, ran across the bridge and turned over down the bank some seventy feet into the river. I was stopping with a very intelligent Christian family, and I told my dream to the lady of the house. She appeared to be very deeply interested in it, and told me I was going to get killed. I told her I had an assurance in my dream that I would not get hurt, that I had great faith in. She tried to persuade me not to go out at all with the train, but I did not heed her warning, and when the time came to go out with the train, I went. When we had got about fourteen miles out, and were running pretty fast down grade through a shallow cut, I all at once saw a large number of men on the track which the engineer could not see, as he was near-sighted, but I told him to stop as soon as possible, but we soon got so near as to see that the men had taken up

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the track and rolled out the large timbers that lay from the stone bridge off on the high embankment, making a kind of ditch over two feet deep and fifty feet long. But, as it happened, they had got but one of the timbers out on one side which made it still worse for turning over the engine. The engineer set about stopping the train with all his might, but to no purpose, as the track was wet, and he soon jumped off and left the engine. I thought it could be stopped and saved, and I stayed on and reversed the engine, and put on all the steam and whistle brakes. By this time I was on the bridge, and no chance to get off. I failed to stop the engine, and it ran into the place dug out, just off the end of the bridge, and turned over on the heavy wall laid up to keep the embankment from washing away. As it was a long way down, it had to make two complete turns to reach the bottom. The first time it went over, it blew off the top of the boiler, with a tremendous explosion. As the wall was as steep as a Gothic roof, I had more than I could do to keep my feet in going down through with the engine, tender, and wood jack screws, pinch bars, and tools, all after me, and almost on me. The bottom of the river was a solid rock with six inches of water on it. I got through with but one small scratch.

I went up and measured the bridge, and found it two hundred feet long, with five arches in it, made of cut stone, and fifty-four feet perpendicular, and seventy feet on the slope, where the engine rolled down.

As soon as I got up out of the river, I looked back, and saw my dream, just as it looked to me when I was dreaming.

Not being familiar with the road, I could not locate any such a place, but when I came to try the realities of it, I saw the place just as I dreamed it, and every part of this dream came true, just as I saw it.

I went back to my boarding place the same evening, and told the landlady that the locomotive had turned over into the river, and was nearly destroyed, but that I was all right.

This was my first dream of this kind, which was afterwards repeated four times more in different places and circumstances, and came out just the same; so that I had a knowledge of two days ahead of just what was going to happen each time, by some mysterious agency or guardian spirit. It is my candid belief that this guardian continued with me day and night as long as I ran a locomotive, always directing me in the right, where it would have been possible for me to have done wrong; and where others did wrong and I would suffer by it, I escaped in every instance. In this case, if the flagman had put out his flag before taking up the track, all would have been well.

6. I give this narrative of my life from an actual occurrence, to show that there is in many cases an unseen agency governing the mind, actions, and labours of some, to their own great advantage, and safety of others.

I was running an engine on a fast night train ; I had been running the same train about five years ; at one point on the road there was an outer switch that we passed after whistling for the station at full speed. I don't remember in all that time of slowing up the train in the least, for it, this siding, was used for broken cars and stock cars out of season for using them, and usually had from fifteen to thirty cars on it; at the time I relate, it had twenty-six cars on it. We usually passed it at a speed of fifty miles an hour, and sometimes more than that, although we always stopped at the station,

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which was a half mile further on. I never felt any fear as to its safety, but one night, leaving home, the thought came to my mind that that switch was wrong, but I tried to put it off and not think of it, but it disturbed me considerable.

When the train came for me to take, it was fifty minutes late, and no time to lose for anything along the road. I started, willing to make up all the time I could over my part of the route. But this switch bore heavily on my mind as being wrong, and the nearer I got to it, the stronger the impression, till at last I made up my mind that it would not break up the R. R. Co. to stop and see. I whistled for the station and put on the breaks, and stopped the train and as the head light gave a good light for some yards ahead, I could distinctly see the switch wrong ; I got off and went ahead to change it and found it locked. Just then the conductor had got off the train, and wanted to know what I had stopped there for ; I told him I thought I would shut up that switch before I ran over it. He says, "How did you know it was wrong ?" I said I did not know it, but have had it on my mind all night so far that it was wrong, and thought I would stop and see, to satisfy my curiosity. He said, "You have done a good thing—saved your life and all the rest of us, besides the engine and train."

Now this circumstance has given me great satisfaction to look back to and see how wonderfully my mind was wrought upon by some unseen agency that would not let me shake off the impression, but kept enforcing it more and more. From this may we not make up our minds that we are many times saved from a dreadful fate or accident ? Such has been my experience many, very many times.

7. In September, 1859, being an engineer running a fast train on a through western road, and being at the west end of my route on Saturday night, September 3rd, where I arrived about twelve at night ; on retiring I had a very interesting dream, and as I had had two before of the same kind at different places which came true to the letter, it made this all the more interesting to me. I dreamed that I was running this fast train going west, and that it was nearly an hour late, and I was trying to make up all the time I could, and just as I was about half way between two stations, which were eight miles apart and on the smoothest track on the whole road, the engine ran off on the north side of the track, and turned over in the night, and when it stopped I was sitting on one of the driving wheels with my feet down between the spokes, and in the darkness a person of medium stature, dressed in white, came down from heaven, a little from a south-east direction, not straight down, with a span of white horses and a black carriage, and took me off the driving wheel of the locomotive as it lay on its side, and put me in the carriage, and went up a little south-easterly from straight up ; this was the end of the dream ; but I awakened and it worked my mind very much, so that I slept but little more that night, and during the Sabbath my mind was wonderfully worked upon to know what this meant ; for I had faith to believe it would come to pass.

I told no one, but it worried me very much. On Monday morning, September 5th, I took the fast express back to the other end of my route where I lived, and where I arrived about 1 p.m. At 9.40 my time came to go west again at night. The train was fifty-four minutes late. As usual

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the conductor said, "Make up all you can," which was equivalent to saying, "run as fast as you dare ride." I left with all speed, and had not told my wife or family of my dream. When about forty miles out, and making about as fast time as I ever ran, which was some more than a mile a minute, and just at the place of running off in my dream, the engine struck a horse which went under and threw off the forward trucks, which very soon resulted in turning over the engine in the very place I had dreamed. Its speed was so great, and on level ground, that it slid over fifty feet after it lay on its side. It being one of the darkest nights I ever saw, about 11 p.m., it was impossible to do anything. However, I reversed the engine the moment it left the track, but did not shut off steam. It turned over, and when it fetched up and stopped, I found myself sitting on the driving wheel, with my feet down through between the spokes, with my under jaw broken, and three ribs on my left side, and quite a deep gash cut on both sides of my face, with the throttle lever broken off eighteen inches long, and in my hand, which I had not let go of all the time. But the person dressed in white with a shining countenance beaming with intelligence, I did not see, nor the white horses and black carriage.

It was telegraphed to my wife that I was killed, but she would not believe it.

I got home the next day at five o'clock in the evening, fully believing there was something in some dreams.

Now it seems more of a mystery to me that this dream should come true to the letter till it came down to the very point where I should see the man in white, with carriage and horses, and have that part left out, than it does to have the other part come as dreamed.

My mind was so much disturbed by my dream at one time Monday, that I made up my mind not to go out that night, but let some one else try it ; but I had no sooner got my mind made up than it was changed by some unseen agency, and an assurance given that I had not the least doubt in that I should not be killed or very badly hurt. The all absorbing thought came to my mind that all I needed was faith unwavering, and it came to my mind in great strength. I used to at all times, when starting out with my engine, commit my life and all into the hands of Him who doeth all things well, nothing doubting, and He never failed me in the greatest hour of need and accident many times.

8. Being once placed in such a position that I would have been cut in two by a passing train, I will relate how wonderfully I was saved. It was in this way: I was running an express train as engineer, and it was customary to do a considerable switching of freight cars at each end of the route. As I was at the west end of my run, and had been switching cars till the express was nearly due, and the local freight was just coming in then from the way the express was due, I had a few moments of time, and was packing one of the pumps on the locomotive. I was not quite done when I ran down the track a little to tell the conductor, who was on the passenger coach of the freight train, that I wanted to get by him when he backed in on the cross-over track, as it was called, and he said he would let me by with my engine. I then asked him what passenger car he had on behind which was just next to the one I stood on. He said it was a six

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foot gauge car on our tracks of four foot ten inch gauge. I was going to get off his car, just where I was packing the pump, and finish it as soon as possible, and run up and get by his train, as my train was about due then. As I rode along up to my engine and was about ready to step off at the very place I wanted to, I looked up and saw about thirty feet high a very singular looking person clothed in white, with a wonderful bright countenance beaming with intelligence passing along in the air, just so that if I got off the car where I intended to I could not see it. I became wonderfully interested, and rode on about forty feet farther, and it went out of my sight in an instant. I got off the train just then which was moving along some faster than a man could walk, but as soon as I struck the ground, I saw the situation in an instant. The broad gauge car was passing my engine then (which had an outside frame) with a clearance of only one and a half inches, which would have rolled me in and cut me in two without the least chance to have got away, as I did not see the danger till it was past—if I had not seen this person passing along up in the air. It was wonderful with what force this was pointed out to my mind as soon as I got on the ground, and if I was ever thankful for anything in my life, I was much more for this, knowing my life had been saved by some mysterious agent in such a wonderful interesting way.

I told one of my railroad friends about it, and he said it was imagination. I told him it was a glorious imagination that would save a man's life that way, but that I thought I would be dishonest with myself and more so with my deliverer to attribute it to imagination.

I made a memorandum of it, and said no more about it, feeling it was wrong to trifle with such glorious preservation of life by the Providence of God.

This has occurred four times with me, saving my life in my railroad life, but at no other time was there any one visible, but their influence was powerful. Let the reader judge for himself the source of this, after giving me credit of telling the simple truth just as it happened with me.

It has always been a satisfaction to me to think of this escape, and how nicely it turned out.

My railroading was all done in Ohio and Indiana.

Subliminal inference may have operated in some of these cases;—as, for instance, when Mr. Skilton knew that a six-foot gauge car was on the narrower track.

Not the least remarkable of these incidents is the condition of ecstacy into which Mr. Skilton describes himself as falling during vigorous manual exercise. He writes to me that he has never had any trance save this;—which he regards as "worth a lifetime of hardship and toil."

As I have elsewhere said, I incline to believe that ecstasy is the highest condition into which a spirit still incarnate can pass. The so-called ecstasy of hysteria I regard as merely an instance of the imperfect simulations of various psychical states which the disintegrated personality of the hysteric readily affords. True ecstasy I

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regard as a condition where the centre of consciousness changes from the supraliminal to the subliminal self, and realises the transcendental environment in place of the material. The reminiscence of such a momentary enlightenment I regard as inevitably confused and coloured by pre-existing supraliminal notions. I no more accept Mr. Skilton's picture of the unseen world as exact than I accept Swedenborg's; but I incline to believe that both alike were in truth exalted into an "interior condition" where their perception of the Cosmos, though less distinct and intelligible, was wider and profounder than our own.

In my next case it seems impossible even to suggest any finite mind as the source of intelligence.

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Received through the Rev. C. H. Cope, from Miss I. Young. The account was written in the early part of 1892.

British Institute, 26, Rue de Vienne, Brussels.

In the morning of Friday, March 29th, 1889, after being awakened at my usual hour for rising, I went to sleep again, and dreamt the following :— I was staying with a friend, Mrs. O——, and it was by the sea-side; the house overlooked the sea, the waves nearly washing against the garden wall. It was a bright clear day and I was standing close to the wall, watching in the distance two vessels on the sea, one having left the place I was at, and the other advancing from the opposite shore. To my surprise I saw that neither vessel, as they neared each other, seemed to make room for the other, and then to my horror one dashed into the other, cutting her in half. I saw the boiler burst of the injured vessel, throw up fragments and thick black smoke; I saw the passengers hurled into the water making frantic attempts to save themselves. I especially noticed hats and other things floating on the water, and then suddenly two bodies were washed up at my feet, and I awoke and found it was nearly 8.30 a.m. The dream made a vivid impression on me, and I could not shake off the feeling of horror I had experienced all through it. That same afternoon news came from Ostend of a terrible catastrophe in the Channel, the two vessels, Princesses Henriette and Josephine, crossing *via* Ostend and Dover, had come into collision that same morning at 10 a.m.,[1] the one had cut the other in half just as I had seen it in my dream; indeed, the circumstances were the same. I knew no one on board, but the lady with whom, in my dream, I was staying, had three relatives on board; one was drowned and the other two saved. ISABELLA YOUNG.

The friend with whom Miss Young was staying at the time, Mrs. C. E. Jenkins, writes :—

I certify that the above-mentioned dream was related to me about an hour after she had dreamt it, by Miss Young. M. G. JENKINS.

[1] Really later in the day, as steamers cross about midday.—C. H. COPE.

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In answer to a further question, Mrs. Jenkins writes :—

British Institute, 25, Rue de Vienne, Brussels,
May 3rd, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your card to Mr. Cope, forwarded to me this morning, I beg to confirm that Miss I. G. Young related her dream to me about the collision *before we had heard anything* of it, and that the news came that afternoon.

MELIORA G. JENKINS.
(Hon. Lady Superintendent,
British Institute, Brussels.)

We give below some account of the events, as related in the *Times*.

From the *Times*, March 30th, 1889 (Saturday) :—

"*A Channel Packet Missing.*

"Up to 12 o'clock last night the mail and passenger steamer which left Ostend for Dover at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, had not arrived. The vessel (the Comtesse de Flandre) was due at Dover at 2.30. There was a slight fog close in shore, but the Calais boat, which arrived last evening, reported that it was tolerably clear out in the Channel. Great anxiety was felt at Dover last night as to the steamer's safety, and signal guns were fired at given intervals."

In the second edition of the *Times*, same date as above, the following appears :—

"*Foundering of an Ostend Mail Steamer (from Lloyd's).*

"Lloyd's agent at Ostend telegraphs, under date to-day, 7.30 a.m., that the mail boats the Princess Henriette, from Dover, and the Comtesse de Flandre, from Ostend, were in collision yesterday. The Comtesse de Flandre sank, and 11 of the crew, including captain and mate, and three passengers, were drowned. Mails lost.

"The Comtesse de Flandre was a steamer of 500 tons gross, and left Ostend yesterday morning with mails and passengers for England."

In the *Times*, Monday, April 1st, 1889, a fuller account appears, with names of victims, narratives of survivors, &c. Mr. Algernon Osborn, one of the saved, gives the time of the collision as half-past one. The *Times* account is as follows :—

"*Loss of a Mail Steamer.*

"A collision of a terrible character occurred in the English Channel on Friday afternoon between two of the regular steamers plying between Dover and Ostend. As was announced in the *Times* on Saturday morning, great anxiety was felt at Dover on Friday night when the packet, the Comtesse de Flandre, failed to arrive at her appointed time. The packet started from Ostend at a quarter past 10 on Friday morning for Dover, with 20 passengers and 7 bags of mails. At mid-day the Princess Henriette, a larger and faster boat than the Comtesse de Flandre, left Dover for Ostend with 15 passengers on board. The weather was thick at the time, but not so dense as to render navigation very difficult had all possible precautions been taken. At about a quarter to 2 in the afternoon, the officers of the Comtesse de Flandre saw the Princess Henriette looming through the mist, and before any effort could be made to avert the impending disaster, the Princess Henriette crashed into

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the Comtesse de Flandre's port sponson, cutting clean through the paddle-box into the engine-room. The fore part of the vessel broke right away and sank, the boilers exploding directly after the collision. The whole affair was so terribly sudden that passengers and crew alike were struggling in the water before they had realised fully what had occurred. . . . ."

The account proceeds to describe the steps taken by the Princess Henriette to save life by lowering boats. Four passengers, the captain, the mate, five stokers, three engineers, and one sailor, comprise the list of missing.

In the next case the time-relation of the vision to the actual facts is not quite clear; but there is distinct premonition as to the meeting with the shipwrecked crew.

L. 943.

The following dream, which evidently made a great impression on the dreamer, shows a sufficient amount of correspondence with actual fact both in the time at which it occurred and in detail (black man, schooner in distress) to suggest that it was in some way caused by these facts—and it adds interest to it that it led to the rescue of the distressed men. It is not quite clear how much of Captain Scott's narrative was taken from contemporary notes, and probably no further evidence could be obtained as to this now.

Document I.—From Bishop Hale.

The colony of Western Australia (called at the time the Swan River Settlement) was founded in 1829. Captain Scott must have gone there very shortly after that period.

In the year 1848, I being then Archdeacon of Adelaide, went to Western Australia in attendance upon the Bishop of Adelaide. Captain Scott showed great readiness to assist the Bishop, and both he and I received from him many acts of kindness.

He, one day, told me about his dreams and the circumstances connected therewith. He told it all with such animation and such varying expressions of face that he gave one the idea that the things he spoke of were passing vividly before his mind's eye as he described them.

I was, of course, greatly struck by the narrative and said I should like very much indeed to have it in writing. He said at once that I should have it; he would have the copy of his log, which he had by him, transcribed for me. I received the M.S. a few days afterwards.

His last illness was a long and wearisome one, and the old man was pleased when any friend would look in and sit with him for a time. I was then Bishop of the Diocese, and I was aware that the clergyman of his parish (Fremantle), Mr. Bostock, was in the habit of sometimes taking his seat by the old man's bedside, in addition to the performance of the usual devotional services.

I never had upon my own mind the slightest doubt about the truth of the narrative, but I was quite aware that some persons to whom I might chance to show it might feel doubtful about it, and it occurred to me that Mr.

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Bostock's friendly visits to the old man afforded an excellent opportunity for getting some declaration such as that which he did obtain.

March 9th, 1892. MATHEW B. HALE (Bishop).

Document II.—Captain Scott's Account.

"*June 10th*, 1825.

"On the night of the 7th of June I dreamed that I saw a schooner, and apparently water-logged, with several men in her and a black man among them. On the eighth I dreamed the same and got up and started the mate up aloft. I stayed on deck until daylight. On the 9th the same dream occurred. Got up and altered the ship's course, having passed between Guadeloupe and Antigua, the day previous, and at 8 p.m. heavy squalls with heavy thunder and lightning; shortened sail. Daylight made all sail, fine pleasant weather. On the 10th, at 8 o'clock, altered the ship's course from W.S.W. to S.W. two points for the purpose of ascertaining the true position of the Bird Islands, or to see if these really existed (as on my chart it was marked doubtful). I was at this time very uneasy in my mind, supposing that something was going to happen to my ship. I had related my dream to my mate and passengers, Don Joseph Sevarra, John Poingestre and Wm. Richenburg, Esqrs., merchants at Carthagena, who wrote the circumstances to the Humane Society and to their house in London.

"On the morning of the 10th, at 9.3 a.m., we were all at breakfast, the officer on deck called down the skylight and said that a squall was coming. I immediately repaired on deck to take in the small sails. On looking astern the ship where the squall was coming from, we saw a boat with a large flag flying on an oar, and a man standing up in the bow holding it. I immediately hove the ship to and took in all studding and small sails. My men that were aloft furling royals said that they could see a number of men and that they thought it was a pirate. One of the men stated that was just the way that he was taken the year previous in the same seas. My passengers and officers then requested me to keep the ship away, which I did, they stating that if they should turn out to be pirates, I should not recover my insurance for my ship. I then kept her away under her reef'd sails and went down to breakfast. After my entering my cabin, I felt very uneasy and returned to the state room. Immediately my dream came forcibly in my mind. I then put two pistols and my cutlass by my side and went on deck, called all hands on deck, and again hove the ship to and desired Mr. Poingestre to take the wheel and steer the ship. I then ordered the first officer to lower his boat down and go and see what the boat was. I then ordered the guns to be loaded, made sail, and made a tack towards the boats. On my coming up with them, found that my mate had taken the captain and his men out of the boat and taken them into his, Captain Jellard's boat having a great quantity of water in, very nearly up to the thwarts, also a large shark, and had her in tow.

"After getting Captain Jellard on board, and his men, who were in a very weak state, not able to speak with the exception of the black man; from him I got all the particulars, as follows: it appeared that they belonged to the schooner *James Hambleton*, of Grenada, from America, bound to Grenada, and being short of water, having a very long passage through light winds, were going on shore for water on the Island of Saints, it then being calm.

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After leaving their ship a light breeze sprang up and the schooner kept her ground, but the boat pulling in a different direction and the current running so strong that the boat's crew became quite exhausted. That at daylight they had the mortification of seeing the schooner inshore of them as far as they could see from the boat, the boat still drifting further from land and ship until they lost sight of her altogether. The following day they had a very dreadful time of it; it blew a heavy gale, with thunder and lightning; they had to make fast the oars, mast and sail to the painter of the boat, and let the boat drift to break off the sea that was running. During all this time they had no water or anything to eat. The following day was nearly calm, very light winds and a hot scorching sun; being in the latitude of 16° 21′, longitude 63° 14′, their sufferings were very great all day. Both captain and men tore their clothes off their backs and poured water on themselves to keep them cool. On the morning that I discovered them the black man appealed to his God, saying, 'If God hear black man as well as white man, pray send me fish or shark for massa to eat, no let him die.' The all-merciful Father heard his prayers and sent him a large shark, which was lying in the boat on her being brought alongside, of which they had drunk the blood and eaten part of the flesh. I immediately knocked in the head of a water puncheon and made them a warm bath and put them severally into it for the purpose of cooling them and getting some parts of their shirts off their skin which were sticking to their backs, their skin being all blistered with the sun and salt water. I gave them a little tea to moisten their mouths every few minutes, until some of them prayed for food and asked for some biscuit, and gave them rice water and barley water occasionally. After a good sleep Captain Jellard sent for me below and wished to speak to me. On searching his pockets to see if the black man had told the truth about his ship, I found his register and manifest of his cargo. This satisfied me all was correct, and that they were not pirates. During our conversation I found that I had been in company with Captain Jellard in St. John's, Newfoundland, in the year 1814, he then commanding a fine schooner called the *Catch Me Who Can*, belonging to Spuryar and Co., of Cool.

"In a few days they all came round. I gave them up to the British Consul at Carthagena and requested him to lose no time to send them on, as we feared that something would be brought against the mate of the schooner, Captain Jellard having all his papers with him. On my arrival in England, I found that Captain Jellard only arrived there three days previous to the execution of his mate and remaining three men, they having been tried for murdering their captain and the other three men. Had not the Consul sent them over in the packet to Jamaica and requested the admiral to send them up to Grenada with all dispatch, these four poor souls would have lost their lives innocently. [Signed] "Daniel Scott,

"Commanding the Brig *Ocean* from [illegible] bound to Carthagena.

"I, George James Bostock, Chaplin of Freemantle, W. Australia, do hereby certify that I attended Daniel Scott in his last illness, February, 1865, wherein he repeated the substance of the above as most solemnly true, and ascribed the whole event to the direct guidance of an over-ruling Providence.

[Signed] "George J. Bostock,

"9/5/1865."

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We have endeavoured to trace the log-book referred to in Bishop Hale's letter, but without success. Inquiries have been made through Lloyd's Shipping Agency and the Board of Trade, but no log dated as far back as 1825 can be produced—it was not till 1854 that trading vessels were compelled to render official log-books.

My next narrative is from Dr. Wiltse, personally known to Dr. Hodgson and myself as a careful and conscientious witness.

P. 151.

A case of probable primary independent clairvoyance, by Dr. A. S. Wiltse, Skiddy, Kansas.

If such a phase of clairvoyance can be found as, independent of conscious or unconscious suggestion, attains to a knowledge of the unknown, and this without the aid of a second person as the operator, who induces or produces the hypnotic condition, I term this *primary independent* clairvoyance, but if to attain to the knowledge of the unknown, the aid of a second person is required as hypnotiser, then it would be *secondary independent* clairvoyance.

With this explanation of my terms, I respectfully submit my nomenclature to the judgment of your learned society, and proceed to recite for the benefit of the society the following case of my own experience, the truth of the main facts in which can, I think, be substantiated by the gentleman to whom the scenes were described in detail at the moment of their appearance and who, I think, is still living. Much circumstantial evidence, strongly corroborative in its nature, may also be obtained, I think, by addressing any of the parties herein named, although I do not recollect ever talking with them upon the subject, except the last named:—

Mr. Maniphee Haun, Kismet, Morgan Co., Tenn.
Mr. W. T. Howard, Kismet.
Mr. Jas. Bales, Wartburg.
Mr. W. Todd, Wartburg.

The last named is the gentleman to whom I described the scenes as they were presented to me; while the first named is the gentleman who was present when the tragedy happened, and would of course be likely to recollect a large share of the minutiæ of the affair. The testimony therefore of the two gentlemen is indispensable and should be obtained at once, but I prefer that the society shall obtain this evidence independently of me, as thus avoiding any possible appearance of tinkering by me, although I shall be very willing to render any assistance in the matter that I may be able.

A Vision by Means of Pictures.

This incident occurred in Morgan Co., Tennessee, I think in the spring of 1878. Mrs. Wiltse and myself had spent the day with her mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Todd. I had passed most of the day with Mr. Todd in the field where he was planting corn. We retired early and Mrs. Wiltse almost immediately fell asleep.

Mr. Todd and myself being wakeful, lay and talked. There was but one room, in which there was an open fireplace containing fire mostly buried

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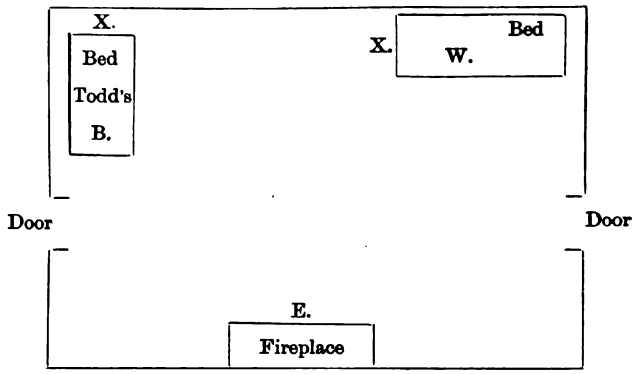
up with ashes, a large pine knot having been laid on top of these embers, and so nearly buried in ashes as to give about a one candle power of light.

The following diagram will give a correct idea of the arrangement of the room, beds, etc :—



X. Represents the heads of the beds.
B. The bed occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Todd.
W. The bed occupied by myself and Mrs. Wiltse, and
E. The open fireplace. There were several feet of space between the two beds.

While we were talking, I saw a picture slide on to the wall at my feet, at such a height as to rest easily in the line of my vision. I called to Mr. and Mrs. Todd to cease talking and told them what I saw. The picture was some feet in size each way and remained before me long enough for me to describe [it] in detail to them. It was a landscape, the main features in which were a river with a large creek emptying into it very nearly at right angles. When I had given a full description, the picture disappeared with a quick movement like that with which it had appeared, but in the opposite direction from which it came. Mr. Todd said "You have described Emerald River and Rock Creek where it empties into it,"—which I thought correct, as I was familiar with the two streams.

While we were talking, another picture slid on to the wall in the same manner as the first one. It was the same picture as the first with the addition of several open fields and wooded lands along the banks. In one of the fields was a log house with its surroundings which I did not recognise. The picture remained stationary until I had described it thoroughly, when it disappeared similarly to the first.

Both Todd and his wife said I had described the "Cass Davis house" which was about a mile distant, across the river. At this another picture slid on to the wall, the very counterpart of the second one, except that a good portion of the landscape was left out, but the house was there, the door of which was closed, and as I announced its appearance, I heard the muffled report of a gun on the inside of the house, and immediately afterwards, the door flew open and a man rushed out seemingly in a great fright.

At this point Todd said, "See here, Doc., are you seeing these things, or just playing off a drive on us?" I assured him that I actually saw,

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or seemed to see, the things I described, although they did not seem possessed of solidity, but were more as if one should breathe over a looking-glass, then stand at some distance from it and observe his image; it would look shadowy and dim.

In the meantime the door of the house in the picture had been left open so that I could see into the house, where I saw a man staggering toward the door with blood running from his mouth. He reached the door, where he supported himself by leaning against the door-facing, and steadied himself off the door-step on to the ground. In so doing, he left the print of his hand in blood upon the door-facing.

At this point the picture again disappeared and was immediately replaced by another much the same as the other, but in it the dead body of the man was lying on the ground some few feet from the door, while from the field advanced several people, with hoes and mattocks in their hands, who gathered round the body in apparent excitement and consternation, when the picture vanished and I saw nothing more.

I asked Todd if he was sure of the house; he assured me that it bore the exact description I had given. I asked if there was any rumour, or ever had been to his knowledge, of a tragedy having occurred there. "Not that he had ever heard of." I believe I said that "something of the kind has occurred there or else will. If it is past we may never know it; if it is to come, we may see."

When the corn which Todd had planted that day was ready for hoeing, I was with him again in the field a portion of a day, and together we left the field and started to go to Wartburg, the county seat about two miles distant. On the way we met *Cass Davis*, a quadroon, who asked us if we had heard of Henderson Whittaker killing himself. We had not, and he told us that during the (forenoon I think) Whittaker went into the house, where Mr. Haun was sitting alone and asked Haun to loan him his rifle to go hunting. Haun pointed to the corner where the rifle stood, saying, "I don't know whether it is loaded or not." Whittaker put his mouth over the muzzle to blow into the gun, pushing back the hammer with his foot. The foot slipped off and the gun was discharged into his mouth. Haun ran out into the field for help. The hands came up and I think found the young man dead in the yard. I have also been told that the hand print of blood was left upon the door-facing, but these lesser points can be learned best from parties who lived in the neighbourhood at the time. The main points are absolutely certain. The tragedy occurred in the house I had described, and was of substantially the nature I had described from the picture-writing on the wall.

[Answers to Questions sent to Mr. William Todd, January 15th, 1891.] (*Re* Dr. Wiltse's Vision.)

Q. 1. Did Dr. Wiltse describe to you picture appearances which he said he was seeing at the time?

A. 1. "Yes."

Q. 2. Did he describe particulars of what he was seeing, such as the print of a bloody hand upon the door-facing of the Cass Davis house; the sound of a gun inside; one man running out in apparent fright and the other staggering out of the doorway and dying upon the ground near the door?

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A. 2. "He did describe the place and asked me if I knew of such a place; I told him that it was the Cass Davis house."

Q. 3. Do you recollect if he told you he believed something of such nature had happened in the Cass Davis house, or else would in the future?

A. 3. "He told me that something had happened at that place, or would in the future."

Q. 4. Did the future events in that house, in the matter of the death of H. Whittaker, lead you to conclude that Dr. Wiltse really saw that night what he told you he was seeing?

A. 4. "It did as to H. Whittaker, and I do believe he saw what he said he saw."

WM. TODD, *January 26th*, 1891.

Mr. M. Haun writes as follows to Dr. Hodgson:—

Kismet, Tenn., *March 2nd*, 1891.

Your request received, and will say in reply, 1st, that I remember Dr. A. S. Wiltse having told me of his "prophetic vision," but whether it was before or after the fulfilment I can't say. However, the facts were about as follows: The young man shot himself in the mouth while attempting to blow in the gun; ball passed out through the back of his neck just in the edge of his hair, rupturing some large vein or artery. He fell instantly and was unable to utter a word intelligibly. He raised himself up on his hands with his head drooping over, and from his mouth the blood ran profusely, making a large pool of blood upon the floor. I ran about forty rods from the house to call the nearest help, and on returning found the young man lying full length, flat on his face, dead, his hat lying on the doorstep; the print of his hand made on door-casing; it seemed that he had crawled out upon his hands and knees.

Now the hand-print on the door; the blood-stained hat on the doorsteps; the kind of house and its location; the season of the year when the accident occurred, correspond with the Dr.'s vision, if I remember correctly.

The tragedy occurred, I think, in the month of July, not far from the 18th. As to when the Dr. had this vision or dream I don't remember.

No. I don't remember thinking of his vision at the time, for, as before stated, I don't remember having heard it before, although I might have heard it.

MANIPHEE HAUN.

Mr. J. Bales writes to Dr. Hodgson:—

Wartburg, Tenn., *March 14th*, 1891.

In reply to yours of 2/27, will say that I remember hearing Dr. Wiltse talk of the occurrence you mentioned in regard to the tragedy which happened at the Cass Davis Place. He told me of it before it happened, and when it did occur he came and asked me if I remembered what he had told me about it before. As to the dates, I can't remember exactly, but it must have been twelve or fourteen years ago. There was no newspaper published here at that time, and there was never any publication of it, so far as I am aware.

I do not remember the appearance of a bloody hand on the door or anywhere else, but there was blood on the house in different places.

Would have answered you sooner, but I wanted to remember correctly before writing. Dr. A. S. Wiltse considered a truthful and honest man here.

JAMES BALES.

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Mr. Howard writes to Dr. Hodgson :—

Kismet, Tenn., *March* 23*rd*, 189[1].

Your enquiry of recent date just received, and will say in reply that Dr. Wiltse told his vision to Mr. William Todd and his wife, my stepfather and my mother, a short time before the occurrence. I was informed by Mr. Todd that the details in the case were exactly similar to the Dr.'s vision. My mother stated the same fact in my hearing, but she is now dead. I understand from different parties that the blood print, &c., were exactly as seen in the vision. Dr. Wiltse was stopping at our house (Mr. Todd's) at the time, and, after relating his vision, my stepfather recognised the place described as the "Cass Davis House," where the tragedy afterwards occurred. I would refer you to Mr. William Todd for further particulars, as he probably remembers the date ; I do not.

W. T. Howard.

I shall conclude this group with a case where there is again a suggestion of personal guardianship and care. But the facts prefigured do not fall within the life-history of the decedent ; so that if we suppose that it was *his* spirit which foresaw and informed his niece of the future, we must suppose also that he foresaw what would happen to his body after his death. The percipient, whom I have called Lady Q., has given me orally a slightly fuller account. An unauthorised version of the main points here to be detailed was compiled shortly after the event.

P. 189.

I have been asked to give an account of an experience which was certainly the most remarkable in my life :—a dream which came to me three times at long intervals, and which was at last fulfilled.

My father died when I was a child ; my mother married again, and I went to live with an uncle, who became like a father to me. In the spring of 1882 I dreamt that my sister and I were sitting in my uncle's drawing-room. In my dream it was a brilliant spring day, and from the window we saw quantities of flowers in the garden, many more than were in fact to be seen from that window. But over the garden there lay a thin covering of snow. I knew in my dream that my uncle had been found dead by the side of a certain bridle-path about three miles from the house—a field-road where I had often ridden with him, and along which he often rode when going to fish in a neighbouring lake. I knew that his horse was standing by him, and that he was wearing a dark homespun suit of cloth made from the wool of a herd of black sheep which he kept. I knew that his body was being brought home in a waggon with two horses, with hay in the bottom, and that we were waiting for his body to arrive. Then in my dream the waggon came to the door ; and two men well known to me—one a gardener, the other the kennel huntsman—helped to carry the body up the stairs, which were rather narrow. My uncle was a very tall and heavy man, and in my dream I saw the men carrying him with difficulty, and his left hand hanging down and striking against the banisters as the men mounted the stairs. This detail gave me in my dream an unreasonable horror. I could not help painfully thinking, Oh, why did they not prevent his hand from being bruised in this way ?

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In the sadness and horror of this sight I awoke, and I slept no more that night. I had determined not to tell my uncle of the dream; but in the morning I looked so changed and ill that I could not escape his affectionate questioning; and at last I told him of my vision of him lying dead in that field-road. I had no anxiety about his health. He was a robust man of sixty-six, accustomed to hunt his own pack of hounds and to take much exercise. He listened to me very kindly, and although he was not himself at all alarmed by my dream, he offered me to do anything I liked which might calm my mind. I begged him to promise me never to go alone by that particular road. He promised me that he would always make an excuse to have a groom or some one with him; I remember my compunction at the thought of giving him this trouble—and yet I could not help asking for his promise.

The impression of the dream grew gradually fainter, but it did not leave me; and I remember that when a little boy came to stay with us some time after, and boy-like drew his stick along the banisters as he went upstairs, the sound brought back the horror of my dream. Two years passed by, and the thought of the dream was becoming less frequent, when I dreamt it again with all its details the same as before, and again with the same profoundly disturbing effect. I told my uncle, and said to him that I felt sure that he had been neglecting his promise, and riding by that field-road alone. He admitted that he had occasionally done so, "although," he said, "I think I have been very good on the whole." He renewed the promise; and again the impression grew weaker as four years passed by, during which I married and left his home. In the May of 1888 I was in London, expecting my baby. On the night before I was taken ill, I dreamt the same dream again, but with this variation. Instead of dreaming that I was at my uncle's home with my sister, I knew in my dream that I was lying in bed in our London house. But from that bedroom, just as from the drawing-room in the former dreams, I seemed to see my uncle lying dead in the same well-known place. And I seemed also to perceive the same scene of the bringing home of the body. Then came a new point. As I lay in bed, a gentleman dressed in black, but whose face I could not see, seemed to stand by me and tell me that my uncle was dead. I woke in great distress. But as I was ill from then for two days, as soon as the child was born I ceased to dwell on the dream—only I felt an overpowering desire to write at once to my uncle myself and to tell him that I was getting better. I was not allowed to do this; but afterwards I managed to write a few lines in pencil unknown to any one but the nurse. This note reached my uncle two days before his death.

As I grew better, I began to wonder greatly at not hearing from my uncle, who generally wrote to me every day. Then my dream came back to me, and I was certain that he was ill or dead—but my husband, nurse, and maid (all I saw) seemed cheerful as usual. Then one morning my husband said my step-father wished to see me, and I at once guessed his errand. He entered the room dressed in black and stood by my bedside. At once I recognised that this was the figure which I had seen in my dream. I said, "The Colonel is dead—I know all about it—I have dreamt it often." And as he was unable to speak from emotion, I told him all about it, place, time of day (morning), and the clothes my uncle wore.

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Then I thought of that scene on the staircase, which had always remained in my mind. I asked if there were any bruises on the hands. "No bruises," said my step-father, "either on hands or face." He thought that I fancied that my uncle had fallen from his horse. Soon afterwards my sister—the sister who had been in my dream—came to see me, and brought me a ring which my uncle had always worn on his left hand. I was very thankful for this memento of him; and I told my sister how I had feared that the ring would have been forgotten. "I only came just in time," she said; "they were just going to close the coffin." "Was there any bruise on the left hand?" I asked. At first she said that there was not; but then she said she thought there was a bluish discoloration across the back of the first joints of the fingers. She did not know how it had been caused. When I was well enough to travel, I went to my old home; there I saw my old nurse, who had been in the house when my uncle died. Her account, added to my step-father's, enabled me to realise the events of that day. My uncle had received my pencil note on the Sunday morning, and had been greatly pleased, feeling that the wished-for heir was born, and that I, whom he loved as a daughter, was through my trouble. He had a few friends to lunch with him, including my step-father, and said that he had seen all that he wished to see in life, and could now die happy at any moment. His guests left him in [the] greatest spirits, and two days afterwards he died, and his body had been brought back as I describe, and he had been found half sitting and half lying in that very field-road, where I had three times seen him. He was dressed in the same homespun suit in which I had seen him in my dream. The cause of his death had been heart-disease, of whose existence neither I nor, I believe, any of those near or dear to him had been aware. He had evidently felt faint, and slipped from his horse. The same two men whom I had seen in my dream as helping to carry the body had in fact done so, and my nurse admitted that the left hand knocked against the banisters. She seemed afraid lest I should blame the men who carried the body, and did not like to speak of the incident. I do not think that she had seen the incident herself; and I did not like to speak to the men about it. It was enough for me that it was on the back of the left hand, as I had see it in my dream and as from the arrangement of the staircase it *must* have been, had it been caused in the way that I saw. I will add one fact which, although it was purely a matter of my own feeling, made perhaps as much impression upon me as anything in this history. I do not think that any daughter could love a father better than I loved my uncle; and, as will have been seen, the prospect of his death was always a deeply-lying fear. But as soon as I knew that all had happened as my dream foretold, I somehow felt that all was well; and the death left me with a sensation of complete acquiescence and peace. It may have been noticed that there were two unreal or fantastic points in my original dream:—viz., the multitude of *flowers* in the garden, and the thin covering of *snow*. I think that I can throw some light on these points by narrating the only two other impressive dreams which I have ever had. The first of these two dreams I mentioned to others, and acted upon it. The second I neither mentioned nor acted upon; so that it has no value as evidence, and is really given as helping to explain the symbolism of snow.

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I had heard from several relations (although I cannot quote definite cases), that they had found that dreams of *flowers* and of *snow* were followed by deaths in our family. This may have suggested that form of symbolism to my mind ;—or the same cause, whatever it was, which acted with them may have acted with me. In any case, what happened was as follows. In 1887 I heard from my step-father that my mother, who had long been an invalid, was seriously worse ; and he asked me when I could go to see her. My mind was therefore occupied with her illness ; but the tone of his letter was not immediately alarming ;—so that we saw no reason for my not attending some races in the neighbourhood, for which we had friends staying. But one night I dreamt a dream—which, though very impressive, was somewhat confused—about my mother seated in a carriage full of *flowers*. I remembered the symbolism ; and I felt assured that my mother was dead or dying. I mentioned the dream to my husband and prepared for an immediate summons, which came directly afterwards. Having all preparations already made, I left immediately and arrived in time to see my mother die. This dream and that of my uncle are the only dreams on which I ever *acted* in any way. The second dream to which I have alluded was as follows :—In 18— I saw a gentleman whom I knew lying dead in a red coat on an open field with snow on the ground. Beside him knelt his mother,—who was alive and well at the time of the dream. I tried to approach and speak to her ; but she said, "Don't touch me, I have come for him." I understood that she had died before him. Two years later this lady did in fact die, and in two years more her son was killed, just as I saw him lying, in a scarlet coat. There was, of course, no snow on the ground, as it was in late spring ; so I fancy that the snow may have been symbolical both here and in my dream about my uncle. I may add that I am not of an imaginative temperament ; and that these are the only incidents in my life which seem to lie outside ordinary explanations. My husband and step-father add their confirmation of the incidents which concern them.

The above account is true and accurate in every particular.

December 22nd, 1892. [Signatures of Lord and Lady Q.]

[Lord Q.'s signature attests (besides his general concurrence with the account) his presence at the interview with Lady Q.'s step-father, as described.]

The account is correct so far as what happened when I went to London to inform Lady Q—— of her uncle's death, which is all that is within my own personal knowledge.

January 16th, 1893. [Signature of Lady Q.'s step-father.]

We have few well-attested cases where any event subsequent to his own death has been intimated to any percipient. Here is one with fair attestation.

P. 153.

Louise Chandler Moulton in the Arena, 1892.

In the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for November, an article of my own was published, entitled "Five Friends—The Story of an Extinct Household."

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It was a sketch of the last sad years of Dr. Westland Marston and his children ; and it contained the account of a very singular spiritualistic prophecy as to the succession of deaths by which this household became extinct—a prophecy often repeated to me while all the persons mentioned in it were still alive and well. This remarkable instance of what seems like spirit foreknowledge made a wide impression, if I am to judge by the numerous letters I received on the subject from all parts of the United States and from England. Among these letters was one in itself so astonishing that I wrote to its author for permission to publish it. Here is the letter :—

64, John Street, Providence, *December 5th*, 1891.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

DEAR MADAM,—I have just read your article "Five Friends," and the singular fulfilment of the prophecy regarding the death of the Marstons recalls a similar prophecy in my own experience, and its fulfilment, which may interest you.

I was the medical adviser of the family of Hiram Maxfield, a hotel keeper and caterer, widely known throughout New England. They were a very healthy family, seldom ill, any of them, except with some minor ailment. One day I was called to see Mrs. Maxfield at their home, a few miles down the bay. While waiting for the return boat, the eldest daughter, a young lady of about 20, came out upon the porch, where I was standing, and said that she wanted to tell me something, but it appeared so foolish to her that she wanted me to say nothing about it to the family. She said that she had heard a voice say, distinctly : "You will die first, then Harry, then father." She was alone at the time, and thought that some one must have spoken to her from an adjoining room. She went to the door, looked in, saw no one, and soon heard the words repeated with the addition, " And Dr. Anthony will be present in each case."

All three of the persons mentioned in this prophecy were then apparently in perfect health. About two years after—the young lady having married in the meantime—I was called in to see her. She had been stricken with apoplexy, and died in a few minutes after my arrival. The son, Harry, about this time developed symptoms of consumption ; and with him the end came in about six months. He had been away in another climate, under the care of a physician, but as he was failing rapidly, was brought home. I was sent for and arrived just before he breathed his last.

About a year after this, the father of the family contracted a cold on a fishing trip to New Hampshire, which resulted in his death soon after his return. I was sent for, as usual, and only failed to be present at the moment of his death because I stepped out for an instant to send a telephone message, and he had breathed his last just before my return. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled. I must add that neither the family nor myself had any belief in spiritualism.—Respectfully yours, W. E. ANTHONY, M.D.

In the case of the Marstons the prophecy, purporting to come from the spirit of Mrs. Marston, and to be addressed to the eldest daughter of the household, was : "You will die first, then Nelly, then Philip, and last of all your father ;" and it was literally fulfilled, as was the one related by Dr. Anthony concerning the Maxfields.

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Asked as regards the date of this incident, Dr. Anthony writes:—

64, John Street, Providence, *May 6th*, 1892.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR,—I have found the account books of which I wrote, and the only visit which I find was made to Mrs. M. *previous* to the daughter's death, was April 22nd, 1877. So I can fix upon that date definitely, as the date of the prophecy. Her daughter died November 9th, 1879. Harry died June 29th, 1881, and Mr. Maxfield died July 2nd, 1884. After the death of the daughter, either the same day, or soon after, I told the prophecy to the lady who is now my wife.

W. E. ANTHONY, M.D.

May 6th, 1893.

RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I have a *distinct* recollection that the Doctor told me of the singular fulfilment of the prophecy of the death of the lady mentioned, soon after it occurred. I *think* it was on the evening of the same day, that she died. If the date of the death was *Sunday*, *then* I am quite certain as to time, as I seldom saw him on other evenings.

MARIE L. ANTHONY.

[The date of the death, November 9th, 1879, was in fact a Sunday.]

In the next case also the speaker points to events in which he will no longer share.

P. 216. Soldier's prophecy.

[This case was received through the kindness of Mr. Ropes, of Boston, well known as an authority on the American Civil War.]

JOHN R. DAVIS.

Cincinnati, Ohio, *August 26th*, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. ROPES,—Enclosed the story of the soldier's prophecy. I sent copy to Captain Ball, to know if it corresponds with his recollection. As I remember Davis, he was barely able to read and write. From the regimental descriptive book which I have, I take the following:—

"John R. Davis enlisted October 9th, '61. Age, 44; occupation, labourer; born in South Wales. Height, five feet, seven. Blue eyes, iron gray hair."

The story may be of no value, but it is the only really unaccountable thing of which I have personal knowledge.—Yours very truly, E. C. DAWES.

In August, 1863, I was major of the 53rd Ohio Regiment, and in the absence of the other field officers, was in command. The regiment was then in the Third Brigade, Fourth Division, 15th Army Corps. It was encamped at Messenger's Fort on Black river, about sixteen miles east of Vicksburg, Miss. One morning I went to see the Division Commander, General Hugh Ewing, on some business. As I started away, he told me that he had just received notice from General Sherman, then Corps Commander, to take the division to Natchez. I asked if there was reason why I should not speak of it. He said there was not, and that the order would probably reach me that evening.

As I rode into our camp, I noticed in the police detail an old man named John R. Davis, a private soldier in company E. He appeared to be unwell,

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and I told the sergeant to relieve him from duty. Thinking to please him with advance news, I asked Davis to sit down in front of my tent, and said to him, "Well, Davis, we are going to Natchez." "Who is going to Natchez?" he replied. "The regiment is going,—the whole division is going," said I. "No," answered Davis, "The division is not going to Natchez; the regiment is not going." "How do you know so much? When did you take command of the army?" I said, perhaps a little impatiently. "I do not wish to be disrespectful," he replied, "but we are not going to Natchez. I can see the troops marching off the transports at Memphis, and I cannot see any more." Then, after a pause, he added, "These things come to me in dreams, and they always come true." "How do you know they are our troops?" "I can see you on the deck pointing." "Where are you?" "I am not there.' "Are you going to get a furlough?" "No, I am going to die."

No amount of questioning could get anything more from him. In the afternoon I went to brigade headquarters. Lieut. E. H. Ball, then A.A.A.G., was an officer in the company Davis belonged to. I told him the story, and asked him to detail Davis for some light duty at brigade headquarters. Lieut. Ball secured the detail at once, and Davis went there the following day. The order to go to Natchez was countermanded before it reached the regiments. Davis died September 5th, immediately after the battle of Chickamauga. The Corps 15th was ordered to Chattanooga, via Vicksburg and Memphis. I was still commanding the regiment, and was the last of the corps to leave Vicksburg, but by good fortune was the first of the division to reach Memphis. Landing at the city wharf, I started to go off the boat at the head of the regiment. The captain of the boat asked me to come up to the cabin for some purpose. As I came to the head of the stairway, I saw the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, who had been for some time at home, on the wharf. I went to the guards, and leaning over the rail, pointed to him and called to the adjutant to report the regiment to him. There was (and it at once occurred to me) the literal fulfilment of Davis' prophecy. The Division did not go to Natchez, Davis was dead, the troops were marching off the transports at Memphis, I was on deck and pointing. E. C. Dawes.

Cincinnati, Ohio, *September 25th*, 1893.

Dear Mr. Ropes,—Yours, with copy of letter from the Society of Psychical Research, at hand. Captain Ball was in my office to-day. I handed him the letter. He remembers Davis as a man of little education, but intelligent, quick, and nervous in his movements; and he reminded me of a notable event in his career, when Davis got very drunk in Memphis, and defied the guard with an empty pistol. He was fond of liquor, though seldom under its influence.

In August, 1863, the impression in the army of the Tennessee was that unless the rebels took the offensive, which we deemed very improbable, we should remain in camp until September or October, and then go to Selma or Mobile. As I find time, I will look through my letters home that summer (most of which I have), and see what I then sent, which will give a clue to the current opinion. I do not think I wrote home about Davis. My people knew only three or four persons in our regiment. I went to it a stranger, and in my letters I seldom speak of any one.—Yours truly,

E. C. Dawes.

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Cincinnati, Ohio, *October 3th*, 1893.

JOHN ROPES, ESQ.,—DEAR MR. ROPES,—After the surrender of Vicksburg, and the return to Black river of the forces that under General Sherman had driven Johnston east of Pearl river, an unusually large number of furloughs were granted to officers and men of the army of the Tennessee. This was accepted as an indication that no movement would be made by the army during the month of August, at least. The current opinion was that in September or October, General Banks would be sent to capture Mobile, and that the army of the Tennessee would co-operate by moving directly east through Meridian to Selma. The *moral* of the army was never better. Officers and men had implicit confidence in their ability to defeat any Confederate army that could then be brought to take the field against them. The only suggestion of a movement north, I remember, was that some troops might be sent to capture the large amount of railroad equipment known to have been concentrated at Grenada, Miss., and to remain near Grenada while the rolling stock was taken to Memphis. In fact, this was attempted by a small force of cavalry, who destroyed, instead of saving it. E. C. DAWES.

50, State Street, Boston, *October 18th*, 1893.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a letter from Col. E. C. Dawes, dated the 14th inst., and also one from Captain E. H. Ball, dated the 12th inst.

Captain Ball, you remember, commanded the company in which Davis, the private soldier who prophesied that the regiment was going to Memphis, was. J. C. ROPES.

48, Laclede Building, St. Louis, Mo., *October 14th*, 1893.

DEAR MR. ROPES,—Before leaving home Tuesday, I wrote Captain Ball as suggested in yours of 5th. I reminded him of something that will serve to refresh his memory. Ball was very anxious to get a furlough in August, '63, to go to his old home in Haverhill, Mass. His first application was refused. After Davis was detailed at Brigade headquarters, Ball annoyed the old man a good deal by trying to get him to foretell whether a second application would be successful. Davis would always reply that he did not know anything about it, that these things came to him in dreams, and always came true. I hope to find a letter from Captain Ball at home to-morrow. E. C. DAWES.

Portsmouth, Ohio, *October 12th*, 1893.

JOHN C. ROPES, ESQ.,—MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to yours of the 5th, I have to say that I remember very well that, some time in August, 1863, Major E. C. Dawes, then commanding 53rd Ohio Regiment, came to headquarters, Third Brigade, Fourth Division, 15th Army Corps, of which I was temporarily A.A.A.G., and told me of a curious prophecy made by John R. Davis, an old man - for a soldier,—and a member of my company. Davis predicted that troops would go on transports to Memphis, and that he would die before they went. Major Dawes asked me to give Davis an easy place at brigade headquarters, saying that he was sick and perhaps a little off his base. I had him detailed, and tried to get him to prophesy for me without success. He said he could not prophesy, that things came to him in dreams and they always came true, and he did not know anything about them.

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I went home on leave in September, and did not return to the regiment until just before the battle of Missionary Ridge.

Davis did die and the troops did go to Memphis on transports.—Yours truly,

E. H. Ball.

It will be observed that this soldier's prediction comes nearer than any case with which we have yet dealt to the ancient conception of *prophecy*,—a revelation not petty nor personal, but of great issues, and for some lofty end. Such prophecies are apt to be difficult to prove as such,—to distinguish from the sage's foresight as to the trend and stream of things. And, on the other hand, so far as these grave communications claim a divine inspiration, this is hardly to be distinguished from the subliminal messages of which we have so often spoken. It is among two religious bodies widely divergent in dogmatic teaching that such celestial promptings have seemed to have most of cogency,—in the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages, and among the earliest members of the Society of Friends. It is much to be desired that the scattered indications of monition and premonition which records of this type contain should be collected by some critical though sympathetic hand. The early Friends especially presented a character which cannot be alien to the best humanity of any age. Their combination of sober common-sense with inward openness to illumination,—the steady expectancy of their calm untroubled souls,—this is the temper which our inquiry needs, and which other men may surely attain in the future as fully as these men in the past.

I have now given specimens of all the classes of evidence known to me which bear on the relation of supernormal phenomena to time, and have endeavoured to throw such light as was possible on each in turn. The result is to me at least in one way of much interest. For these phenomena of retrocognition and precognition, covering a wide range, and regarded now in a new light, are found to have a close connection with my whole group of previously accepted generalisations,—to lend confirmation to them, and to receive confirmation from them in turn.

I may be able to make all this clearer—I hope that I shall not seem to make it more dogmatic—by a diagrammatic scheme which will at least offer to criticism definite points of attack. But if, instead of a plane surface and a few black lines, I could exhibit a transparent globe, varying in density, colour, and luminosity, we should still have an absurdly inadequate symbol of that n-dimensional infinitude of living faculty some few of whose properties we dimly discern. Nay, scant as it is, the diagram is itself misleading. The opposite direction of its lines implies no ultimate divergence; all alike must be assumed to meet at infinity.

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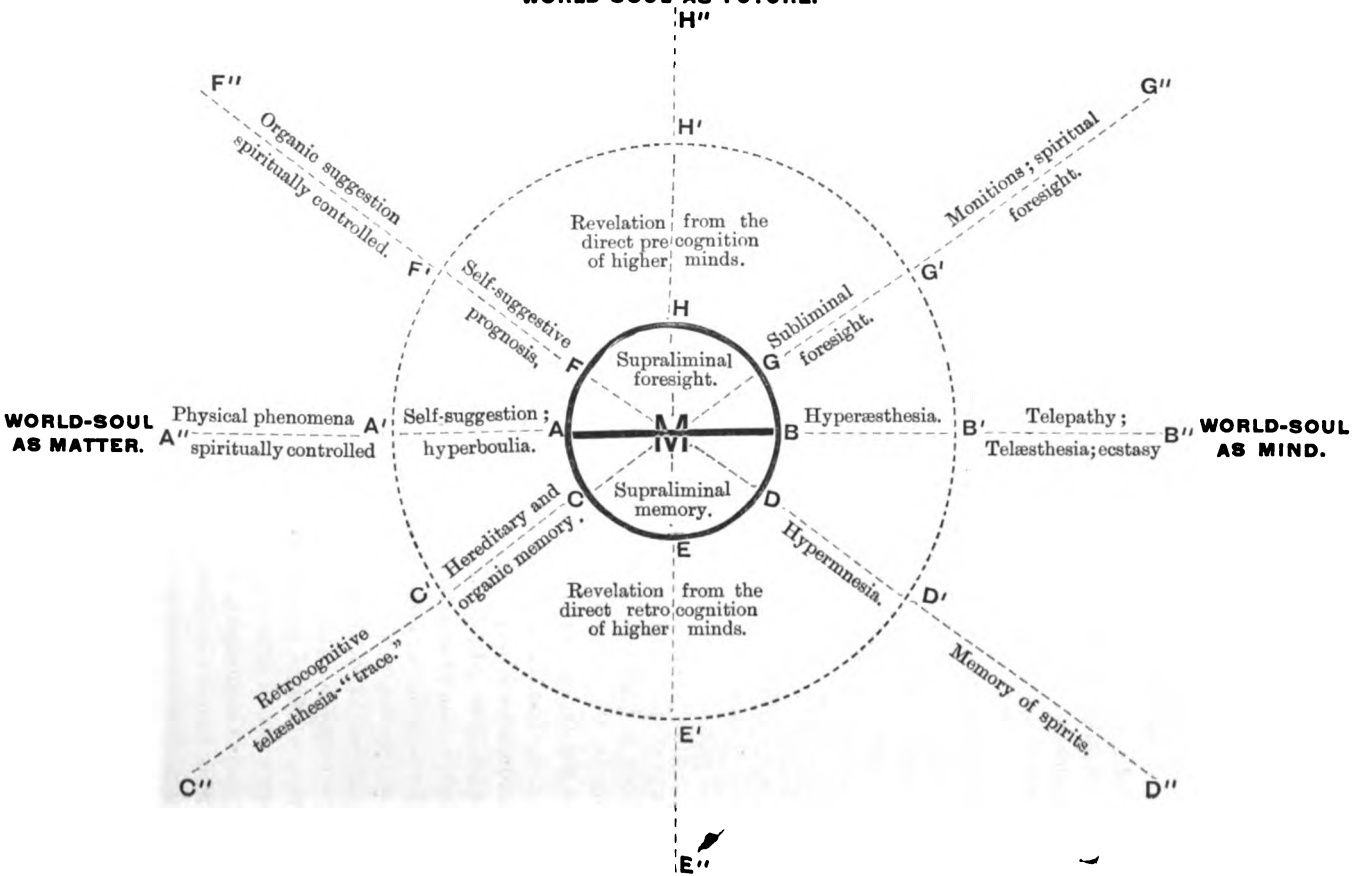
SCHEME OF HUMAN FACULTY IN ITS RELATION TO TIME.



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A short description will indicate what I have tried to express by this diagram.

1. The dark and the dotted circle represent sections of concentric spheres; of which the upper hemispheres represent the Future, and the lower the Past. The vertical diameter divides material phenomena on the left from mental on the right. The thick line AB represents what I have elsewhere called "the spectrum of ordinary consciousness"; extending from the *red* end at A, where our voluntary control over the body and our ordinary perceptions of its processes cease, to the *violet* end at B, where the range of our higher senses and of our intellect finds its term.

2. The small thick circle of which AB is a diameter represents that area of time past and future which is within the grasp of the empirical or supraliminal self,—by recollection of the past or reasoned inference as to the future. This is a kind of "circle of perpetual apparition"; a small circle of the cosmic sphere, within which (save in sleep, &c.) the stars never set.

3. The dotted circle indicates the realm of the subliminal Self; emerging into separate consciousness from the World-Soul in which it is immersed, much as the dark circle rises into separate consciousness out of the dotted circle of the larger Self.

The metaphor of a *threshold of emergence*, however, which the words supraliminal and subliminal imply, is not expressed by the position of lines as higher or lower in the plane of my diagram. Rather the small circle, the supraliminal area, must be conceived as subjectively central to the larger circle, or area of subliminal perception and control.

4. The line A′B′ represents the spectrum of man's subliminal consciousness at any given moment. It runs along the upper side of the thick line AB, because in this diagram Future is above and Past is below; and the subliminal consciousness, even if assumed to be acting through the mediacy of the senses, must needs be always slightly ahead of the empirical or organic; since an appreciable time is consumed in the act of sensation itself, and in the passage from sensation to perception. The consequences of this fact were indicated when the phenomena of promnesia, or apparent memory of the present moment, were above discussed.

5. Conformably with what has been said above, and following the thick line in the direction of A, the line AA′ will represent the extension of subliminal *control over the organism*, beyond the limit of empirical or voluntary control. This extended power of modifying the organism, which we may term *hyperboulia*, has already met us in various phenomena of hypnotism or of hysteria;—for instance, in the re-establishment of suppressed secretions.

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6. Carried on to a still further point, under the guidance of disembodied intelligences, the line A′A″ will indicate that extension of will-power beyond the periphery which I regard as the basis of such supernormal power over matter as I believe to have been manifested through the agency of some few persons. Produced to infinity this line may be supposed to indicate the mysterious connexion of Mind and Matter,—the *magnum corpus* with which the World-Soul is mingled in some identity beyond our ken.

7. Following now the thick line AB in the direction of B, the line BB′ will represent the extension of subliminal *perception*, first hyperæsthetic, using the sense-organs with increasing delicacy; then telæsthetic, or depending no longer on sense-organs, but on that transcendental receptivity of which telepathy is the commonest type.

8. Passing on beyond the indefinite limitary circle of the subliminal self, we may take the line B′B″ as symbolizing the commerce of man's spirit with the world of unembodied mind, as in prayer or ecstacy. Produced to infinity, the line may indicate the Cosmos in its intellectual aspect,—the *Mens* which mingles with the *magnum corpus* of the material world.

9. And now for the relations to Time of the faculties thus indicated. The top of this diagram represents the Future, the bottom the Past. The oblique ordinates which start from M—the focus of man's consciousness — represent the pathways along which I think that we have actual evidence of man's access to past and future things. The rectangular ordinates, representing direct intuition of Past and Future, by our own or higher minds, belong to that speculative conception of a World-Soul involving both Future and Past of which I have already spoken.

10. Let us next follow the oblique ordinate which starts from M, and passes through C and C′ to C″. This line represents the physical or organic aspect of memory. From M to C we have supraliminal organic memory;—such physical memories, that is to say, as can be summoned up at will. From C to C′ we have subliminal organic memories, including the whole range from hypnotism to heredity. For heredity itself is in some sort a transmitted memory, and a record of all ancestors is implicit in the germ. Following the line from C′ to C″, beyond the limits of the profounder organic personality, we meet the question whether any similar trace, or persistent record of past experiences, can inhere also and be discernible in inorganic things.

The luminescent pebble glows with the treasured light of long-set suns. And if this delicate and fugitive energy of light be thus persistent, who shall limit the influences which may have stored

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themselves within the labyrinth of vibrations which constitute the pebble?—influences evocable, perhaps, and recognisable when the summons and the perception come.

It is conceivable, then, that the line C'C'', prolonged to infinity, might give us a complete history of every infinitely smallest particle in the universe, from infinitely remote time.

11. And next let us follow the ordinate MDD'D''—the line which represents intellectual, as distinguished from organic, memory; the synthetized and symbolical recollection which is what we consciously retain of the Past. From M to D the line thus represents the memory which we habitually employ; from D to D' it represents the hypermnesic, or fuller, but still synthetized and personal memory of our past experiences which we have found the subliminal self to possess. Passing out at D' from the sphere of the Self, we come to memories possessed by other spirits, from which memories it may be possible that knowledge passes to incarnate men. Each spirit's memory, like each human memory, will presumably be unified by a personal synthesis. It will be a subjective or impressionist record of a special segment of the past.

12. And now between these two types of memory—the memory implicate in Matter, living or dead, and the memory implicate in Mind, embodied or disembodied,—I draw a rectangular ordinate MEE'E'' to represent direct retrocognition, by our own or by higher minds;—such persistence of the Past as an object of thought as may inhere neither in material traces nor in reminiscence of personal experience. What has been still may be; and not merely as trace recognisable in matter or as former impression revivable in mind. There may be a self-existent and imprescriptible Cosmorama; a conservation at once of all thought and of all phenomena; the World-Soul as the Past.

13. And now passing on to those ordinates which symbolise the *future*, let us begin with the oblique ordinate MFF'F'', whose position on the scheme shows it to indicate *organic precognition*. The ordinary or supraliminal segment of this line, MF, is represented by a physician's, or rather by the patient's own instinctive prognosis. Passing on into the wider circuit of subliminal faculty, the line FF' indicates suggestion, self-suggestion,—organic clairvoyance,—the profounder prognosis which corresponds to hyperboulia; since increased power over the organism implies increased knowledge, and increased knowledge implies increased foresight. All are now familiar with the process of setting (so to say) the organic clock to strike at a given hour. But not all psychologists have realised all that is implied in the supraliminal unconsciousness of the suggested subject; who bears within him the germ of a complex

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thought or action which to him will seem spontaneous and free ; yet which will fulfil itself for him as irresistibly as the pang of hunger or the languor of sleep.

Beyond the circuit of the Self, the line F'F'' denotes spirit-prognosis, spirit-suggestion ; the foretelling of predetermined organic changes, including bodily death ; and the recommendation of remedies which may modify or postpone such changes. There is some evidence (as yet, unfortunately, mainly of a private kind) that such advice can be given as from unseen intelligences,—which are not, however, able to foresee (any more than an earthly physician can foresee) the possible events from outside, or changes in the environment, which may make the prescriptions of no avail.

14. And now let us pass on from *organic prevision* to that great group of cases which I will provisionally class under the heading of *telæsthetic inference*, but which depend no doubt on causes far more varied and complex than we can at present fathom.

We have already seen that hyperæsthesia involves hypermnesia ; that is, when more is perceived more will be remembered. In the same manner hyperæsthesia involves what we might call hyper-promethia ; that is, when more is perceived, more will be foreseen. The line MG representing ordinary foresight, the line GG' represents the foresight of the subliminal self ; based, as I have said, on hyperæsthesia, and also on the telepathy and telæsthesia into which this hyperæsthesia inscrutably passes. Nor have we any theoretical limit to what the incarnate soul may thus foresee. In many of our cases there is absolutely no clue to the source of precognition ; and we may ascribe all these, if we will, to the subliminal self without extraneous aid.

Yet, on the other hand, there are many cases where the agency of unembodied spirits is asserted, and with evidence that cannot be ignored. The line G'G'' represents the foresight of unembodied intelligences ; nor can we guess how high may be the communicating intelligence, how far-reaching its prefigurement of what for us has yet to be.

15. We are led thus to our last, our boldest conjecture. The line from M to H'' represents the possibility of a knowledge which comes to man from no individuated, or at least from no human source ; which is no longer inference but the reflection of Reality itself ; of the World-Soul as the Future ; of a pre-existent Cosmorama of infinite fates.

It is to this last line of reflection that the few concluding paragraphs must be devoted. And first a few words as to the relation of our evidence to the problem of Free Will. Here I have a suggestion to make which even in this time-worn controversy is, I think, absolutely

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novel. It is that we have now a possibility of making the question between liberty and determination a matter of actual experiment.

Let us put that old question in this specific form—"Is there evidence that any power can show me a picture involving my own (so-called) voluntary actions in the future, which picture I cannot by any effort in the smallest degree hinder from becoming actual fact?"

For mere ordinary prevision this would of course be impossible. But we have here certain foreshadowings which depend on no ordinary prevision, and which are more wholly outside ourselves than any information of equally definite character which we can otherwise receive. The scenes or statements thus given in complete detail seem sometimes to be fulfilled with equal completeness. But *must* they, or must any of them, inevitably be thus fulfilled? Here it is that a possibility of experiment comes in. The experiment indeed cannot be conclusive either way. But suppose that—as in some folk-lore story—we were to make vigorous effort to avert some incident, and were yet to find that incident fulfil itself, perhaps by dint of that very effort, exactly after the dreaded fashion,—should we not then have some reason to infer that earth-life was not really modifiable by anything which we feel as free-will?

Assuming such a result of our experiment, analogy would at once suggest a further possibility. For our life on earth would then be seen to resemble the experience of the hypnotised subject, fulfilling unwittingly in waking hours the suggestions previously made to him in the trance. We should ask whether in our own history some epoch may have existed in which a self-suggestion may have been given which could similarly dominate our earthly career. Our complex organism, the result of a long previous history, is felt to restrict our so-called voluntary action within narrow limits; and if we possess also a soul independent of the body, it is surely likely that the soul's previous history also—for *some* previous history any entity so highly specialised as a man's soul must have had—may exercise a determining influence, even more profound than the organism's influence, upon the thoughts and actions of this incarnation. There may, in short, be a kind of alternating personality, expressing itself first in an incorporeal and then in a corporeal state, in such a way that the incorporeal state is the deeper and the more permanent, and that suggestions thence derived influence corporeal life, although the empirical consciousness which governs that life may never know it.

This idea, of course, is not new to religion or to philosophy, in East or West, and it has long since been suggested that our earthly existence may be the inevitable sequel of our past eternity; a predestined pilgrimage on which our true soul looks with calm content;

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since not one of earth's phantom sorrows can find her unwilling or strike her unaware. The soul foretaught, the body forewrought,—these will move onwards as they must and may; but meanwhile the problem of Liberty and Necessity will no longer be one for earthly experience to discuss; it will be lifted into a pre-natal region, among the secrets of the transcendental world.

All this must be conceived as possible; yet I do not think that our evidence thus far collected does in fact make for this view of predetermined earthly fates. Rather we have seen that in many cases monitions have *averted* incidents which would doubtless have occurred had the percipient received no warning. And where dangers have been foreshewn and yet not averted, this seems often to have been because no adequate effort was made to avert them. The problem which our narratives more urgently suggest is how to reconcile so much foreknowledge with so much freedom. I have thought sometimes that this problem of free human wills amid the predictable operations of unchanging law may resemble the problem of molecular motion amid molar calm. Clear and stable is for us the diamond; the dewdrop is clear and still; yet within their tranquil clarity a myriad molecules jostle in narrow orbits or speed on an uncomputed way. So to "the spectator of all Time and of all Existence" may the Cosmos be "as one entire and perfect chrysolite;" and yet man's petty hopes and passions may make endless turmoil among its minutest elements and in its infinitesimal grains. Those movements too must be ruled by unknown law; yet on a wide view they will average out, and will admit of predictions fulfilled immutably, and overriding the small Wills of men.

Once more, and from a different standpoint. Few men have pondered long on these problems of Past and Future without wondering whether Past or Future be in very truth more than a name—whether we may not be apprehending as a stream of sequence that which is an ocean of co-existence, and slicing our subjective years and centuries from timeless and absolute things. The precognition dealt with in this chapter, indeed, hardly overpasses the life of the individual percipient. Let us keep to that small span, and let us imagine that a whole earth-life is in reality an absolutely instantaneous although an infinitely complex phenomenon. Let us suppose that my transcendental self discerns with equal directness and immediacy every element of this phenomenon; but that my empirical self receives each element mediately and through media involving different rates of retardation; just as I receive the lightning more quickly than the thunder. May not then seventy years intervene between my perceptions of birth and death as easily as seven seconds between my perceptions of the flash and peal? And may not some inter-communication of consciousness

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enable the wider self to call to the narrower, the more central to the more external, "At such an hour this shock will reach you! Listen for the nearing roar!"

And thinking thus of the Universe as no mere congeries of individual experiences, but as a plenum of infinite knowledge of which all souls form part, we come to count less and less upon having to deal exclusively with intelligences individualised like our own. Our limitations of personality may less and less apply to spirits drawing more directly upon the essential reality of things. The definite intelligences which have crystallised, so to say, out of the psychical vapour may even for us become again partly sublimated, may again be diffused for a moment amid such knowledge as our organisations cannot receive except in ecstasy and bewilderment, or retain except in vanishing symbol and obscure and earthly sign.

If then all these phenomena form part of one great effort by which man's soul is striving to know his spiritual environment, and his spiritual environment is striving to become known, how little can it matter what the special incident foretold or foreshadowed may be! What signifies it whether this or that earthly peril be averted, or earthly benefit secured,—whether through this or that petty channel shall flow some stream of mortal things? The prime need of man is to know more fully, that he may obey more unhesitatingly, the laws of the world unseen. And how can this great end be attained save by the unfoldment from within, in whatsoever fashion it may be possible, of man's transcendental faculty;—by his recognition of himself as a cosmic being and not a planetary, as not a body but a soul? Surely even that special premonition which is sometimes spoken of as a thing of terror,—the warning or the promise of earthly death,—should to the wise man sound as a friendly summons, and as a welcome home. Let him remember the Vision which came to Socrates in the prison-house;—then, and then only, showing in an angel's similitude the Providence which till that hour had been but as an impersonal and invisible Voice;—but now the "fair and white-robed woman", while friends offered escape from death, had already spoken of better hope than this, and had given to Achilles' words a more sacred meaning,—"On the third day hence thou comest to Phthia's fertile shore."

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